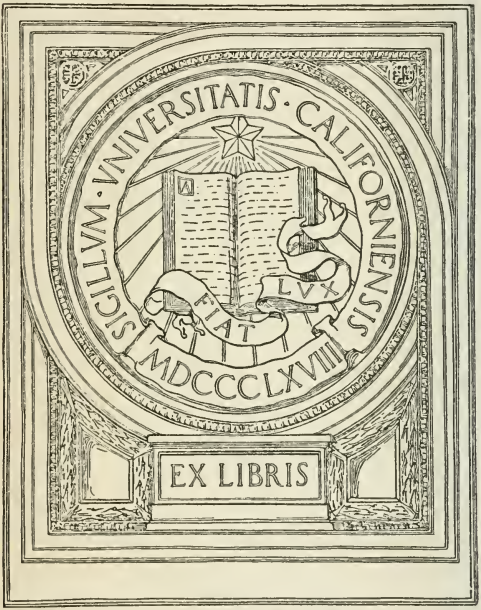
UC SOUTHERN REGIONAL LIBRARY FACILITY
B 000 001 784 8

UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA
AT LOS ANGELES



is ... date stamped below

THE

WORKS

OF THE

ENGLISH POETS.

WITH

PREFACES,

BIOGRAPHICAL AND CRITICAL,

BY SAMUEL JOHNSON.

VOLUME THE THIRTY-SIXTH.

LONDON:

PRINTED BY J. DAVIS;

FOR J. BUCKLAND, J. RIVINGTON AND SONS, T. PAYNE AND SON, L. DAVIS, B. WHITE AND SON, T. LONGMAN, B. LAW, J. DODSLEY, H. BALDWIN, J. ROBSON, C. DILLY, T. CADELL, J. NICHOLS, J. JOHNSON, G. G. J. AND J. ROBINSON, R. BALDWIN, H. L. GARDNER, P. ELMSLY, T. EVANS, G. NICOL, LEIGH AND SOTHEBY, J. BEW, N. CONANT, J. MURRAY, J. SEWELL, W. GOLDSMITH, W. RICHARDSON, T. VERNOR, W. LOWNDES, W. BENT, W. OTRIDGE, T. AND J. EGERTON, S. HAYES, R. FAULDER, J. EDWARDS, C. AND T. WILKIE, W. NICOLL, OGILVY AND SPEARE, SCATCHERD AND WHITAKER, W. FOX, C. STALKER, E. NEWBERY. 1790.

74861

UNIV. OF CALIFORNIA
SOUTHERN BRANCH

PR
1171
J63
v.36

THE

THIRTY-SIXTH VOLUME

OF THE

ENGLISH POETS;

CONTAINING

PART OF GAY.

THE

POEMS

OF

GAY.

POEMS

BY

MR. GAY.

RURAL SPORTS.

A GEORGIC.

INSCRIBED TO MR. POPE, 1713*.

"— Securi prælia ruris
Pandimus." NEMESIAN.

CANTO I.

YOU, who the ſweets of rural life have known,
Deſpiſe th' ungrateful hurry of the town;
In Windſor groves your eaſy hours employ,
And, undiſturb'd, yourſelf and Muſe enjoy.

* This poem received many material corrections from the Author after it was firſt publiſhed.

Thames liſtens to thy ſtrains, and ſilent flows,
And no rude wind through ruſtling oſiers blows;
While all his wondering nymphs around thee throng,
To hear the Syrens warble in thy ſong.

But I, who ne'er was bleſt by Fortune's hand,
Nor brighten'd ploughſhares in paternal land,
Long in the noiſy town have been immur'd,
Reſpir'd its ſmoke, and all its cares endur'd;
Where news and politics divide mankind,
And ſchemes of ſtate involve th' uneaſy mind;
Faction embroils the world; and every tongue
Is mov'd by flattery, or with ſcandal hung:
Friendſhip, for ſylvan ſhades, the palace flies,
Where all muſt yield to intereſt's dearer ties:
Each rival Machiavel with envy burns,
And Honeſty forſakes them all by turns;
While calumny upon each party's thrown,
Which both promote, and both alike diſown.
Fatigu'd at laſt, a calm retreat I choſe,
And ſooth'd my haraſs'd mind with ſweet repoſe,
Where fields and ſhades, and the refreſhing clime,
Inſpire the ſylvan ſong, and prompt my rhyme.
My Muſe ſhall rove through flowery meads and plains,
And deck with Rural Sports her native ſtrains;
And the ſame road ambitiouſly purſue,
Frequented by the Mantuan ſwain and you.

'Tis not that rural ſports alone invite,
But all the grateful country breathes delight;
Here blooming Health exerts her gentle reign,
And ſtrings the ſinews of th' induſtrious ſwain.

Soon

Soon as the morning lark ſalutes the day,
Through dewy fields I take my frequent way,
Where I behold the farmer's early care
In the revolving labours of the year.
When the freſh Spring in all her ſtate is crown'd,
And high luxuriant graſs o'erſpreads the ground,
The labourer with a bending ſcythe is ſeen,
Shaving the ſurface of the waving green;
Of all her native pride diſrobes the land,
And meads lays waſte before his ſweeping hand;
While with the mounting ſun the meadow glows,
The fading herbage round he looſely throws:
But, if ſome ſign portend a laſting ſhower,
Th' experienc'd ſwain foreſees the coming hour;
His ſun-burnt hands the ſcattering fork forſake,
And ruddy damſels ply the ſaving rake;
In riſing hills the fragrant harveſt grows,
And ſpreads along the field in equal rows.
Now when the height of heaven bright Phœbus gains,
And level rays cleave wide the thirſty plains,
When heifers ſeek the ſhade and cooling lake,
And in the middle path-way baſks the ſnake;
O lead me, guard me from the ſultry hours,
Hide me, ye foreſts, in your cloſeſt bowers,
Where the tall oak his ſpreading arms entwines,
And with the beech a mutual ſhade combines;
Where flows the murmuring brook, inviting dreams,
Where bordering hazle overhangs the ſtreams,
Whoſe rolling current, winding round and round,
With frequent falls makes all the wood reſound;

Upon the moſſy couch my limbs I caſt,
And e'en at noon the ſweets of evening taſte.
Here I peruſe the Mantuan's Georgic ſtrains,
And learn the labours of Italian ſwains;
In every page I ſee new landſcapes riſe,
And all Heſperia opens to my eyes;
I wander o'er the various rural toil,
And know the nature of each different ſoil:
This waving field is gilded o'er with corn,
That ſpreading trees with bluſhing fruit adorn:
Here I ſurvey the purple vintage grow,
Climb round the poles, and riſe in graceful row:
Now I behold the ſteed curvet and bound,
And paw with reſtleſs hoof the ſmoking ground:
The dewlap'd bull now chafes along the plain,
While burning love ferments in every vein;
His well-arm'd front againſt his rival aims,
And by the dint of war his miſtreſs claims:
The careful inſect 'midſt his works I view,
Now from the flowers exhauſt the fragrant dew;
With golden treaſures load his little thighs,
And ſteer his diſtant journey through the ſkies;
Some againſt hoſtile drones the hive defend,
Others with ſweets the waxen cells diſtend;
Each in the toil his deſtin'd office bears,
And in the little bulk a mighty ſoul appears.
Or when the ploughman leaves the taſk of day,
And trudging homeward whiſtles on the way;
When the big-udder'd cows with patience ſtand,
Waiting the ſtroakings of the damſel's hand;

No

No warbling cheers the woods; the feather'd choir,
To court kind ſlumbers, to the ſprays retire;
When no rude gale diſturbs the ſleeping trees,
Nor aſpen leaves confeſs the gentleſt breeze;
Engag'd in thought, to Neptune's bounds I ſtray,
To take my farewel of the parting day;
Far in the deep the ſun his glory hides,
A ſtreak of gold the ſea and ſky divides:
The purple clouds their amber linings ſhow,
And edg'd with flame rolls every wave below:
Here penſive I behold the fading light,
And o'er the diſtant billow loſe my ſight.
Now Night in ſilent ſtate begins to riſe,
And twinkling orbs beſtrow th' uncloudy ſkies;
Her borrow'd luſtre growing Cynthia lends,
And on the main a glittering path extends;
Millions of worlds hang in the ſpacious air,
Which round their ſuns their annual circles ſteer;
Sweet contemplation elevates my ſenſe,
While I ſurvey the works of Providence.
O could the Muſe in loftier ſtrains rehearſe
The glorious Author of the univerſe,
Who reins the winds, gives the vaſt ocean bounds,
And circumſcribes the floating worlds their rounds;
My ſoul ſhould overflow in ſongs of praiſe,
And my Creator's name inſpire my lays!
As in ſucceſſive courſe the ſeaſons roll,
So circling pleaſures recreate the ſoul.
When genial Spring a living warmth beſtows,
And o'er the year her verdant mantle throws,

No ſwelling inundation hides the grounds,
But cryſtal currents glide within their bounds;
The finny brood their wonted haunts forſake,
Float in the ſun, and ſkim along the lake;
With frequent leap they range the ſhallow ſtreams,
Their ſilver coats reflect the dazzling beams.
Now let the fiſherman his toils prepare,
And arm himſelf with every watery ſnare;
His hooks, his lines, peruſe with careful eye,
Increaſe his tackle, and his rod re-tye.

When floating clouds their ſpongy fleeces drain,
Troubling the ſtreams with ſwift-deſcending rain;
And waters tumbling down the mountain's ſide,
Bear the looſe ſoil into the ſwelling tide;
Then ſoon as vernal gales begin to riſe,
And drive the liquid burthen through the ſkies,
The fiſher to the neighbouring current ſpeeds,
Whoſe rapid ſurface purls unknown to weeds:
Upon a riſing border of the brook
He ſits him down, and ties the treacherous hook;
Now expectation cheers his eager thought,
His boſom glows with treaſures yet uncaught,
Before his eyes a banquet ſeems to ſtand,
Where every gueſt applauds his ſkilful hand.

Far up the ſtream the twiſted hair he throws,
Which down the murmuring current gently flows;
When, if or chance or hunger's powerful ſway
Directs the roving trout this fatal way,
He greedily ſucks in the twining bait,
And tugs and nibbles the fallacious meat;

Now,

Now, happy fiſherman, now twitch the line!
How thy rod bends! behold, the prize is thine!
Caſt on the bank, he dies with gaſping pains,
And trickling blood his ſilver mail diſtains.
You muſt not every worm promiſcuous uſe,
Judgment will tell the proper bait to chooſe:
The worm that draws a long immoderate ſize,
The trout abhors, and the rank morſel flies;
And, if too ſmall, the naked fraud's in ſight,
And fear forbids, while hunger does invite.
Thoſe baits will beſt reward the fiſher's pains,
Whoſe poliſh'd tails a ſhining yellow ſtains:
Cleanſe them from filth, to give a tempting gloſs,
Cheriſh the fully'd reptile race with moſs;
Amid the verdant bed they twine, they toil,
And from their bodies wipe their native ſoil.
But when the ſun diſplays his glorious beams,
And ſhallow rivers flow with ſilver ſtreams,
Then the deceit the ſcaly breed ſurvey,
Baſk in the ſun, and look into the day:
You now a more deluſive art muſt try,
And tempt their hunger with the curious fly.
To frame the little animal, provide
All the gay hues that wait on female pride;
Let nature guide thee; ſometimes golden wire
The ſhining bellies of the fly require;
The peacock's plumes thy tackle muſt not fail,
Nor the dear purchaſe of the ſable's tail.
Each gaudy bird ſome ſlender tribute brings,
And lends the growing inſect proper wings:

Silks

Silks of all colours muſt their aid impart,
And every fur promote the fiſher's art.
So the gay lady, with expenſive care
Borrows the pride of land, of ſea, and air:
Furs, pearls, and plumes, the glittering thing diſplays,
Dazzles our eyes, and eaſy hearts betrays.

Mark well the various ſeaſons of the year,
How the ſucceeding inſect race appear;
In this revolving moon one colour reigns,
Which in the next the fickle trout diſdains.
Oft have I ſeen the ſkilful angler try
The various colours of the treacherous fly;
When he with fruitleſs pain hath ſkimm'd the brook,
And the coy fiſh rejects the ſkipping hook,
He ſhakes the boughs that on the margin grow,
Which o'er the ſtream a waving foreſt throw;
When, if an inſect fall (his certain guide),
He gently takes him from the whirling tide;
Examines well his form with curious eyes,
His gaudy veſt, his wings, his horns, and ſize,
Then round his hook the choſen fur he winds,
And on the back a ſpeckled feather binds;
So juſt the colours ſhine through every part,
That Nature ſeems again to live in Art.
Let not thy wary ſtep advance too near,
While all thy hope hangs on a ſingle hair;
The new-form'd inſect on the water moves,
The ſpeckled trout the curious ſnare approves;
Upon the curling ſurface let it glide,
With natural motion from thy hand ſupply'd,

Againſt

Againſt the ſtream now gently let it play,
Now in the rapid eddy roll away.
The ſcaly ſhoals float by, and, ſeiz'd with fear,
Behold their fellows toſt in thinner air;
But ſoon they leap, and catch the ſwimming bait,
Plunge on the hook, and ſhare an equal fate.

When a briſk gale againſt the current blows,
And all the watery plain in wrinkles flows,
Then let the fiſherman his art repeat,
Where bubbling eddies favour the deceit.
If an enormous ſalmon chance to ſpy
The wanton errors of the floating fly,
He lifts his ſilver gills above the flood,
And greedily ſucks in th' unfaithful food;
Then downward plunges with the fraudful prey,
And bears with joy the little ſpoil away:
Soon in ſmart pain he feels the dire miſtake,
Laſhes the wave, and beats the foamy lake;
With ſudden rage he now aloft appears,
And in his eye convulſive anguiſh bears;
And now again, impatient of the wound,
He rolls and wreathes his ſhining body round;
Then headlong ſhoots beneath the daſhing tide,
The trembling fins the boiling wave divide.
Now hope exalts the fiſher's beating heart,
Now he turns pale, and fears his dubious art;
He views the tumbling fiſh with longing eyes,
While the line ſtretches with th' unwieldy prize;
Each motion humours with his ſteady hands,
And one ſlight hair the mighty bulk commands:

Till,

Till, tir'd at laſt, deſpoil'd of all his ſtrength,
The game athwart the ſtream unfolds his length.
He now, with pleaſure, views the gaſping prize
Gnaſh his ſharp teeth, and roll his blood-ſhot eyes;
Then draws him to the ſhore, with artful care,
And lifts his noſtrils in the ſickening air:
Upon the burthen'd ſtream he floating lies,
Stretches his quivering fins, and gaſping dies.
Would you preſerve a numerous finny race;
Let your fierce dogs the ravenous otter chaſe
(Th' amphibious monſter ranges all the ſhores,
Darts through the waves, and every haunt explores):
Or let the gin his roving ſteps betray,
And ſave from hoſtile jaws the ſcaly prey.
I never wander where the bordering reeds
O'erlook the muddy ſtream, whoſe tangling weeds
Perplex the fiſher; I nor chooſe to bear
The thieviſh nightly net, nor barbed ſpear;
Nor drain I ponds, the golden carp to take,
Nor troll for pikes, diſpeoplers of the lake;
Around the ſteel no tortur'd worm ſhall twine,
No blood of living inſect ſtain my line.
Let me, leſs cruel, caſt the feather'd hook
With pliant rod athwart the pebbled brook,
Silent along the mazy margin ſtray,
And with the fur-wrought fly delude the prey.

RURAL SPORTS.

CANTO II.

NOW, ſporting Muſe, draw in the flowing reins,
Leave the clear ſtreams awhile for ſunny plains.
Should you the various arms and toils rehearſe,
And all the fiſherman adorn thy verſe;
Should you the wide encircling net diſplay,
And in its ſpacious arch incloſe the ſea;
Then haul the plunging load upon the land,
And with the ſoal and turbot hide the ſand;
It would extend the growing theme too long,
And tire the reader with the watery ſong.

Let the keen hunter from the chace refrain,
Nor render all the ploughman's labour vain,
When Ceres pours out plenty from her horn,
And clothes the fields with golden ears of corn.
Now, now, ye reapers, to your taſk repair,
Haſte! ſave the product of the bounteous year:
To the wide-gathering hook long furrows yield,
And riſing ſheaves extend through all the field.

Yet, if for ſylvan ſports thy boſom glow,
Let thy fleet greyhound urge his flying foe.
With what delight the rapid courſe I view!
How does my eye the circling race purſue!
He ſnaps deceitful air with empty jaws;
The ſubtle hare darts ſwift beneath his paws;

She

She flies, he ſtretches, now with nimble bound
Eager he preſſes on, but overſhoots his ground;
She turns, he winds, and ſoon regains the way,
Then tears with gory mouth the ſcreaming prey.
What various ſport does rural life afford!
What unbought dainties heap the wholeſome board!
Nor leſs the ſpaniel, ſkilful to betray,
Rewards the fowler with the feather'd prey.
Soon as the labouring horſe, with ſwelling veins,
Hath ſafely hous'd the farmer's doubtful gains,
To ſweet repaſt th' unwary partridge flies,
With joy amid the ſcatter'd harveſt lies;
Wandering in plenty, danger he forgets,
Nor dreads the ſlavery of entangling nets.
The ſubtle dog ſcours with ſagacious noſe
Along the field, and ſnuffs each breeze that blows;
Againſt the wind he takes his prudent way,
While the ſtrong gale directs him to the prey;
Now the warm ſcent aſſures the covey near,
He treads with caution, and he points with fear;
Then (leſt ſome ſentry-fowl the fraud deſcry,
And bid his fellows from the danger fly)
Cloſe to the ground in expectation lies,
Till in the ſnare the fluttering covey riſe.
Soon as the bluſhing light begins to ſpread,
And glancing Phœbus gilds the mountain's head,
His early flight th' ill-fated partridge takes,
And quits the friendly ſhelter of the brakes.
Or, when the ſun caſts a declining ray,
And drives his chariot down the weſtern way,

Let your obſequious ranger ſearch around,
Where yellow ſtubble withers on the ground:
Nor will the roving ſpy direct in vain,
But numerous coveys gratify thy pain.
When the meridian ſun contracts the ſhade,
And friſking heifers ſeek the cooling glade;
Or when the country floats with ſudden rains,
Or driving miſts deface the moiſten'd plains;
In vain his toils th' unſkilful fowler tries,
While in thick woods the feeding partridge lies.
Nor muſt the ſporting verſe the gun forbear,
But what's the Fowler's be the Muſes' care.
See how the well-taught pointer leads the way:
The ſcent grows warm; he ſtops; he ſprings the prey;
The fluttering coveys from the ſtubble riſe,
And on ſwift wing divide the ſounding ſkies;
The ſcattering lead purſues the certain ſight,
And death in thunder overtakes their flight.
Cool breathes the morning air, and Winter's hand
Spreads wide her hoary mantle o'er the land;
Now to the copſe thy leſſer ſpaniel take,
Teach him to range the ditch, and force the brake;
Not cloſeſt coverts can protect the game:
Hark! the dog opens; take thy certain aim.
The woodcock flutters: how he wavering flies!
The wood reſounds: he wheels, he drops, he dies.
The towering hawk let future poets ſing,
Who terror bears upon his ſoaring wing:
Let them on high the frighted hern ſurvey,
And lofty numbers paint their airy fray.

Nor

Nor ſhall the mounting lark the Muſe detain,
That greets the morning with his early ſtrain;
When, 'midſt his ſong, the twinkling glaſs betrays,
While from each angle flaſh the glancing rays,
And in the ſun the tranſient colours blaze,
Pride lures the little warbler from the ſkies:
The light-enamour'd bird deluded dies.

But ſtill the chace, a pleaſing taſk, remains;
The hound muſt open in theſe rural ſtrains.
Soon as Aurora drives away the night,
And edges eaſtern clouds with roſy light,
The healthy huntſman, with the cheerful horn,
Summons the dogs, and greets the dappled morn;
The jocund thunder wakes th' enliven'd hounds,
They rouze from ſleep, and anſwer ſounds for ſounds;
Wide through the furzy field their rout they take,
Their bleeding boſoms force the thorny brake:
The flying game their ſmoking noſtrils trace,
No bounding hedge obſtructs their eager pace;
The diſtant mountains echo from afar,
And hanging woods reſound the flying war:
The tuneful noiſe the ſprightly courſer hears,
Paws the green turf, and pricks his trembling ears;
The ſlacken'd rein now gives him all his ſpeed,
Back flies the rapid ground beneath the ſteed;
Hills, dales, and foreſts, far behind remain,
While the warm ſcent draws on the deep-mouth'd train.
Where ſhall the trembling hare a ſhelter find?
Hark! death advances in each guſt of wind!

New

New ſtratagems and doubling wiles ſhe tries,
Now circling turns, and now at large ſhe flies;
Till, ſpent at laſt, ſhe pants, and heaves for breath,
Then lays her down, and waits devouring death.
But ſtay, adventurous Muſe! haſt thou the force
To wind the twiſted horn, to guide the horſe?
To keep thy ſeat unmov'd, haſt thou the ſkill,
O'er the high gate, and down the headlong hill?
Canſt thou the ſtag's laborious chace direct,
Or the ſtrong fox through all his arts detect?
The theme demands a more experienc'd lay:
Ye mighty hunters! ſpare this weak eſſay.
O happy plains, remote from wars alarms,
And all the ravages of hoſtile arms!
And happy ſhepherds, who, ſecure from fear,
On open downs preſerve your fleecy care!
Whoſe ſpacious barns groan with increaſing ſtore,
And whirling flails disjoint the cracking floor!
No barbarous ſoldier, bent on cruel ſpoil,
Spreads deſolation o'er your fertile ſoil;
No trampling ſteed lays waſte the ripen'd grain,
Nor crackling fires devour the promis'd gain:
No flaming beacons caſt their blaze afar,
The dreadful ſignal of invaſive war:
No trumpet's clangor wounds the mother's ear,
And calls the lover from his ſwooning fair.
What happineſs the rural maid attends,
In cheerful labour while each day ſhe ſpends!
She gratefully receives what Heaven has ſent,
And, rich in poverty, enjoys content.

(Such happineſs, and ſuch unblemiſh'd fame,
Ne'er glad the boſom of the courtly dame):
She never feels the ſpleen's imagin'd pains,
Nor melancholy ſtagnates in her veins;
She never loſes life in thoughtleſs eaſe,
Nor on the velvet couch invites diſeaſe;
Her home-ſpun dreſs in ſimple neatneſs lies,
And for no glaring equipage ſhe ſighs:
Her reputation, which is all her boaſt,
In a malicious viſit ne'er was loſt;
No midnight maſquerade her beauty wears,
And health, not paint, the fading bloom repairs.
If love's ſoft paſſion in her boſom reign,
An equal paſſion warms her happy ſwain;
No homebred jars her quiet ſtate control,
Nor watchful jealouſy torments her ſoul;
With ſecret joy ſhe ſees her little race
Hang on her breaſt, and her ſmall cottage grace;
The fleecy ball their buſy fingers cull,
Or from the ſpindle draw the lengthening wool:
Thus flow her hours with conſtant peace of mind,
Till age the lateſt thread of life unwind.

Ye happy fields, unknown to noiſe and ſtrife,
The kind rewarders of induſtrious life;
Ye ſhady woods, where once I us'd to rove,
Alike indulgent to the Muſe and Love;
Ye murmuring ſtreams that in meanders roll,
The ſweet compoſers of the penſive ſoul;
Farewel!—The city calls me from your bowers:
Farewel, amuſing thoughts and peaceful hours!

THE

THE FAN,

A POEM.

IN THREE BOOKS.

—ἔνθα δέ οἱ θελκτήρια πάντα τέτυκτο·
Ἔνθ' ἔνι μὲν φιλότης, ἐν δ' ἵμερος, ἐν δ' ὀαριστὺς,
Πάρφασις, ἥ τ' ἔκλεψε νόον πύκα περ φρονεόντων·
Τὸν ῥά οἱ ἔμβαλε χερσίν.

Hom. Iliad. xiv. 215.

THE FAN.

BOOK I.

I SING that graceful toy, whoſe waving play
With gentle gales relieves the ſultry day;
Not the wide fan by Perſian dames diſplay'd,
Which o'er their beauty caſts a grateful ſhade;
Nor that long known in China's artful land,
Which, while it cools the face, fatigues the hand:
Nor ſhall the Muſe in Aſian climates rove,
To ſeek in Indoſtan ſome ſpicy grove,
Where, ſtretch'd at eaſe, the panting lady lies,
To ſhun the fervor of meridian ſkies,
While ſweating ſlaves catch every breeze of air,
And with wide-ſpreading fans refreſh the fair;
No buſy gnats her pleaſing dreams moleſt,
Inflame her cheek, or ravage o'er her breaſt;
But artificial zephyrs round her fly,
And mitigate the fever of the ſky.

Nor ſhall Bermudas long the Muſe detain,
Whoſe fragrant foreſts bloom in Waller's ſtrain,
Where breathing ſweets from every field aſcend,
And the wild woods with golden apples bend.
Yet let me in ſome odorous ſhade repoſe,
Whilſt in my verſe the fair palmetto grows:
Like the tall pine it ſhoots its ſtately head;
From the broad top depending branches ſpread;

No knotty limbs the taper body bears;
Hung on each bough a ſingle leaf appears,
Which, ſhrivel'd in its infancy, remains
Like a clos'd fan, nor ſtretches wide its veins,
But, as the ſeaſons in their circle run,
Opes its ribb'd ſurface to the nearer ſun:
Beneath this ſhade the weary peaſant lies,
Plucks the broad leaf, and bids the breezes riſe.

Stay, wandering Muſe! nor rove in foreign climes;
To thy own native ſhore confine thy rhymes.
Aſſiſt, ye Nine, your loftieſt notes employ;
Say what celeſtial ſkill contriv'd the toy;
Say how this inſtrument of Love began,
And in immortal ſtrains diſplay the Fan.

Strephon had long confeſs'd his amorous pain,
Which gay Corinna rallied with diſdain:
Sometimes in broken words he ſigh'd his care,
Look'd pale, and trembled when he view'd the fair;
With bolder freedoms now the youth advanc'd,
He dreſs'd, he laugh'd, he ſung, he rhym'd, he danc'd;
Now call'd more powerful preſents to his aid,
And, to ſeduce the miſtreſs, brib'd the maid;
Smooth flattery in her ſofter hours apply'd,
The ſureſt charm to bend the force of pride:
But ſtill unmov'd remains the ſcorniful dame,
Inſults her captive, and derides his flame.
When Strephon ſaw his vows diſpers'd in air,
He ſought in ſolitude to loſe his care;
Relief in ſolitude he ſought in vain,
It ſerv'd, like muſick, but to feed his pain.

To

To Venus now the ſlighted boy complains,
And calls the Goddeſs in theſe tender ſtrains:
O potent Queen! from Neptune's empire ſprung,
Whoſe glorious birth admiring Nereids ſung,
Who 'midſt the fragrant plains of Cyprus rove,
Whoſe radiant preſence gilds the Paphian grove,
Where to thy name a thouſand altars riſe,
And curling clouds of incenſe hide the ſkies:
O beauteous Goddeſs! teach me how to move,
Inſpire my tongue with eloquence of love!
If loſt Adonis e'er thy boſom warm'd,
If e'er his eyes or godlike figure charm'd,
Think on thoſe hours when firſt you felt the dart,
Think on the reſtleſs fever of thy heart;
Think how you pine in abſence of the ſwain:
By thoſe uneaſy minutes know my pain.
Ev'n while Cydippe to Diana bows,
And at her ſhrine renews her virgin vows,
The lover, taught by thee, her pride o'ercame;
She reads his oaths, and feels an equal flame.
Oh, may my flame, like thine, Acontius, prove!
May Venus dictate, and reward my love!
When crowds of ſuitors Atalanta try'd,
She wealth and beauty, wit and fame defy'd;
Each daring lover with adventurous pace
Purſued his wiſhes in the dangerous race;
Like the ſwift hind, the bounding damſel flies,
Strains to the goal, the diſtanc'd lover dies.
Hippomenes, O Venus! was thy care,
You taught the ſwain to ſtay the flying fair;

Thy golden preſent caught the virgin's eyes;
She ſtoops; he ruſhes on, and gains the prize.
Say, Cyprian Deity, what gift, what art,
Shall humble into love Corinna's heart?
If only ſome bright toy can charm her ſight,
Teach me what preſent may ſuſpend her flight.
Thus the deſponding youth his flame declares:
The Goddeſs with a nod his paſſion hears.

Far in Cythera ſtands a ſpacious grove,
Sacred to Venus and the God of Love:
Here the luxuriant myrtle rears her head,
Like the tall oak the fragrant branches ſpread;
Here Nature all her ſweets profuſely pours,
And paints th' enamel'd ground with various flowers;
Deep in the gloomy glade a grotto bends,
Wide through the craggy rock an arch extends,
The rugged ſtone is cloth'd with mantling vines,
And round the cave the creeping woodbine twines.

Here buſy Cupids, with pernicious art,
Form the ſtiff bow, and forge the fatal dart;
All ſhare the toil; while ſome the bellows ply,
Others with feathers teach the ſhafts to fly:
Some with joint force whirl round the ſtony wheel,
Where ſtreams the ſparkling fire from temper'd ſteel;
Some point their arrows with the niceſt ſkill,
And with the warlike ſtore their quivers fill.

A different toil another forge employs:
Here the loud hammer faſhions female toys;
Hence is the fair with ornament ſupply'd;
Hence ſpring the glittering implements of pride;

Each

Each trinket that adorns the modern dame
Firſt to theſe little artiſts ow'd its frame:
Here an unfiniſh'd diamond croſslet lay,
To which ſoft lovers adoration pay;
There was the poliſh'd cryſtal bottle ſeen,
That with quick ſcents revives the modiſh ſpleen;
Here the yet rude unjointed ſnuff-box lies,
Which ſerves the rally'd fop for ſmart replies;
There piles of paper roſe in gilded reams,
The future records of the lover's flames;
Here clouded canes 'midſt heaps of toys are found,
And inlaid tweezer-caſes ſtrow the ground;
There ſtands the toilette, nurſery of charms,
Completely furniſh'd with bright Beauty's arms;
The patch, the powder-box, pulville, perfumes,
Pins, paint, a flattering glaſs, and black-lead combs.

The toilſome hours in different labour ſlide,
Some work the file, and ſome the graver guide;
From the loud anvil the quick blow rebounds,
And their rais'd arms deſcend in tuneful ſounds.
Thus when Semiramis, in ancient days,
Bade Babylon her mighty bulwarks raiſe,
A ſwarm of labourers different taſks attend:
Here pullies make the ponderous oak aſcend;
With echoing ſtrokes the craggy quarry groans,
While there the chiſſel forms the ſhapeleſs ſtones;
The weighty mallet deals reſounding blows,
Till the proud battlements her towers encloſe.

Now Venus mounts her car, ſhe ſhakes the reins,
And ſteers her turtles to Cythera's plains;

Strait

Strait to the grott with graceful ſtep ſhe goes,
Her looſe ambroſial hair behind her flows:
The ſwelling bellows heave for breath no more;
All drop their ſilent hammers on the floor;
In deep ſuſpenſe the mighty labour ſtands;
While thus the Goddeſs ſpoke her mild commands:
Induſtrious Loves! your preſent toils forbear;
A more important taſk demands your care:
Long has the ſcheme employ'd my thoughtful mind,
By judgment ripen'd, and by time refin'd.
That glorious bird have ye not often ſeen,
Who draws the car of the celeſtial Queen?
Have ye not oft' ſurvey'd his varying dyes,
His tail all gilded o'er with Argus' eyes?
Have ye not ſeen him in a ſunny day
Unfurl his plumes, and all his pride diſplay;
Then ſuddenly contract his dazzling train,
And with long-trailing feathers ſweep the plain?
Learn from this hint, let this inſtruct your art;
Thin taper ſticks muſt from one centre part:
Let theſe into the quadrant's form divide,
The ſpreading ribs with ſnowy paper hide;
Here ſhall the pencil bid its colours flow,
And make a miniature creation grow.
Let the machine in equal foldings cloſe,
And now its plaited ſurface wide diſpoſe.
So ſhall the fair her idle hand employ,
And grace each motion with the reſtleſs toy;
With various play bid grateful zephyrs riſe,
While Love in every grateful zephyr flies.

The

The maſter Cupid traces out the lines,
And with judicious hand the draught deſigns:
Th' expecting Loves with joy the model view,
And the joint labour eagerly purſue.
Some ſlit their arrows with the niceſt art,
And into ſticks convert the ſhiver'd dart;
The breathing bellows wake the ſleeping fire,
Blow off the cinders, and the ſparks aſpire;
Their arrow's point they ſoften in the flame,
And ſounding hammers break its barbed frame:
Of this the little pin they neatly mold,
From whence their arms the ſpreading ſticks unfold;
In equal plaits they now the paper bend,
And at juſt diſtance the wide ribs extend;
Then on the frame they mount the limber ſkreen,
And finiſh inſtantly the new machine.

The Goddeſs, pleas'd, the curious work receives,
Remounts her chariot, and the grotto leaves;
With the light Fan ſhe moves the yielding air,
And gales till then unknown play round the fair.

Unhappy lovers, how will ye withſtand,
When theſe new arms ſhall grace your charmer's hand?
In ancient times, when maids in thought were pure,
When eyes were artleſs, and the look demure;
When the wide ruff the well-turn'd neck inclos'd,
And heaving breaſts within the ſtays repos'd;
When the cloſe hood conceal'd the modeſt ear,
Ere black-lead combs diſown'd the virgin's hair;
Then in the muff unactive fingers lay,
Nor taught the Fan in fickle forms to play.

How are the ſex improv'd in amorous arts!
What new-found ſnares they bait for human hearts!
When kindling war the ravag'd globe ran o'er,
And fatten'd thirſty plains with human gore,
At firſt, the brandiſh'd arm the javelin threw,
Or ſent wing'd arrows from the twanging yew;
In the bright air the dreadful faulchion ſhone,
Or whiſtling ſlings diſmiſs'd th' uncertain ſtone.
Now men thoſe leſs deſtructive arms deſpiſe;
Wide-waſteful death from thundering cannon flies:
One hour with more battalions ſtrows the plain,
Than were of yore in weekly battles ſlain.
So Love with fatal airs the nymph ſupplies,
Her dreſs diſpoſes, and directs her eyes.
The boſom now its panting beauties ſhows;
Th' experienc'd eye reſiſtleſs glances throws;
Now vary'd patches wander o'er the face,
And ſtrike each gazer with a borrow'd grace;
The fickle head-dreſs ſinks, and now aſpires
A towery front of lace on branching wires;
The curling hair in tortur'd ringlets flows,
Or round the face in labour'd order grows.
How ſhall I ſoar, and on unweary wing
Trace varying habits upward to their ſpring!
What force of thought, what numbers, can expreſs
Th' inconſtant equipage of female dreſs!
How the ſtrait ſtays the ſlender waiſt conſtrain,
How to adjuſt the manteau's ſweeping train!
What fancy can the petticoat ſurround,
With the capacious hoop of whale-bone bound!

But

But ſtay, preſumptuous Muſe! nor boldly dare
The toilette's ſacred myſteries declare.
Let a juſt diſtance be to beauty paid;
None here muſt enter but the truſty maid.
Should you the wardrobe's magazine rehearſe,
And gloſſy manteaus ruſtle in thy verſe;
Should you the rich brocaded ſuit unfold,
Where riſing flowers grow ſtiff with froſted gold;
The dazzled Muſe would from her ſubject ſtray,
And in a maze of faſhions loſe her way.

THE FAN.

BOOK II.

OLYMPUS' gates unfold; in heaven's high towers
Appear in council all th' immortal powers.
Great Jove above the reſt exalted ſate,
And in his mind revolv'd ſucceeding fate;
His awful eye with ray ſuperior ſhone;
The thunder-graſping eagle guards his throne;
On ſilver clouds the great aſſembly laid,
The whole creation at one view ſurvey'd.
But ſee! fair Venus comes in all her ſtate;
The wanton Loves and Graces round her wait;
With her looſe robe officious Zephyrs play,
And ſtrew with odoriferous flowers the way;
In her right hand ſhe waves the fluttering Fan;
And thus in melting ſounds her ſpeech began:
Aſſembled Powers! who fickle mortals guide,
Who o'er the ſea, the ſkies, and earth, preſide;
Ye fountains! whence all human bleſſings flow,
Who pour your bounties on the world below;
Bacchus firſt rais'd and prun'd the climbing vine,
And taught the grape to ſtream with generous wine;
Induſtrious Ceres tam'd the ſavage ground,
And pregnant fields with golden harveſts crown'd;
Flora with bloomy ſweets enrich'd the year;
And fruitful Autumn is Pomona's care.

I firſt

I firſt taught woman to ſubdue mankind,
And all her native charms with dreſs refin'd;
Celeſtial Synod! this machine ſurvey,
That ſhades the face, or bids cool zephyrs play;
If conſcious bluſhes on her cheek ariſe,
With this ſhe veils them from her lover's eyes;
No level'd glance betrays her amorous heart,
From the Fan's ambuſh ſhe directs the dart.
The royal ſceptre ſhines in Juno's hand,
And twiſted thunder ſpeaks great Jove's command;
On Pallas' arm the Gorgon ſhield appears,
And Neptune's mighty graſp the trident bears;
Ceres is with the bending ſickle ſeen,
And the ſtrong bow points out the Cynthian Queen;
Henceforth the waving Fan my hands ſhall grace,
The waving Fan ſupply the ſceptre's place.
Who ſhall, ye Powers! the forming pencil hold?
What ſtory ſhall the wide machine unfold?
Let Loves and Graces lead the dance around,
With myrtle-wreaths and flowery chaplets crown'd;
Let Cupid's arrow ſtrow the ſmiling plains
With unreſiſting nymphs and amorous ſwains:
May glowing pictures o'er the ſurface ſhine,
To melt ſlow virgins with a warm deſign!
Diana roſe, with ſilver creſcent crown'd,
And fix'd her modeſt eyes upon the ground;
Then with becoming mien ſhe rais'd her head,
And thus with graceful voice the virgin ſaid:
Has woman then forgot all former wiles,
The watchful ogle, and deluſive ſmiles?

Does

Does man againſt her charms too powerful prove?
Or are the ſex grown novices in love?
Why then theſe arms? or why ſhould artful eyes,
From this ſlight ambuſh, conquer by ſurpriſe?
No guilty thought the ſpotleſs virgin knows,
And o'er her cheek no conſcious crimſon glows.
Since bluſhes then from ſhame alone ariſe,
Why ſhould we veil them from her lover's eyes?
Let Cupid rather give up his command,
And truſt his arrows in a female hand.
Have not the Gods already cheriſh'd pride,
And woman with deſtructive arms ſupply'd?
Neptune on her beſtows his choiceſt ſtores,
For her the chambers of the deep explores;
The gaping ſhell its pearly charge reſigns,
And round her neck the lucid bracelet twines:
Plutus for her bids earth its wealth unfold,
Where the warm ore is ripen'd into gold;
Or where the ruby reddens in the ſoil,
Where the green emerald pays the ſearcher's toil.
Does not the diamond ſparkle in her ear,
Glow on her hand, and tremble in her hair?
From the gay nymph the glancing luſtre flies,
And imitates the lightning of her eyes.
But yet, if Venus' wiſhes muſt ſucceed,
And this fantaſtic engine be decreed,
May ſome chaſte ſtory from the pencil flow,
To ſpeak the virgin's joy, and Hymen's woe!
Here let the wretched Ariadne ſtand,
Seduc'd by Theſeus to ſome deſart land,

Her

Her locks diſhevel'd waving in the wind,
The cryſtal tears confeſs her tortur'd mind.
The perjur'd youth unfurls his treacherous ſails,
And their white boſoms catch the ſwelling gales.
Be ſtill! ye winds, ſhe cries; ſtay, Theſeus, ſtay!
But faithleſs Theſeus hears no more than they.
All deſperate, to ſome craggy cliff ſhe flies,
And ſpreads a well-known ſignal in the ſkies;
His leſſening veſſel plows the foamy main;
She ſighs, ſhe calls, ſhe waves the ſign in vain.
Paint Dido there amidſt her laſt diſtreſs,
Pale cheeks and blood-ſhot eyes her grief expreſs:
Deep in her breaſt the reeking ſword is drown'd;
And guſhing blood ſtreams purple from the wound;
Her ſiſter Anna hovering o'er her ſtands,
Accuſes Heaven with lifted eyes and hands,
Upbraids the Trojan with repeated cries,
And mixes curſes with her broken ſighs.
View this, ye maids; and then each ſwain believe:
They're Trojans all, and vow but to deceive.
Here draw Oenone in the lonely grove,
Where Paris firſt betray'd her into love:
Let wither'd garlands hang on every bough,
Which the falſe youth wove for Oenone's brow;
The garlands loſe their ſweets, their pride is ſhed,
And like their odours all his vows are fled.
On her fair arm her penſive head ſhe lays,
And Xanthus' waves with mournful look ſurveys;
That flood which witneſs'd his inconſtant flame,
When thus he ſwore, and won the yielding dame:

" Theſe ſtreams ſhall ſooner to their fountain move,
" Than I forget my dear Oenone's love."
Roll back, ye ſtreams; back to your fountain run!
Paris is falſe; Oenone is undone.
Ah, wretched maid! think how the moments flew,
Ere you the pangs of this curſt paſſion knew,
When groves could pleaſe, and when you lov'd the plain,
Without the preſence of your perjur'd ſwain.
Thus may the nymph, whene'er ſhe ſpreads the Fan,
In his true colours view perfidious man;
Pleas'd with her virgin ſtate, in foreſts rove,
And never truſt the dangerous hopes of Love.
The Goddeſs ended; merry Momus roſe,
With ſmiles and grins he waggiſh glances throws;
Then with a noiſy laugh foreſtalls his joke,
Mirth flaſhes from his eyes while thus he ſpoke:
Rather let heavenly deeds be painted there,
And by your own examples teach the fair.
Let chaſte Diana on the piece be ſeen,
And the bright creſcent own the Cynthian Queen.
On Latmos' top ſee young Endymion lies,
Feign'd ſleep has clos'd the bloomy lover's eyes:
See, to his ſoft embraces how ſhe ſteals,
And on his lips her warm careſſes ſeals;
No more her hand the glittering javelin holds,
But round his neck her eager arms ſhe folds.
Why are our ſecrets by our bluſhes ſhown?
Virgins are virgins ſtill— while 'tis unknown.
Here let her on ſome flowery bank be laid,
Where meeting beeches weave a graceful ſhade;

Her

Her naked boſom wanton treſſes grace,
And glowing expectation paints her face;
O'er her fair limbs a thin looſe veil is ſpread,
(Stand off! ye ſhepherds; fear Actæon's head!)
Let vigorous Pan th' unguarded minute ſeize,
And in a ſhaggy goat the virgin pleaſe.
Why are our ſecrets by our bluſhes ſhown?
Virgins are virgins ſtill—while 'tis unknown.
There with juſt warmth Aurora's paſſion trace,
Let ſpreading crimſon ſtain her virgin face.
See Cephalus her wanton airs deſpiſe,
While ſhe provokes him with deſiring eyes;
To raiſe his paſſions, ſhe diſplays her charms,
His modeſt hand upon her boſom warms:
Nor looks, nor prayers, nor force, his heart perſuade;
But with diſdain he quits the roſy maid.
Here let diſſolving Leda grace the toy,
Warm cheeks and heaving breaſts reveal her joy;
Beneath the preſſing ſwan ſhe pants for air,
While with his fluttering wings he fans the fair.
There let all-conquering gold exert its power,
And ſoften Danaë in a glittering ſhower.
Would you warn Beauty not to cheriſh pride,
Nor vainly in the treacherous bloom confide,
On the machine the ſage Minerva place,
With lineaments of wiſdom mark her face.
See, where ſhe lies near ſome tranſparent flood,
And with her pipe cheers the reſounding wood:
Her image in the floating glaſs ſhe ſpies,
Her bloated cheeks, worn lips, and ſhrivel'd eyes;

She breaks the guiltleſs pipe, and with diſdain
Its ſhatter'd ruins flings upon the plain;
With the loud reed no more her cheek ſhall ſwell,
What! ſpoil her face! No. Warbling ſtrains, farewel.
Shall arts, ſhall ſciences, employ the fair?
Thoſe trifles are beneath Minerva's care.
From Venus let her learn the married life,
And all the virtuous duties of a wife.
Here on a couch extend the Cyprian dame,
Let her eye ſparkle with the glowing flame;
The God of War within her clinging arms
Sinks on her lips, and kindles all her charms.
Paint limping Vulcan with a huſband's care,
And let his brow the cuckold's honours wear;
Beneath the net the captive lovers place,
Their limbs entangled in a cloſe embrace.
Let theſe amours adorn the new machine,
And female nature on the piece be ſeen;
So ſhall the fair, as long as Fans ſhall laſt,
Learn from your bright examples to be chaſte.

THE

THE FAN.

BOOK III.

THUS Momus ſpoke. When ſage Minerva roſe;
From her ſweet lips ſmooth elocution flows;
Her ſkilful hand an ivory pallet grac'd,
Where ſhining colours were in order plac'd.
As Gods are bleſs'd with a ſuperior ſkill,
And, ſwift as mortal thought, perform their will;
Straight ſhe propoſes, by her art divine,
To bid the paint expreſs her great deſign.
Th' aſſembled powers conſent. She now began,
And her creating pencil ſtain'd the Fan.
O'er the fair field trees ſpread, and rivers flow,
Towers rear their heads, and diſtant mountains grow;
Life ſeems to move within the glowing veins,
And in each face ſome lively paſſion reigns.
Thus have I ſeen woods, hills, and dales appear,
Flocks graze the plains, birds wing the ſilent air,
In darken'd rooms, where light can only paſs
Through the ſmall circle of a convex glaſs;
On the white ſheet the moving figures riſe,
The foreſt waves, clouds float along the ſkies.
She various fables on the piece deſign'd,
That ſpoke the follies of the female kind.
The fate of pride in Niobe ſhe drew
(Be wiſe, ye nymphs, that ſcornful vice ſubdue).

In a wide plain th' imperious mother ſtood,
Whoſe diſtant bounds roſe in a winding wood;
Upon her ſhoulder flows her mantling hair,
Pride marks her brow, and elevates her air;
A purple robe behind her ſweeps the ground,
Whoſe ſpacious border golden flowers ſurround;
She made Latona's altars ceaſe to flame,
And of due honours robb'd her ſacred name;
To her own charms ſhe bade freſh incenſe riſe,
And adoration own her brighter eyes.
Seven daughters from her fruitful loins were born,
Seven graceful ſons her nuptial bed adorn,
Who, for a mother's arrogant diſdain,
Were by Latona's double offspring ſlain.
Here Phœbus his unerring arrow drew,
And from his riſing ſteed her firſt-born threw;
His opening fingers drop the ſlacken'd rein,
And the pale corſe falls headlong to the plain.
Beneath her pencil here two wreſtlers bend,
See, to the graſp their ſwelling nerves diſtend;
Diana's arrow joins them face to face,
And death unites them in a ſtrict embrace.
Another here flies trembling o'er the plain
(When Heaven purſues, we ſhun the ſtroke in vain):
This lifts his ſupplicating hands and eyes,
And 'midſt his humble adoration dies.
As from his thigh this tears the barbed dart,
A ſurer weapon ſtrikes his throbbing heart:
While that to raiſe his wounded brother tries,
Death blaſts his bloom, and locks his frozen eyes.

The

The tender ſiſters, bath'd in grief, appear
With ſable garments and diſhevel'd hair,
And o'er their gaſping brothers weeping ſtood;
Some with their treſſes ſtopt the guſhing blood;
They ſtrive to ſtay the fleeting life too late,
And in the pious action ſhare their fate.
Now the proud dame, o'ercome by trembling fear,
With her wide robe protects her only care;
To ſave her only care in vain ſhe tries,
Cloſe at her feet the lateſt victim dies.
Down her fair cheek the trickling ſorrow flows,
Like dewy ſpangles on the bluſhing roſe;
Fixt in aſtoniſhment ſhe weeping ſtood,
The plain all purple with her children's blood;
She ſtiffens with her woes; no more her hair
In eaſy ringlets wantons in the air;
Motion forſakes her eyes; her veins are dry'd,
And beat no longer with the ſanguine tide;
All life is fled; firm marble now ſhe grows,
Which ſtill in tears the mother's anguiſh ſhows.

Ye haughty fair, your painted Fans diſplay,
And the juſt fate of lofty pride ſurvey.
Though lovers oft extol your beauty's power,
And in celeſtial ſimilies adore;
Though from your features Cupid borrows arms,
And Goddeſſes confeſs inferior charms;
Do not, vain maid, the flattering tale believe,
Alike thy lovers and thy glaſs deceive.

Here lively colours Procris' paſſion tell,
Who to her jealous fears a victim fell.

Here kneels the trembling hunter o'er his wife,
Who rolls her ſickening eyes, and gaſps for life;
Her drooping head upon her ſhoulder lies,
And purple gore her ſnowy boſom dyes.
What guilt, what horror, on his face appears!
See, his red eye-lid ſeems to ſwell with tears;
With agony his wringing hands he ſtrains,
And ſtrong convulſions ſtretch his branching veins.

Learn hence, ye wives! bid vain ſuſpicion ceaſe,
Loſe not, in ſullen diſcontent, your peace:
For, when fierce love to jealouſy ferments,
A thouſand doubts and fears the ſoul invents;
No more the days in pleaſing converſe flow,
And nights no more their ſoft endearments know.

There on the piece the Volſcian queen expir'd,
The love of ſpoils her female boſom fir'd.
Gay Chloreus' arms attract her longing eyes,
And for the painted plume and helm ſhe ſighs;
Fearleſs ſhe follows, bent on gaudy prey,
Till an ill-fated dart obſtructs her way;
Down drops the martial maid; the bloody ground
Floats with a torrent from the purple wound;
The mournful nymphs her drooping head ſuſtain,
And try to ſtop the guſhing life in vain.

Thus the raw maid ſome tawdry coat ſurveys,
Where the fop's fancy in embroidery plays;
His ſnowy feather, edg'd with crimſon dyes,
And his bright ſword-knot, lure her wandering eyes;
Fring'd gloves and gold brocade conſpire to move,
Till the nymph falls a ſacrifice to love.

Here

Here young Narciſſus o'er the fountain ſtood,
And view'd his image in the cryſtal flood;
The cryſtal flood reflects his lovely charms,
And the pleas'd image ſtrives to meet his arms.
No nymph his unexperienc'd breaſt ſubdued,
Echo in vain the flying boy purſued,
Himſelf alone the fooliſh youth admires,
And with fond look the ſmiling ſhade deſires:
O'er the ſmooth lake with fruitleſs tears he grieves,
His ſpreading fingers ſhoot in verdant leaves,
Through his pale veins green ſap now gently flows,
And in a ſhort-liv'd flower his beauty blows.

Let vain Narciſſus warn each female breaſt,
That beauty's but a tranſient good at beſt.
Like flowers it withers with th' advancing year;
And age, like winter, robs the blooming fair.
Oh, Araminta! ceaſe thy wonted pride,
Nor longer in thy faithleſs charms confide;
Ev'n while the glaſs reflects thy ſparkling eyes,
Their luſtre and thy roſy colour flies!

Thus on the Fan the breathing figures ſhine,
And all the powers applaud the wiſe deſign.

The Cyprian queen the painted gift receives,
And with a grateful bow the ſynod leaves.
To the low world ſhe bends her ſteepy way,
Where Strephon paſs'd the ſolitary day.
She found him in a melancholy grove,
His down-caſt eyes betray'd deſponding love;
The wounded bark confeſs'd his ſlighted flame,
And every tree bore falſe Corinna's name:

In

In a cool ſhade he lay with folded arms,
Curſes his fortune, and upbraids her charms;
When Venus to his wondering eyes appears,
And with theſe words relieves his amorous cares:
Riſe! happy youth; this bright machine ſurvey,
Whoſe rattling ſticks my buſy fingers ſway;
This preſent ſhall thy cruel charmer move,
And in her fickle boſom kindle love.
The Fan ſhall flutter in all female hands,
And various faſhions learn from various lands.
For this ſhall elephants their ivory ſhed;
And poliſh'd ſticks the waving engine ſpread:
His clouded mail the tortoiſe ſhall reſign,
And round the rivet pearly circles ſhine.
On this ſhall Indians all their art employ,
And with bright colours ſtain the gaudy toy;
Their paint ſhall here in wildeſt fancies flow,
Their dreſs, their cuſtoms, their religion, ſhow:
So ſhall the Britiſh fair their minds improve,
And on the Fan to diſtant climates rove.
Here China's ladies ſhall their pride diſplay,
And ſilver figures gild their looſe array;
This boaſts her little feet and winking eyes;
That tunes the fife, or tinkling cymbal plies:
Here croſs-legg'd nobles in rich ſtate ſhall dine;
There in bright mail diſtorted heroes ſhine.
The peeping Fan in modern times ſhall riſe,
Through which unſeen the female ogle flies;
This ſhall in temples the fly maid conceal,
And ſhelter love beneath devotion's veil.

Gay France ſhall make the Fan her artiſt's care,
And with the coſtly trinket arm the fair.
As learned orators, that touch the heart,
With various action raiſe their ſoothing art,
Both head and hand affect the liſtening throng,
And humour each expreſſion of the tongue;
So ſhall each paſſion by the Fan be ſeen,
From noiſy anger to the ſullen ſpleen.
While Venus ſpoke, joy ſhone in Strephon's eyes;
Proud of the gift, he to Corinna flies:
But Cupid (who delights in amorous ill,
Wounds hearts, and leaves them to a woman's will)
With certain aim a golden arrow drew,
Which to Leander's panting boſom flew.
Leander lov'd, and to the ſprightly dame
In gentle ſighs reveal'd his growing flame:
Sweet ſmiles Corinna to his ſighs returns,
And for the fop in equal paſſion burns.
Lo, Strephon comes! and, with a ſuppliant bow,
Offers the preſent, and renews his vow.
When ſhe the fate of Niobe beheld,
Why has my pride againſt my heart rebell'd?
She ſighing cry'd. Diſdain forſook her breaſt,
And Strephon now was thought a worthy gueſt.
In Procris' boſom when ſhe ſaw the dart,
She juſtly blames her own ſuſpicious heart;
Imputes her diſcontent to jealous fear,
And knows her Strephon's conſtancy ſincere.
When on Camilla's fate her eye ſhe turns,
No more for ſhow and equipage ſhe burns:

She

She learns Leander's paſſion to deſpiſe,
And looks on merit with diſcerning eyes.
Narciſſus' change to the vain virgin ſhows,
Who truſts to beauty, truſts the fading roſe.
Youth flies apace, with youth your beauty flies;
Love then, ye virgins, ere the bloſſom dies.
Thus Pallas taught her. Strephon weds the dame;
And Hymen's torch diffus'd the brighteſt flame.

THE

THE

SHEPHERD'S WEEK,

IN

SIX PASTORALS. 1714.

WITH

THE AUTHOR'S NOTES.

" — Libeat mihi ſordida rura,
" Atque humiles habitare caſas. —" VIRG.

THE PROEME

TO THE

COURTEOUS READER.

GREAT marvel hath it been (and that not unworthily) to diverſe worthy wits, that in this our iſland of Britain, in all rare ſciences ſo greatly abounding, more eſpecially in all kinds of Poeſy highly flouriſhing, no Poet (though otherwiſe of notable cunning in roundelays) hath hit on the right ſimple Eclogue after the true ancient guiſe of Theocritus, before this mine attempt.

Other Poet travailing in this plain highway of Paſtoral know I none. Yet, certes, ſuch it behoved a Paſtoral to be, as Nature in the country affordeth; and the manners alſo meetly copied from the ruſtical folk therein. In this alſo my love to my native country Britain much pricketh me forward, to deſcribe aright the manners of our own honeſt and laborious ploughmen, in no wiſe ſure more unworthy a Britiſh Poet's imitation, than thoſe of Sicily or Arcadie; albeit, not ignorant I am, what a rout and rabblement of critical gallimawfry hath been made of late days by certain young

young men of inſipid delicacy, concerning, I wiſt not what, Golden Age, and other outrageous conceits, to which they would confine Paſtoral. Whereof, I avow, I account nought at all, knowing no age ſo juſtly to be inſtiled Golden, as this of our Sovereign Lady Queen Anne.

This idle trumpery (only fit for ſchools and ſchool-boys) unto that ancient Doric Shepherd Theocritus, or his mates, was never known; he rightly, throughout his fifth Idyll, maketh his louts give foul language, and behold their goats at rut in all ſimplicity:

Ὠπόλος ὄκκ' ἐσορῇ τὰς μηκάδας, οἷα βατεῦνται,
Τάκεται ὀφθαλμὼς, ὅτι ἐ τράγος αὐτὸς ἐγείλο.

Theoc. Id. i. 87.

Verily, as little pleaſance receiveth a true homebred taſte, from all the fine finical new-fangled fooleries of this gay Gothic garniture, wherewith they ſo nicely bedeck their court clowns, or clown courtiers (for, which to call them rightly, I wot not), as would a prudent citizen journeying to his country farms, ſhould he find them occupied by people of this motley make, inſtead of plain downright hearty cleanly folk, ſuch as be now tenants to the burgeſſes of this realm.

Furthermore, it is my purpoſe, gentle reader, to ſet before thee, as it were a picture, or rather lively landſchape of thy own country, juſt as thou mighteſt ſee it, dideſt thou take a walk into the fields at the proper ſeaſon: even as maiſter Milton hath elegantly ſet forth the ſame:

"As

" As one who long in populous city pent,
" Where houſes thick and ſewers annoy the air,
" Forth iſſuing on a ſummer's morn to breathe
" Among the pleaſant villages and farms
" Adjoin'd, from each thing met conceives delight;
" The ſmell of grain or tedded graſs or kine
" Or dairy, each rural ſight, each rural ſound."

Thou wilt not find my ſhepherdeſſes idly piping on oaten reeds, but milking the kine, tying up the ſheaves, or, if the hogs are aſtray, driving them to the ſtyes. My ſhepherd gathereth none other noſegays but what are the growth of our own fields; he ſleepeth not under myrtle ſhades, but under a hedge; nor doth he vigilantly defend his flocks from wolves, becauſe there are none, as maiſter Spenſer well obſerveth:

" Well is known that ſince the Saxon king
" Never was wolf ſeen, many or ſome
" Nor in all Kent nor in Chriſtendom."

For as much as I have mentioned maiſter Spenſer, foothly I muſt acknowledge him a bard of ſweeteſt memorial. Yet hath his ſhepherd's boy at ſome times raiſed his ruſtic reed to rhymes more rumbling than rural. Diverſe grave points alſo hath he handled of churchly matter, and doubts in religion daily ariſing, to great clerks only appertaining. What liketh me beſt are his names, indeed right ſimple and meet for the country, ſuch as Lobbin, Cuddy, Hobbinol, Diggon, and others, ſome of which I have made bold to borrow.

Moreover, as he called his Eclogues, the "ſhepherd's "calendar," and divided the ſame into twelve months, I have choſen (peradventure not over-raſhly) to name mine by the days of the week, omitting Sunday or the Sabbath, ours being ſuppoſed to be Chriſtian ſhepherds, and to be then at church-worſhip. Yet further of many of maiſter Spenſer's Eclogues it may be obſerved; though months they be called, of the ſaid months therein nothing is ſpecified; wherein I have alſo eſteemed him worthy mine imitation.

That principally, courteous reader, whereof I would have thee to be advertiſed, (ſeeing I depart from the vulgar uſage) is touching the language of my ſhepherds; which is, foothly to ſay, ſuch as is neither ſpoken by the country maiden or the courtly dame; nay, not only ſuch as in the preſent times is not uttered, but was never uttered in times paſt; and, if I judge aright, will never be uttered in times future: it having too much of the country to be fit for the court, too much of the court to be fit for the country; too much of the language of old times to be fit for the preſent, too much of the preſent to have been fit for the old, and too much of both to be fit for any time to come. Granted alſo it is, that in this my language I ſeem unto myſelf as a London maſon, who calculateth his work for a term of years, when he buildeth with old materials upon a ground-rent that is not his own, which ſoon turns to rubbiſh and ruins. For this point, no reaſon can I alledge, only deep-learned enſamples having led me thereunto.

But here again much comfort ariſeth in me, from the hopes, in that I conceive, when theſe words in the courſe of tranſitory things ſhall decay, it may ſo hap, in meet time, that ſome lover of ſimplicity ſhall ariſe, who ſhall have the hardineſs to render theſe mine Eclogues into ſuch modern dialect as ſhall be then underſtood, to which end, gloſſes and explications of uncouth paſtoral terms are annexed.

Gentle Reader, turn over the leaf, and entertain thyſelf with the proſpect of thine own country, limned by the painful hand of

Thy loving countryman,

JOHN GAY.

PROLOGUE

TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE THE

LORD VISCOUNT BOLINGBROKE.

LO, I who erſt beneath a tree
Sung Bumkinet and Bowzybee,
And Blouzelind and Marian bright,
In apron blue or apron white,
Now write my ſonnets in a book,
For my good lord of Bolingbroke.
As lads and laſſes ſtood around
To hear my boxen hautboy ſound,
Our *clerk* came poſting o'er the green
With doleful tidings of the *queen;*
That *queen*, he ſaid, to whom we owe
Sweet *peace that maketh riches flow;*
That *queen*, who eas'd our tax of late,
Was dead, alas!—and lay in ſtate.
At this, in tears was Cicely ſeen,
Buxoma tore her pinners clean,
In doleful dumps ſtood every clown,
The parſon rent his band and gown.
For me, when as I heard that death
Had ſnatch'd queen Anne to Elzabeth,
I broke my reed, and, ſighing, ſwore,
I'd weep for Blouzelind no more.

While thus we ſtood as in a ſtound,
And wet with tears, like dew, the ground,
Full ſoon by bonefire and by bell
We learnt our Liege was paſſing well.
A ſkilful leach (ſo God him ſpeed)
They ſaid had wrought this bleſſed deed.
This leach Arbuthnot was yclept,
Who many a night not once had ſlept;
But watch'd our gracious Sovereign ſtill;
For who could reſt when ſhe was ill?
Oh, may'ſt thou henceforth ſweetly ſleep!
Sheer, ſwains, oh ſheer your ſofteſt ſheep,
To ſwell his couch; for, well I ween,
He ſav'd the realm, who ſav'd the Queen.
Quoth I, pleaſe God, I'll hye with glee
To court, this Arbuthnot to ſee.
I ſold my ſheep and lambkins too,
For ſilver loops and garment blue;
My boxen hautboy, ſweet of ſound,
For lace that edg'd mine hat around;
For Lightfoot and my ſcrip, I got
A gorgeous ſword, and eke a knot.
So forth I far'd to court with ſpeed,
Of ſoldier's drum withouten dreed;
For peace allays the ſhepherd's fear
Of wearing cap of grenadier.
There ſaw I ladies all a-row,
Before their Queen in ſeemly ſhow.
No more I'll ſing Buxoma brown,
Like goldfinch in her Sunday gown;

Nor

Nor Clumſilis, nor Marian bright,
Nor damſel that Hobnelia hight.
But Lanſdowne, freſh as flower of May,
And Berkeley, lady blithe and gay;
And Angleſea, whoſe ſpeech exceeds
The voice of pipe, or oaten reeds;
And blooming Hyde, with eyes ſo rare;
And Montague beyond compare:
Such ladies fair would I depaint,
In roundelay or ſonnet quaint.
There many a worthy wight I've ſeen,
In ribbon blue and ribbon green:
As Oxford, who a wand doth bear,
Like Moſes, in our bibles fair;
Who for our traffick forms deſigns,
And gives to Britain Indian mines.
Now, ſhepherds, clip your fleecy care;
Ye maids, your ſpinning-wheels prepare;
Ye weavers, all your ſhuttles throw,
And bid broad-cloths and ſerges grow;
For trading free ſhall thrive again,
Nor leaſings lewd affright the ſwain.
There ſaw I St. John, ſweet of mien,
Full ſtedfaſt both to church and queen;
With whoſe fair name I'll deck my ſtrain;
St. John, right courteous to the ſwain.
For thus he told me on a day,
Trim are thy ſonnets, gentle Gay;
And, certes, mirth it were to ſee
Thy joyous madrigals twice three,

With preface meet, and notes profound,
Imprinted fair, and well y-bound.
All ſuddenly then home I ſped,
And did ev'n as my lord had ſaid.
  Lo, here thou haſt mine Eclogues fair,
But let not theſe detain thine ear.
Let not th' affairs of ſtates and kings
Wait, while our Bowzybeus ſings.
Rather than verſe of ſimple ſwain
Should ſtay the trade of France or Spain;
Or, for the plaint of Parſon's maid,
Yon' Emperor's packets be delay'd;
In ſooth, I ſwear by holy Paul,
I'd burn book, preface, notes and all.

MONDAY;

OR,

THE SQUABBLE.

LOBBIN CLOUT, CUDDY, CLODDIPOLE.

LOBBIN CLOUT.

THY younglings, Cuddy, are but juſt awake,
No thruſtles ſhrill the bramble-buſh forſake,
No chirping lark the welkin ſheen invokes,
No damſel yet the ſwelling udder ſtrokes;
O'er yonder hill does ſcant the dawn appear:
Then why does Cuddy leave his cott ſo rear?

CUDDY.

Ah Lobbin Clout! I ween, my plight is gueſt,
For *he that loves, a ſtranger is to reſt;*

Ver. 3. *Welkin*, the ſame as *Welken*, an old Saxon word ſignifying *a cloud;* by poetical licence it is frequently taken for *the element* or *ſky*, as may appear by this verſe in the Dream of Chaucer,

"Ne in all the welkin was no cloud."

—*Sheen* or *ſhine*, an old word for *ſhining* or *bright*.

Ver. 5. *Scant*, uſed in the ancient Britiſh authors for *ſcarce*.

Ver. 6. *Rear*, an expreſſion in ſeveral counties of England, for *early in the morning*.

Ver. 7. *To ween*, derived from the Saxon, to *think* or *conceive*.

If

If swains belye not, thou hast prov'd the smart,
And Blouzelinda's mistress of thy heart.
This rising rear betokeneth well thy mind,
Those arms are folded for thy Blouzelind.
And well, I trow, our piteous plights agree:
Thee Blouzelinda smites, Buxoma me.

LOBBIN CLOUT.

Ah, Blouzelind! I love thee more by half,
Than does their fawns, or cows the new-fall'n calf:
Woe worth the tongue! may blisters sore it gall,
That names Buxoma Blouzelind withal.

CUDDY.

Hold, witless Lobbin Clout, I thee advise,
Lest blisters sore on thy own tongue arise.
Lo, yonder, Cloddipole, the blithsome swain,
The wisest lout of all the neighbouring plain!
From Cloddipole we learnt to read the skies,
To know when hail will fall, or winds arise.
He taught us erst the heifer's tail to view,
When stuck aloft, that showers would straight ensue:
He first that useful secret did explain,
That pricking corns foretold the gathering rain.
When swallows fleet soar high and sport in air,
He told us that the welkin would be clear.
Let Cloddipole then hear us twain rehearse,
And praise his sweetheart in alternate verse.
I'll wager this same oaken staff with thee,
That Cloddipole shall give the prize to me.

Ver. 25. *Erst*, a contraction of *ere this*; it signifies *some time ago*, or *formerly*.

LOBBIN

LOBBIN CLOUT.

See this tobacco-pouch, that's lin'd with hair,
Made of the ſkin of fleeceſt fallow-deer.
This pouch, that's ty'd with tape of reddeſt hue,
I'll wager, that the prize ſhall be my due.

CUDDY.

Begin thy carols then, thou vaunting ſlouch!
Be thine the oaken ſtaff, or mine the pouch.

LOBBIN CLOUT.

My Blouzelinda is the blitheſt laſs,
Than primroſe ſweeter, or the clover-graſs.
Fair is the king-cup that in meadow blows,
Fair is the daiſie that beſide her grows;
Fair is the gilliflower, of gardens ſweet,
Fair is the marygold, for pottage meet:
But Blouzelind's than gilliflower more fair,
Than daiſie, marygold, or king-cup rare.

CUDDY.

My brown Buxoma is the feateſt maid,
That e'er at wake delightſome gambol play'd.
Clean as young lambkins or the gooſe's down,
And like the goldfinch in her Sunday gown.
The witleſs lamb may ſport upon the plain,
The friſking kid delight the gaping ſwain,
The wanton calf may ſkip with many a bound,
And my cur Tray play defteſt feats around;
But neither lamb, nor kid, nor calf, nor Tray,
Dance like Buxoma on the firſt of May.

Ver. 56. *Deft*, an old word, ſignifying *briſk* or *nimble*.

LOBBIN

LOBBIN CLOUT.

Sweet is my toil when Blouzelind is near;
Of her bereft, 'tis winter all the year.
With her no ſultry ſummer's heat I know;
In winter, when ſhe's nigh, with love I glow.
Come, Blouzelinda, eaſe thy ſwain's deſire,
My ſummer's ſhadow, and my winter's fire!

CUDDY.

As with Buxoma once I work'd at hay,
Ev'n noon-tide labour ſeem'd an holiday;
And holidays, if haply ſhe were gone,
Like worky-days I wiſh'd would ſoon be done.
Eftſoons, O ſweetheart kind, my love repay,
And all the year ſhall then be holiday.

LOBBIN CLOUT.

As Blouzelinda, in a gameſome mood,
Behind a haycock loudly laughing ſtood,
I ſlily ran, and ſnatch'd a haſty kiſs;
She wip'd her lips, nor took it much amiſs.
Believe me, Cuddy, while I'm bold to ſay,
Her breath was ſweeter than the ripen'd hay.

CUDDY.

As my Buxoma, in a morning fair,
With gentle finger ſtrok'd her milky care,

Ver. 69. *Eftſoons*, from *eft*, an ancient Britiſh word, ſignifying *ſoon*. So that *eftſoons* is a doubling of the word *ſoon*; which is, as it were, to ſay *twice ſoon*, or *very ſoon*.

I queintly

I queintly ſtole a kiſs; at firſt, 'tis true,
She frown'd, yet after granted one or two.
Lobbin, I ſwear, believe who will my vows,
Her breath by far excell'd the breathing cows.

LOBBIN CLOUT.

Leek to the Welch, to Dutchmen butter's dear,
Of Iriſh ſwains potatoe is the chear;
Oats for their feaſts the Scottiſh ſhepherds grind,
Sweet turnips are the food of Blouzelind.
While ſhe loves turnips, butter I'll deſpiſe,
Nor leeks, nor oatmeal, nor potatoe, prize.

CUDDY.

In good roaſt-beef my landlord ſticks his knife,
The capon fat delights his dainty wife,
Pudding our parſon eats, the ſquire loves hare,
But white-pot thick is my Buxoma's fare.
While ſhe loves white-pot, capon ne'er ſhall be,
Nor hare, nor beef, nor pudding, food for me.

Ver. 79. *Queint* has various ſignifications in the ancient Engliſh authors. I have uſed it in this place in the ſame ſenſe as Chaucer hath done in his Miller's Tale. "As Clerkes being full ſubtle "and queint" (by which he means *arch* or *waggiſh*); and not in that obſcene ſenſe wherein he uſeth it in the line immediately following.

Ver. 85.

"Populus Alcidæ gratiſſima, Vitis Iaccho,
"Formoſæ Myrtus Veneri, ſua Laurea Phœbo,
"Phillis amat Corylos. Illas dum Phillis amabit,
"Nec Myrtus vincet Corylos nec Laurea Phœbi."
&c. VIRG.

LOBBIN

LOBBIN CLOUT.

As once I play'd at *blindman's buff*, it hapt
About my eyes the towel thick was wrapt.
I miſs'd the ſwains, and ſeiz'd on Blouzelind.
True ſpeaks that ancient proverb, "Love is blind."

CUDDY.

As at *hot-cockles* once I laid me down,
And felt the weighty hand of many a clown;
Buxoma gave a gentle tap, and I
Quick roſe, and read ſoft miſchief in her eye.

LOBBIN CLOUT.

On two near elms the ſlacken'd cord I hung,
Now high, now low, my Blouzelinda ſwung.
With the rude wind her rumpled garment roſe,
And ſhow'd her taper leg, and ſcarlet hoſe.

CUDDY.

Acroſs the fallen oak the plank I laid,
And myſelf pois'd againſt the tottering maid.
High leap'd the plank; adown Buxoma fell;
I ſpy'd—but faithful ſweethearts never tell.

LOBBIN CLOUT.

This riddle, Cuddy, if thou canſt, explain,
This wily riddle puzzles every ſwain.
"What flower is that which bears the *virgin's* name,
"The richeſt metal joined with the ſame?"

Ver. 103—110 were not in the early editions. N.
Ver. 113. Marygold.

CUDDY.

CUDDY.

Anſwer, thou carle, and judge this riddle right,
I'll frankly own thee for a cunning wight.
" What flower is that which royal honour craves,
" Adjoin the *virgin*, and 'tis ſtrown on graves?"

CLODDIPOLE.

Forbear, contending louts, give o'er your ſtrains!
An oaken ſtaff each merits for his pains.
But ſee the ſun-beams bright to labour warn,
And gild the thatch of goodman Hodge's barn.
Your herds for want of water ſtand a-dry,
They're weary of your ſongs—and ſo am I.

Ver. 117. Roſemary.
" Dic quibus in terris inſcripti nomina Regum
" Naſcantur Flores." VIRG.
Ver. 120. " Et vitula tu dignus & hic." VIRG.

TUESDAY;

TUESDAY;

OR,

THE DITTY.

MARIAN.

YOUNG Colin Clout, a lad of peerleſs meed,
Full well could dance, and deftly tune the reed;
In every wood his carols ſweet were known,
At every wake his nimble feats were ſhown.
When in the ring the ruſtic routs he threw,
The damſels' pleaſures with his conqueſts grew;
Or when aſlant the cūdgel threats his head,
His danger ſmites the breaſt of every maid,
But chief of Marian. Marian lov'd the ſwain,
The parſon's maid, and neateſt of the plain;
Marian, that ſoft could ſtroke the udder'd cow,
Or leſſen with her ſieve the barley-mow;
Marbled with ſage the hardening cheeſe ſhe preſs'd,
And yellow butter Marian's ſkill confeſs'd;
But Marian now, devoid of country cares,
Nor yellow butter, nor ſage-cheeſe, prepares;
For yearning love the witleſs maid employs,
And Love, ſay ſwains, "all buſy heed deſtroys."
Colin makes mock at all her piteous ſmart;
A laſs that Cicely hight had won his heart,

Cicely

Cicely the weſtern laſs that tends the kee,
The rival of the parſon's maid was ſhe.
In dreary ſhade now Marian lies along,
And, mixt with ſighs, thus wails in plaining ſong:
Ah woeful day! ah woeful noon and morn!
When firſt by thee my younglings white were ſhorn;
Then firſt, I ween, I caſt a lover's eye,
My ſheep were ſilly, but more ſilly I.
Beneath the ſhears they felt no laſting ſmart,
They loſt but fleeces, while I loſt a heart.
Ah, Colin! canſt thou leave thy ſweetheart true?
What I have done for thee, will Cicely do?
Will ſhe thy linen waſh, or hoſen darn,
And knit thee gloves made of her own ſpun yarn?
Will ſhe with huſwife's hand provide thy meat?
And every Sunday morn thy neckcloth plait,
Which o'er thy kerſey doublet ſpreading wide,
In ſervice-time drew Cicely's eyes aſide?
Where'er I gad, I cannot hide my care,
My new diſaſters in my look appear.
White as the curd my ruddy cheek is grown,
So thin my features that I'm hardly known.
Our neighbours tell me oft', in joking talk,
Of aſhes, leather, oatmeal, bran, and chalk;
Unwittingly of Marian they divine,
And wiſt not that with thoughtful love I pine.
Yet Colin Clout, untoward ſhepherd ſwain,
Walks whiſtling blithe, while pitiful I plain.

Ver. 21. *Kee*, a weſt-country word for *kine* or *cows*.

Whilom with thee 'twas Marian's dear delight
To moil all day, and merry-make at night.
If in the ſoil you guide the crooked ſhare,
Your early breakfaſt is my conſtant care;
And when with even hand you ſtrow the grain,
I fright the thieviſh rooks from off the plain.
In miſling days, when I my threſher heard,
With nappy beer I to the barn repair'd;
Loſt in the muſic of the whirling flail,
To gaze on thee I left the ſmoking pail:
In harveſt when the ſun was mounted high,
My leathern bottle did thy draught ſupply;
Whene'er you mow'd, I follow'd with the rake,
And have full oft' been ſun-burnt for thy ſake:
When in the welkin gathering ſhowers were ſeen,
I lagg'd the laſt with Colin on the green;
And when at eve returning with thy car,
Awaiting heard the jingling bells from far,
Straight on the fire the footy pot I plac'd,
To warm thy broth I burnt my hands for haſte.
When hungry thou ſtood'ſt *ſtaring, like an oaf*,
I ſlic'd the luncheon from the barley-loaf;
With crumbled bread I thicken'd well thy meſs.
Ah, love me more, or love thy pottage leſs!

Laſt Friday's eve, when as the ſun was ſet,
I, near yon ſtile, three ſallow gypſies met.
Upon my hand they caſt a poring look,
Bid me beware, and thrice their heads they ſhook:
They ſaid that many croſſes I muſt prove;
Some in my worldly gain, but moſt in love.

Next morn I miſs'd three hens and our old cock,
And off the hedge two pinners and a ſmock;
I bore theſe loſſes with a chriſtian mind,
And no miſhaps could feel, while thou wert kind.
But ſince, alas! I grew my Colin's ſcorn,
I've known no pleaſure, night, or noon, or morn.
Help me, ye gypſies; bring him home again,
And to a conſtant laſs give back her ſwain.

Have I not ſat with thee full many a night,
When dying embers were our only light,
When every creature did in ſlumbers lie,
Beſides our cat, my Colin Clout, and I?
No troublous thoughts the cat or Colin move,
While I alone am kept awake by love.

Remember, Colin, when at laſt year's wake
I bought the coſtly preſent for thy ſake;
Could'ſt thou ſpell o'er the poſy on thy knife,
And with another change thy ſtate of life?
If thou forget'ſt, I wot, I can repeat,
My memory can tell the verſe ſo ſweet:
"As this is grav'd upon this knife of thine,
"So is thy image on this heart of mine."
But woe is me! ſuch preſents luckleſs prove,
For *knives*, they tell me, *always ſever love*.

Thus Marian wail'd, her eyes with tears brimfull,
When Goody Dobbins brought her cow to bull.
With apron blue to dry her tears ſhe ſought;
Then ſaw the cow well ſerv'd, and took a groat.

WEDNESDAY;

OR,

THE DUMPS*.

SPARABELLA.

THE wailings of a maiden I recite,
A maiden fair that Sparabella hight.
Such ſtrains ne'er warble in the linnet's throat,
Nor the gay goldfinch chaunts ſo ſweet a note.
No mag pye chatter'd, nor the painted jay,
No ox was heard to low, nor aſs to bray;

* *Dumps*, or *dumbs*, made uſe of to expreſs a fit of the *fullens*. Some have pretended that it is derived from *Dumops*, a king of Egypt, that built a pyramid, and died of melancholy. So *mopes* after the ſame manner is thought to have come from *Merops*, another Egyptian king that died of the ſame diſtemper. But our Engliſh antiquaries have conjectured that *dumps*, which is a *grievous heavineſs of ſpirits*, comes from the word *dumplin*, the heavieſt kind of pudding that is eaten in this country, much uſed in Norfolk, and other counties of England.

Ver. 5.

" Immemor herbarum quos eſt mirata juvenca
" Certantes, quorum ſtupefactæ carmine lynces,
" Et mutata ſuos requiêrunt flumina curſus." VIRG.

No ruſtling breezes play'd the leaves among,
While thus her madrigal the damſel ſung.
A while, O D'Urfey, lend an ear or twain,
Nor, though in homely guiſe, my verſe diſdain;
Whether thou ſeek'ſt new kingdoms in the ſun,
Whether thy Muſe does at Newmarket run,
Or does with goſſips at a feaſt regale,
And heighten her conceits with ſack and ale,
Or elſe at wakes with Joan and Hodge rejoice,
Where D'Urfey's lyricks ſwell in every voice;
Yet ſuffer me, thou bard of wondrous meed,
Amid thy bays to weave this rural weed.
Now the ſun drove adown the weſtern road,
And oxen laid at reſt forgot the goad,
The clown fatigued trudg'd homeward with his ſpade,
Acroſs the meadows ſtretch'd the lengthen'd ſhade;
When Sparabella, penſive and forlorn,
Alike with yearning love and labour worn,

Ver. 9.

"Tu mihi, ſeu magni ſuperas jam ſaxa Timavi,
"Sive oram Illyrici legis æquoris—" VIRG.

Ver. 11. An opera written by this author, called, "The World in the Sun, or The Kingdom of Birds;" he is alſo famous for his ſong on the Newmarket horſe-race, and ſeveral others that are ſung by the Britiſh ſwains.

Ver. 17. *Meed*, an old word for *fame* or *renown*.

Ver. 18.

—"Hanc ſine tempora circum
"Inter victrices ederam tibi ſerpere lauros." VIRG.

Lean'd on her rake, and ſtrait with doleful guiſe
Did this ſad plaint in mournful notes deviſe.
Come night as dark as pitch, ſurround my head,
From Sparabella Bumkinet is fled;
The ribbon that his valorous cudgel won,
Laſt Sunday happier Clumſilis put on.
Sure if he'd eyes *(but love, they ſay, has none)*
I whilom by that ribbon had been known.
Ah, well-a-day! I'm ſhent with baneful ſmart,
For with the ribbon he beſtow'd his heart.
" My plaint, ye laſſes, with this burthen aid,
" 'Tis hard ſo true a damſel dies a maid."
Shall heavy Clumſilis with me compare?
View this, ye lovers, and like me deſpair.
Her blubber'd lip by ſmutty pipes is worn,
And in her breath tobacco whiffs are borne!
The cleanly cheeſe-preſs ſhe could never turn,
Her aukward fiſt did ne'er employ the churn;
If e'er ſhe brew'd, the drink would ſtrait go ſour,
Before it ever felt the thunder's power;
No huſwifery the dowdy creature knew;
To ſum up all, her tongue confeſs'd the ſhrew.

Ver 25.

" Incumbens tereti Damon ſic cœpit olivæ." VIRG.

Ver. 33. *Shent*, an old word, ſignifying *hurt* or *harmed*.

Ver. 37.

" Mopſo Niſa datur, quid non ſperemus amantes?" VIRG.

" My

" My plaint, ye laſſes, with this burthen aid,
" 'Tis hard ſo true a damſel dies a maid."
I've often ſeen my viſage in yon lake,
Nor are my features of the homelieſt make:
Though Clumſilis may boaſt a whiter dye,
Yet the black ſloe turns in my rolling eye;
And faireſt bloſſoms drop with every blaſt,
But the brown beauty will like hollies laſt.
Her wan complexion 's like the wither'd leek,
While Katharine pears adorn my ruddy cheek.
Yet ſhe, alas! the witleſs lout hath won,
And by her gain poor Sparabell 's undone!
Let hares and hounds in coupling ſtraps unite,
The clucking hen make friendſhip with the kite;
Let the fox ſimply wear the nuptial nooſe,
And join in wedlock with the waddling gooſe;
For love hath brought a ſtranger thing to paſs,
The faireſt ſhepherd weds the fouleſt laſs.
" My plaint, ye laſſes, with this burthen aid,
" 'Tis hard ſo true a damſel dies a maid."

Ver. 49.
" Nec ſum adeo informis, nuper me in littore vidi."
VIRG.

Ver. 53.
" Alba liguſtra cadunt, vaccinia nigra leguntur."
VIRG.

Ver. 59.
" Jungentur jam gryphes equis; ævoque ſequenti
" Cum canibus timidi venient ad pocula damæ."
VIRG.

Sooner ſhall cats diſport in waters clear,
And ſpeckled mackrel graze the meadows fair:
Sooner ſhall ſcreech-owls baſk in ſunny day,
And the ſlow aſs on trees, like ſquirrels, play;
Sooner ſhall ſnails on inſect pinions rove;
Than I forget my ſhepherd's wonted love.
" My plaint, ye laſſes, with this burthen aid,
" 'Tis hard ſo true a damſel dies a maid."
Ah! didſt thou know what proffers I withſtood,
When late I met the Squire in yonder wood!
To me he ſped, regardleſs of his game,
While all my cheek was glowing red with ſhame;
My lip he kiſs'd, and prais'd my healthful look,
Then from his purſe of ſilk a guinea took,
Into my hand he forc'd the tempting gold,
While I with modeſt ſtruggling broke his hold.
He ſwore that Dick, in livery ſtriped with lace,
Should wed me ſoon, to keep me from diſgrace;
But I nor footman priz'd, nor golden fee;
For what is lace or gold compar'd to thee?
" My plaint, ye laſſes, with this burthen aid,
" 'Tis hard ſo true a damſel dies a maid."
Now plain I ken whence Love his riſe begun;
Sure he was born ſome bloody butcher's ſon,
Bred

Ver. 67.

" Ante leves ergo paſcentur in æthere cervi,
" Et freta deſtituent nudos in littore piſces —
" Quàm noſtro illius labatur pectore vultus." VIRG.

Ver. 89. *To ken.* Scire. Chaucer, *to ken*, and *kende;* notus A. S. *cunnan.* Goth. *kunnan.* Germanis *kennen.* Danis *kiende.* Islandis

Bred up in ſhambles, where our younglings ſlain
Erſt taught him miſchief, and to ſport with pain.
The father only ſilly ſheep annoys,
The ſon the ſillier ſhepherdeſs deſtroys.
Does ſon or father greater miſchief do?
The ſire is cruel, ſo the ſon is too.
" My plaint, ye laſſes, with this burthen aid,
" 'Tis hard ſo true a damſel dies a maid."
Farewel, ye woods, ye meads, ye ſtreams that flow;
A ſudden death ſhall rid me of my woe.
This penknife keen my windpipe ſhall divide.
What! ſhall I fall as ſqueaking pigs have dy'd?
No — To ſome tree this carcaſe I'll ſuſpend.
But worrying curs find ſuch untimely end!
I'll ſpeed me to the pond, where the high ſtool
On the long plank hangs o'er the muddy pool,
That ſtool, the dread of every ſcolding quean;
Yet, ſure a lover ſhould not die ſo mean!
There plac'd aloft, I'll rave and rail by fits,
Though all the pariſh ſay I've loſt my wits;

Iſlandis *kunna*. Belgis *kennen*. This word is of general uſe, but not very common, though not unknown to the vulgar. *Ken* for *proſpicere* is well known and uſed *to diſcover by the eye*. RAY, F. R. S.

" Nunc ſcio quid ſit amor, &c.
" Crudelis mater magis an puer improbus ille?
" Improbus ille puer, crudelis tu quoque mater." VIRG.

Ver. 99. " — vivite ſylvæ:
" Præceps aërii ſpeculâ de montis in undas
" Deferar." VIRG.

And

And thence, if courage holds, myſelf I'll throw,
And quench my paſſion in the lake below.
" Ye laſſes, ceaſe your burthen, ceaſe to moan,
" And, by my caſe forewarn'd, go mind your own."
The ſun was ſet; the night came on apace,
And falling dews bewet around the place;
The bat takes airy rounds on leathern wings,
And the hoarſe owl his woeful dirges ſings;
The prudent maiden deems it now too late,
And till to-morrow comes defers her fate.

THURSDAY;

THURSDAY;

OR,

THE SPELL.

HOBNELIA.

HOBNELIA, ſeated in a dreary vale,
In penſive mood rehears'd her piteous tale;
Her piteous tale the winds in ſighs bemoan,
And pining Echo anſwers groan for groan.
I rue the day, a rueful day I trow,
The woeful day, a day indeed of woe!
When Lubberkin to town his cattle drove,
A maiden fine bedight he hapt to love;
The maiden fine bedight his love retains,
And for the village he forſakes the plains.
Return, my Lubberkin, theſe ditties hear;
Spells will I try, and ſpells ſhall eaſe my care.
" With my ſharp heel I three times mark the ground,
" And turn me thrice around, around, around."
When firſt the year I heard the cuckow ſing,
And call with welcome note the budding ſpring,
I ſtraightway ſet a-running with ſuch haſte,
Deborah that won the ſmock ſcarce ran ſo faſt;

Ver. 8. *Dight*, or *bedight*, from the Saxon word *dightan*, which ſignifies *to ſet in order*.

Till

Till ſpent for lack of breath, quite weary grown,
Upon a riſing bank I ſat adown,
Then doff'd my ſhoe, and by my troth, I ſwear,
Therein I ſpy'd this yellow frizzled hair,
As like to Lubberkin's in curl and hue,
As if upon his comely pate it grew.
" With my ſharp heel I three times mark the ground,
" And turn me thrice around, around, around."
At eve laſt Midſummer no ſleep I fought,
But to the field a bag of hemp-ſeed brought;
I ſcatter'd round the ſeed on every ſide,
And three times in a trembling accent cry'd,
" This hemp-ſeed with my virgin hand I ſow,
" Who ſhall my true-love be, the crop ſhall mow."
I ſtrait look'd back, and, if my eyes ſpeak truth,
With his keen ſcythe behind me came the youth.
" With my ſharp heel I three times mark the ground,
" And turn me thrice around, around, around."
Laſt Valentine, the day when birds of kind
Their paramours with mutual chirpings find;
I rearly roſe, juſt at the break of day,
Before the ſun had chas'd the ſtars away;
A-field I went, amid the morning dew
To milk my kine (for ſo ſhould huſwives do);
Thee firſt I ſpy'd; and the firſt ſwain we ſee,
In ſpite of fortune, ſhall our true-love be.
See, Lubberkin, each bird his partner take;
And canſt thou then thy ſweetheart dear forſake?

Ver. 21. *Doff* and *don*, contracted from the words *do off* and *do on*.

" With

" With my ſharp heel I three times mark the ground,
" And turn me thrice around, around, around."
Laſt May-day fair I ſearch'd to find a ſnail,
That might my ſecret lover's name reveal.
Upon a gooſeberry-buſh a ſnail I found
(For always ſnails near ſweeteſt fruit abound).
I ſeiz'd the vermine, whom I quickly ſped,
And on the earth the milk-white embers ſpread.
Slow crawl'd the ſnail, and, if I right can ſpell,
In the ſoft aſhes mark'd a curious *L*;
Oh, may this wondrous omen lucky prove!
For *L* is found in Lubberkin and Love.
" With my ſharp heel I three times mark the ground,
" And turn me thrice around, around, around."
Two hazel-nuts I threw into the flame,
And to each nut I gave a ſweetheart's name;
This with the loudeſt bounce me ſore amaz'd,
That in a flame of brighteſt colour blaz'd.
As blaz'd the nut, ſo may thy paſſion grow;
For 'twas thy nut that did ſo brightly glow.
" With my ſharp heel I three times mark the ground,
" And turn me thrice around, around, around."
As peaſecods once I pluck'd, I chanc'd to ſee
One that was cloſely fill'd with three times three,
Which when I cropp'd I ſafely home convey'd,
And o'er the door the ſpell in ſecret laid;

Ver. 64. ——ἐγὼ δ' ἐπὶ Δέλφιδι δάφναν
Αἴθω. χ' ὡς αὐτὰ λακέει, μέγα καππυρίσασα. THEOC.
Ver. 66.
" Daphnis me malus urit, ego hanc in Daphnide." VIRG.

My

My wheel I turn'd, and ſung a ballad new,
While from the ſpindle I the fleeces drew;
The latch mov'd up, when, who ſhould firſt come in,
But, in his proper perſon, — Lubberkin.
I broke my yarn, ſurpris'd the ſight to ſee;
Sure ſign that he would break his word with me.
Eftſoons I join'd it with my wonted ſlight:
So may again his love with mine unite!
" With my ſharp heel I three times mark the ground,
" And turn me thrice around, around, around."
This Lady-fly I take from off the graſs,
Whoſe ſpotted back might ſcarlet red ſurpaſs,
" Fly, Lady-bird, North, South, or Eaſt, or Weſt,
" Fly where the man is found that I love beſt."
He leaves my hand; ſee to the Weſt he's flown,
To call my true-love from the faithleſs town.
" With my ſharp heel I three times mark the ground,
" And turn me thrice around, around, around."
I pare this pippin round and round again,
My ſhepherd's name to flouriſh on the plain,
I fling th' unbroken paring o'er my head,
Upon the graſs a perfect *L* is read;
Yet on my heart a fairer *L* is ſeen
Than what the paring makes upon the green.
" With my ſharp heel I three times mark the ground,
" And turn me thrice around, around, around."
This pippin ſhall another trial make,
See from the core two kernels brown I take;

Ver. 93. " Tranſque caput jace; ne reſpexeris." VIRG.

This

This on my cheek for Lubberkin is worn;
And Boobyclod on t' other ſide is borne.
But Boobyclod ſoon drops upon the ground,
A certain token that his love's unſound;
While Lubberkin ſticks firmly to the laſt:
Oh were his lips to mine but join'd ſo faſt!
" With my ſharp heel I three times mark the ground,
" And turn me thrice around, around, around."
As Lubberkin once ſlept beneath a tree,
I twitch'd his dangling garter from his knee.
He wiſt not when the hempen ſtring I drew.
Now mine I quickly doff, of inkle blue.
Together faſt I tye the garters twain;
And while I knit the knot repeat this ſtrain:
" Three times a true-love's knot I tye ſecure,
" Firm be the knot, firm may his love endure!"
" With my ſharp heel I three times mark the ground,
" And turn me thrice around, around, around."
As I was wont, I trudg'd laſt market-day
To town, with new-laid eggs preſerv'd in hay.
I made my market long before 'twas night,
My purſe grew heavy, and my baſket light.
Strait to the 'pothecary's ſhop I went,
And in love-powder all my money ſpent.

Ver. 109.
" Necte tribus nodis ternos, Amarylli, colores:
" Necte, Amarylli, modo; & Veneris dic vincula necto."
VIRG.

Ver. 123.
" Has herbas, atque hæc Ponto mihi lecta venena
" Ipſe dedit Mœris." VIRG.

Behap

Behap what will, next Sunday after prayers,
When to the ale-houſe Lubberkin repairs,
Theſe *golden flies* into his mug I'll throw,
And ſoon the ſwain with fervent love ſhall glow.
" With my ſharp heel I three times mark the ground,
" And turn me thrice around, around, around."
But hold—our Lightfoot barks, and cocks his ears,
O'er yonder ſtile ſee Lubberkin appears.
He comes! he comes! Hobnelia's not bewray'd,
Nor ſhall ſhe crown'd with willow die a maid.
He vows, he ſwears, he'll give me a green gown:
Oh dear! I fall adown, adown, adown!

Ver. 127. — Ποτὸν κακὸν αὔριον οἰσῶ. THEOC.
Ver. 131.
" Neſcio quid certe eſt; & Hylax in limine latrat." VIRG.

FRIDAY;

FRIDAY;

OR,

THE DIRGE*.

BUMKINET, GRUBBINOL.

BUMKINET.

WHY, Grubbinol, doſt thou ſo wiſtful ſeem?
There's ſorrow in thy look, if right I deem.
'Tis true, yon oaks with yellow tops appear,
And chilly blaſts begin to nip the year;
From the tall elm a ſhower of leaves is borne,
And their loſt beauty riven beeches mourn.
Yet ev'n this ſeaſon pleaſance blithe affords,
Now the ſqueez'd preſs foams with our apple hoards.
Come, let us hie, and quaff a cheary bowl,
Let cyder new "waſh ſorrow from thy ſoul."

GRUBBINOL.

Ah, Bumkinet! ſince thou from hence wert gone,
From theſe ſad plains all merriment is flown;

* *Dirge*, or *Dyrge*, a mournful ditty, or ſong of lamentation, over the dead; not a contraction of the Latin *Dirige* in the Popiſh Hymn, *Dirige greſſus meos*, as ſome pretend. But from the Teutonic *Dyrke*, *Laudare*, to praiſe and extol. Whence it is poſſible their *Dyrke*, and our *Dirge*, was a laudatory ſong to commemorate and applaud the dead. COWELL's Interpreter.

Should I reveal my grief, 'twould ſpoil thy cheer,
And make thine eye o'erflow with many a tear.

BUMKINET.

"Hang ſorrow!" Let's to yonder hut repair,
And with trim ſonnets "caſt away our care."
"Gillian of Croydon" well thy pipe can play:
Thou ſing'ſt moſt ſweet, "O'er hills and far away."
Of "Patient Griſſel" I deviſe to ſing,
And catches quaint ſhall make the vallies ring.
Come, Grubbinol, beneath this ſhelter, come;
From hence we view our flocks ſecurely roam.

GRUBBINOL.

Yes, blithſome lad, a tale I mean to ſing,
But with my woe ſhall diſtant vallies ring.
The tale ſhall make our kidlings droop their head,
For, woe is me!—our Blouzelind is dead!

BUMKINET.

Is Blouzelinda dead? farewell, my glee!
No happineſs is now reſerv'd for me.
As the wood-pigeon cooes without his mate,
So ſhall my doleful dirge bewail her fate.
Of Blouzelinda fair I mean to tell,
The peerleſs maid that did all maids excel.
Henceforth the morn ſhall dewy ſorrow ſhed,
And evening tears upon the graſs be ſpread;

Ver. 15.
"Incipe, Mopſe, prior, ſi quos aut Phyllidis ignes
"Aut Alconis habes laudes, aut jurgia Codri." VIRG.

Ver. 27. *Glee*, Joy; from the Dutch *Glooren*, to *recreate*.

The

The rolling ſtreams with watery grief ſhall flow,
And winds ſhall moan aloud—when loud they blow.
Henceforth, as oft' as autumn ſhall return,
The dropping trees, whene'er it rains, ſhall mourn;
The ſeaſon quite ſhall ſtrip the country's pride,
For 'twas in autumn Blouzelinda dy'd.

Where'er I gad, I Blouzelind ſhall view,
Woods, dairy, barn, and mows, our paſſion knew.
When I direct my eyes to yonder wood,
Freſh riſing ſorrow curdles in my blood.
Thither I've often been the damſel's guide,
When rotten ſticks our fuel have ſupply'd;
There I remember how her faggots large
Were frequently theſe happy ſhoulders charge.
Sometimes this crook drew hazel-boughs adown,
And ſtuff'd her apron wide with nuts ſo brown;
Or when her feeding hogs had miſs'd their way,
Or wallowing 'mid a feaſt of acorns lay;
Th' untoward creatures to the ſtye I drove,
And whiſtled all the way—or told my love.

If by the dairy's hatch I chance to hie,
I ſhall her goodly countenance eſpy;
For there her goodly countenance I've ſeen,
Set off with kerchief ſtarch'd and pinners clean.
Sometimes, like wax, ſhe rolls the butter round,
Or with the wooden lily prints the pound.
Whilom I've ſeen her ſkim the clouted cream,
And preſs from ſpungy curds the milky ſtream:
But now, alas! theſe ears ſhall hear no more
The whining ſwine ſurround the dairy door;

No more her care ſhall fill the hollow tray,
To fat the guzzling hogs with floods of whey.
Lament, ye ſwine, in grunting ſpend your grief,
For you, like me, have loſt your ſole relief.
When in the barn the ſounding flail I ply,
Where from her ſieve the chaff was wont to fly;
The poultry there will ſeem around to ſtand,
Waiting upon her charitable hand.
No ſuccour meet the poultry now can find,
For they, like me, have loſt their Blouzelind.
Whenever by yon barley-mow I paſs,
Before my eyes will trip the tidy laſs.
I pitch'd the ſheaves, (oh, could I do ſo now!)
Which ſhe in rows pil'd on the growing mow.
There every deale my heart by love was gain'd,
There the ſweet kiſs my courtſhip has explain'd.
Ah, Blouzelind! that mow I ne'er ſhall ſee,
But thy memorial will revive in me.
Lament, ye fields, and rueful ſymptoms ſhow;
Henceforth let not the ſmelling primroſe grow;
Let weeds, inſtead of butter-flowers, appear,
And meads, inſtead of daiſies, hemlock bear;
For cowſlips ſweet let dandelions ſpread;
For Blouzelinda, blithſome maid, is dead!
Lament, ye ſwains, and o'er her grave bemoan,
And ſpell ye right this verſe upon her ſtone:

Ver. 84.
"Pro molli violâ, pro purpureo narciſſo,
"Carduus & ſpinis ſurgit paliurus acutis." VIRG.

"Here

" Here Blouzelinda lies—Alas, alas!
" Weep, ſhepherds—and remember fleſh is graſs."

GRUBBINOL.

Albeit thy ſongs are ſweeter to mine ear,
Than to the thirſty cattle rivers clear;
Or winter porridge to the labouring youth,
Or buns and ſugar to the damſel's tooth;
Yet Blouzelinda's name ſhall tune my lay,
Of her I'll ſing for ever and for aye.
When Blouzelind expir'd, the wether's bell
Before the drooping flock toll'd forth her knell;
The ſolemn death-watch click'd the hour ſhe dy'd,
And ſhrilling crickets in the chimney cry'd;
The boding raven on her cottage ſate,
And with hoarſe croaking warn'd us of her fate;
The lambkin, which her wonted tendance bred,
Dropp'd on the plains that fatal inſtant dead;
Swarm'd on a rotten ſtick the bees I ſpy'd,
Which erſt I ſaw when Goody Dobſon dy'd.
How ſhall I, void of tears, her death relate,
When on her darling's bed her mother ſate!

Ver. 90.
" Et tumulum facite, & tumulo ſuperaddite carmen." VIRG.
Ver. 93.
" Tale tuum carmen nobis, divine poeta,
" Quale ſopor feſſis in gramine: quale per æſtum
" Dulcis aquæ ſaliente ſitim reſtinguere rivo.
" Nos tamen hæc quocunque modo tibi noſtra viciſſim
" Dicemus, Daphninque tuum tollemus ad aſtra." VIRG.
Ver. 96. An imitation of Theocritus.

Theſe words the dying Blouzelinda ſpoke,
And of the dead let none the will revoke:
"Mother, quoth ſhe, let not the poultry need,
And give the gooſe wherewith to raiſe her breed:
Be theſe my ſiſter's care—and every morn
Amid the ducklings let her ſcatter corn;
The ſickly calf that's hous'd be ſure to tend,
Feed him with milk, and from bleak colds defend.
Yet ere I die—ſee, mother, yonder ſhelf,
There ſecretly I've hid my worldly pelf.
Twenty good ſhillings in a rag I laid;
Be ten the Parſon's, for my ſermon paid.
The reſt is yours—my ſpinning-wheel and rake
Let Suſan keep for her dear ſiſter's ſake;
My new ſtraw hat, that's trimly lin'd with green,
Let Peggy wear, for ſhe's a damſel clean.
My leathern bottle, long in harveſts try'd,
Be Grubbinol's—this ſilver ring beſide:
Three ſilver pennies, and a nine-pence bent,
A token kind to Bumkinet is ſent."
Thus ſpoke the maiden, while the mother cry'd;
And peaceful, like the harmleſs lamb, ſhe dy'd.

To ſhow their love, the neighbours far and near
Follow'd with wiſtful look the damſel's bier.
Sprigg'd roſemary the lads and laſſes bore,
While diſmally the Parſon walk'd before.
Upon her grave the roſemary they threw,
The daiſie, butter-flower, and endive blue.

After the good man warn'd us from his text,
That none could tell whoſe turn would be the next;

He ſaid, that Heaven would take her ſoul, no doubt,
And ſpoke the hour-glaſs in her praiſe—quite out.
To her ſweet memory, flowery garlands ſtrung,
O'er her now empty ſeat aloft were hung.
With wicker rods we fenc'd her tomb around,
To ward from man and beaſt the hallow'd ground;
Leſt her new grave the Parſon's cattle raze,
For both his horſe and cow the church-yard graze.
Now we trudg'd homeward to her mother's farm,
To drink new cyder mull'd, with ginger warm.
For Gaffer Treadwell told us, by the bye,
"Exceſſive ſorrow is exceeding dry."
While bulls bear horns upon their curled brow,
Or laſſes with ſoft ſtroakings milk the cow;
While paddling ducks the ſtanding lake deſire,
Or battening hogs roll in the ſinking mire;
While moles the crumbled earth in hillocks raiſe;
So long ſhall ſwains tell Blouzelinda's praiſe.
Thus wail'd the louts in melancholy ſtrain,
Till bonny Suſan ſped acroſs the plain.
They ſeiz'd the laſs in apron clean array'd,
And to the ale-houſe forc'd the willing maid;
In ale and kiſſes they forget their cares,
And Suſan Blouzelinda's loſs repairs.

Ver. 153.
"Dum juga montis aper, fluvios dum piſcis amabit,
"Dumque thymo paſcentur apes, dum rore cicadæ,
"Semper honos, nomenque tuum, laudeſque manebunt."
VIRG.

SATURDAY;

OR,

THE FLIGHTS.

BOWZYBEUS.

SUBLIMER ſtrains, O ruſtic Muſe! prepare;
Forget awhile the barn and dairy's care;
Thy homely voice to loftier numbers raiſe,
The drunkard's flights require ſonorous lays;
With Bowzybeus' ſongs exalt thy verſe,
While rocks and woods the various notes rehearſe.
'Twas in the ſeaſon when the reapers' toil
Of the ripe harveſt 'gan to rid the ſoil;
Wide through the field was ſeen a goodly rout,
Clean damſels bound the gather'd ſheaves about;
The lads with ſharpen'd hook and ſweating brow
Cut down the labours of the winter plough.
To the near hedge young Suſan ſteps aſide,
She feign'd her coat or garter was unty'd;
Whate'er ſhe did, ſhe ſtoop'd adown unſeen,
And merry reapers what they liſt will ween.
Soon ſhe roſe up, and cry'd with voice ſo ſhrill,
That echo anſwer'd from the diſtant hill;
The youths and damſels ran to Suſan's aid,
Who thought ſome adder had the laſs diſmay'd.

When

When faſt aſleep they Bowzybeus ſpy'd,
His hat and oaken ſtaff lay cloſe beſide;
That Bowzybeus who could ſweetly ſing,
Or with the roſin'd bow torment the ſtring;
That Bowzybeus who, with fingers ſpeed,
Could call ſoft warblings from the breathing reed;
That Bowzybeus who, with jocund tongue,
Ballads and roundelays and catches ſung:
They loudly laugh to ſee the damſel's fright,
And in diſport ſurround the drunken wight.

Ah, Bowzybee, why didſt thou ſtay ſo long?
The mugs were large, the drink was wondrous ſtrong!
Thou ſhould'ſt have left the Fair before 'twas night;
But thou ſat'ſt toping till the morning light.

Cicely, briſk maid, ſteps forth before the rout,
And kiſs'd with ſmacking lip the ſnoaring lout:
(For cuſtom ſays, "Whoe'er this venture proves,
"For ſuch a kiſs demands a pair of gloves.")
By her example Dorcas bolder grows,
And plays a tickling ſtraw within his noſe.
He rubs his noſtril, and in wonted joke
The ſneering ſwains with ſtammering ſpeech beſpoke:
To you, my lads, I'll ſing my carols o'er,
As for the maids—I've ſomething elſe in ſtore.

Ver. 22.
"Serta procul tantum capiti delapſa jacebant." VIRG.
Ver. 40.
"Sanguineis frontem moris & tempora pingit." VIRG.
Ver. 43.
"Carmina, quæ vultis, cognoſcite: carmina vobis;
"Huic aliud mercedis erit." VIRG.

No

No sooner 'gan he raise his tuneful song,
But lads and lasses round about him throng.
Not ballad-singer plac'd above the crowd
Sings with a note so shrilling sweet and loud;
Nor parish-clerk, who calls the psalm so clear,
Like Bowzybeus sooths th' attentive ear.

Of Nature's laws his carols first begun,
Why the grave owl can never face the sun.
For owls, as swains observe, detest the light,
And only sing and seek their prey by night.
How turnips hide their swelling heads below;
And how the closing coleworts upwards grow;
How Will-a-wisp misleads night-faring clowns
O'er hills, and sinking bogs, and pathless downs.
Of stars he told, that shoot with shining trail,
And of the glow-worm's light that gilds his tail.
He sung where wood-cocks in the summer feed,
And in what climates they renew their breed
(Some think to northern coasts their flight they tend,
Or to the moon in midnight hours ascend);
Where swallows in the winter's season keep,
And how the drowsy bat and dormouse sleep;

Ver. 47.

"Nec tantum Phœbo gaudet Parnassia rupes:
"Nec tantum Rhodope mirantur & Ismarus Orphea."

VIRG.

Ver. 51. Our swain had possibly read Tusser, from whence he might have collected these philosophical observations:

"Namque canebat, uti magnum per inane coacta," &c.

How

How Nature does the puppy's eyelid close
Till the bright sun has nine times set and rose
(For huntsmen by their long experience find,
That puppies still nine rolling suns are blind).
Now he goes on, and sings of fairs and shows,
For still new fairs before his eyes arose.
How pedlars' stalls with glittering toys are laid,
The various fairings of the country-maid.
Long silken laces hang upon the twine,
And rows of pins and amber bracelets shine;
How the tight lass knives, combs, and scissars spies,
And looks on thimbles with desiring eyes.
Of lotteries next with tuneful note he told,
Where silver spoons are won, and rings of gold.
The lads and lasses trudge the street along,
And all the fair is crowded in his song.
The mountebank now treads the stage, and sells
His pills, his balsams, and his ague-spells;
Now o'er and o'er the nimble tumbler springs,
And on the rope the venturous maiden swings;
Jack Pudding in his party-colour'd jacket
Tosses the glove, and jokes at every packet.
Of raree-shows he sung, and Punch's feats,
Of pockets pick'd in crowds, and various cheats.
Then sad he sung "the Children in the Wood:"
(Ah, barbarous uncle, stain'd with infant blood!)
How blackberries they pluck'd in desarts wild,
And fearless at the glittering faulchion smil'd;
Their little corpse the robin-red-breasts found,
And strow'd with pious bill the leaves around.

(Ah

(Ah gentle birds! if this verſe laſts ſo long,
Your names ſhall live for ever in my ſong.)
For "Buxom Joan" he ſung the doubtful ſtrife,
How the ſly ſailor made the maid a wife.
To louder ſtrains he rais'd his voice, to tell
What woeful wars in "Chevy-chace" befell,
When "Percy drove the deer with hound and horn,
"Wars to be wept by children yet unborn!"
Ah, Witherington, more years thy life had crown'd,
If thou hadſt never heard the horn or hound!
Yet ſhall the Squire, who fought on bloody ſtumps,
By future bards be wail'd in doleful dumps.
"All in the land of Eſſex" next he chaunts,
How to ſleek mares ſtarch Quakers turn gallants:
How the grave brother ſtood on bank ſo green—
Happy for him if mares had never been!
Then he was ſeiz'd with a religious qualm,
And on a ſudden ſung the hundredth pſalm.
He ſung of "Taffey Welch," and "Sawney Scot,"
"Lilly-bullero" and the "Iriſh Trot."

Ver. 97.
"Fortunati ambo, ſi quid mea carmina poſſunt,
"Nulla dies unquam memori vos eximet ævo." VIRG.

Ver. 99. A Song in the Comedy of "Love for Love," beginning "A Soldier and a Sailor," &c.

Ver. 109. A Song of Sir J. Denham's. See his Poems.

Ver. 112.
"Et fortunatam, ſi nunquam armenta fuiſſent,
"Paſiphaen." VIRG.

Why

Why ſhould I tell of " Bateman," or of " Shore,"
Or " Wantley's Dragon" ſlain by valiant Moore,
" The Bower of Roſamond," or " Robin Hood,"
And how the " graſs now grows where Troy town
" ſtood ?"

His carols ceas'd : the liſtening maids and ſwains
Seem ſtill to hear ſome ſoft imperfect ſtrains.
Sudden he roſe ; and, as he reels along,
Swears kiſſes ſweet ſhould well reward his ſong.
The damſels laughing fly : the giddy clown
Again upon a wheat-ſheaf drops adown ;
The power that guards the drunk, his ſleep attends,
Till, ruddy, like his face, the ſun deſcends.

Ver. 117. " Quid loquar aut Scyllam Niſi, &c." VIRG.
Ver. 117—120. Old Engliſh ballads.

ALPHA-

ALPHABETICAL CATALOGUE OF

NAMES, PLANTS, FLOWERS, FRUITS, BIRDS, BEASTS, INSECTS, AND OTHER MATERIAL THINGS, MENTIONED IN THESE PASTORALS.

A

ACORNS, Paſt. v. 52
Adder vi. 20
Ale-houſe v. 8
Apple iv. 126
Apron ii. 105. v. 50
Aſs iii. 6. 70
Autumn v. 3. 37

B

Barley ii. 70. v. 78
Ballad-ſinger vi. 47
Bat iii. 117
Bateman vi. 117
Bays iii. 18
Barn i. 122. v. 69
Beech v. 6
Bee v. 107
Barn ii. 44
Blackberry vi. 93
Blind-man's-buff i. 95
Bramble i. 2
Blouzelind i. 10. v. 26
Breakfaſt ii. 52
Bull ii. 104
Bumkinet iii. 28
Bun v. 96
Boobyclod iv. 102
Butter i. 33
Bowzybeus vi.
Butcher iii. 90
Butterflower v. 85
Buxoma i. 14

Calf

C

Calf i. 16. 55
Capon i. 90
Car ii. 65
Cat ii. 90. iii. 67
Cicely ii. 20. vi. 35
Clover-grafs i. 42
Cloddipole i.
Churn iii. 42
Coleworts vi. 56
Clumfilis iii. 30
Cock ii. 79
Comb vi. 77
Cow i. 16. 82. ii. 104
Colin Clout ii. 1
Clouted cream v. 61
Cowflips v. 87
Chalk ii. 44
Cricket v. 102
Curd v. 62
Cuddy i.
Church-yard v. 148
Cuckow iv. 15
Cur i. 56
Cyder v. 150
Corns i. 28

D

Dairy v. 42
Daifie i. 44
Dandelion v. 87
Deborah iv. 18
Death-watch v. 101
D'Urfey iii. 9
Goody Dobbins ii. 104
Deer i. 36
Dick iii. 83
Doe i. 16
Dorcas vi. 39
Dragon vi. 118
Drink iii. 43
Goody Dobfon v. 108
Duck v. 155
Duckling v. 116
Ducking-ftool iii. 105

E

Eggs iv. 120
Elm v. 5
Endive v. 138
Epitaph v. 90

F

Fair vi. 71
Fawn i. 16
Fox iii. 61
Fuel v. 46

G

Gilly-flower i. 45

Gloves vi. 38
Glow-worm vi. 60
Garter iv. 110
Goldfinch i. 52
Ginger v. 150
Gooſe v. 114
Gillian of Croydon v. 17
Gooſeberry iv. 51
Green gown iv. 135
Graſs iv. 94
Grubbinol v.
Gypſy ii. 74

H

Hare iii. 59
Holy-day i. 66
Haycock i. 72
Hazel-nut iv. 61
Harveſt vi. 8
Hemlock v. 86
Hempſeed iv. 28
Heifer i. 25
Hen iii. 60
Hour-glaſs v. 142
Holly iii. 54
Hoſen ii. 33
Hobnelia iv.
Hot-cockles i. 99
Hog v. 51
Hodge iii. 15
Horſe v. 148
Goodman Hodges i. 122
Hound iii. 59

I

Jack Pudding vi. 87
Jay iii. 5
Joan vi. 99
Iriſh Trot vi. 116

K

Katharine Pear iii. 56
Kerchief v. 58
Kid i. 54
Kidling v. 25
Kiſs i. 73
Kite iii. 60
Kerſey doublet ii. 37
Knife i. 89
Kingcup i. 43

L

Lady-bird iv. 85
Leather ii. 44
Lamb i. 53
Lobbin Clout i.

Love-powder iv. 124
Lambkin v. 105
Lottery vi. 79
Lark i. 3
Leathern bottle v. 127
Lubberkin iv. 7
Lily v. 60
Leek iii. 55
Lilly-bullero vi. 116
Linnet iii. 3

M

Mackrel iii. 68
May-day i. 58
Magpye iii. 5
Milk-pail ii. 58
Mare vi. 110
Mug vi. 32
Marian ii. 9
Moore vi. 118
Marygold i. 46
Midſummer-eve iv. 27
Mole v. 157
Mountebank vi. 83
Mow v. 75

N

Neckcloth ii. 36
Nuts v. 50
Ninepence v. 129

O

Oak v. 3
Oatmeal ii. 44
Owl vi. 52
Oxen iii. 20

P

Ploughing ii. 51
Peaſe-cod iv. 69
Penny v. 129
Peggy v. 126
Penknife iii. 101
Pigeon v. 29
Pedlar vi. 73
Pig iii. 102
Pinner v. 58
Pippin iv. 91
Pottage v. 95
Potatoe i. 84
Pudding i. 91
Primroſe v. 84
Patient Griſſel v. 19
Poultry v. 113
Pariſh clerk vi. 49
Puppy vi. 67

R

Rake i. 123
Raven v. 103
Robin Hood vi. 119
Robin-red-breaſt vi. 95
Ring vi. 80
Rook ii. 54
Roſamond vi. 119
Roaſt-beef i. 89
Ribbon iii. 29
Roſemary v. 137
Riddle i. 111

S

Swinging i. 103
Spring iv. 16
Sawney vi. 115
Sage ii. 13
Sciſſars vi. 77
Sheep ii. 28
Straw-hat v. 125
Sloe iii. 52
Smock iv. 18
Snail iii. 71
Spinning-wheel v. 123
Squirrel iii. 70
Sugar v. 96
Sufan v. 124
Squire iii. 76
Sowing ii. 53
Swallow i. 29
Shore vi. 117
Swine v. 64
Summer i. 61
Silver-ſpoon vi. 80
Sparabella iii.
See-ſawing viii. 107

T

Thimble vi. 79
Throſtle i. 2
Tobacco iii. 40
Gaffer Treadwell v. 151
Troy town vi. 120
Turnip i. 86
Threſhing ii. 55
True-love's knot iv. 115

V

Valentine's day iv. 37
Udder i. 4

W

Wake ii. 4

Weather v. 99
Winter i. 60
Weed v. 85
Will-a-wiſp vi. 57
Wheat-ſheaf vi. 126
Whey v. 66
Whitepot i. 92
Wood v. 43
Worky-day i. 63
Woodcock vi. 61
Whiſtling v. 54

Y

Yarn iv. 77
Youngling ii. 26

TRIVIA;

OR, THE

ART OF WALKING THE STREETS

OF

LONDON.

IN THREE BOOKS.

"Quo te Mœri pedes? an, quo via ducit, in urbem?"

VIRG.

ADVERTISEMENT.

THE world, I believe, will take ſo little notice of me, that I need not take much of it. The critics may ſee by this poem, that I walk on foot, which probably may ſave me from their envy. I ſhould be ſorry to raiſe that paſſion in men whom I am ſo much obliged to, ſince they allow me an honour hitherto only ſhewn to better writers, That of denying me to be the author of my own works.

Gentlemen, if there be any thing in this poem good enough to diſpleaſe you, and if it be any advantage to you to aſcribe it to ſome perſon of greater merit; I ſhall acquaint you, for your comfort, that, among many other obligations, I owe ſeveral hints of it to Dr. Swift. And, if you will ſo far continue your favour as to write againſt it, I beg you to oblige me in accepting the following motto:

" — Non tu, in *triviis*, indocte, ſolebas
" Stridenti, miſerum, ſtipulâ, diſperdere carmen?"

TRIVIA.

BOOK I.

OF THE IMPLEMENTS FOR WALKING THE STREETS, AND SIGNS OF THE WEATHER.

THROUGH winter ſtreets to ſteer your courſe aright,
How to walk clean by day, and ſafe by night;
How joſtling crowds with prudence to decline,
When to aſſert the wall, and when reſign,
I ſing; Thou, Trivia, Goddeſs, aid my ſong,
Through ſpacious ſtreets conduct thy bard along;
By thee tranſported, I ſecurely ſtray
Where winding alleys lead the doubtful way,
The ſilent court and opening ſquare explore,
And long perplexing lanes untrod before.
To pave thy realm, and ſmooth the broken ways,
Earth from her womb a flinty tribute pays;
For thee the ſturdy pavior thumps the ground,
Whilſt every ſtroke his labouring lungs reſound;
For thee the ſcavenger bids kennels glide
Within their bounds, and heaps of dirt ſubſide.
My youthful boſom burns with thirſt of fame,
From the great theme to build a glorious name,
To tread in paths to ancient bards unknown,
And bind my temples with a civic crown:

But more my country's love demands my lays;
My country's be the profit, mine the praiſe!
When the black youth at choſen ſtands rejoice,
And "clean your ſhoes" reſounds from every voice;
When late their miry ſides ſtage-coaches ſhow,
And their ſtiff horſes through the town move ſlow;
When all the Mall in leafy ruin lies,
And damſels firſt renew their oyſter-cries:
Then let the prudent walker ſhoes provide,
Not of the Spaniſh or Morocco hide;
The wooden heel may raiſe the dancer's bound,
And with the ſcallop'd top his ſtep be crown'd:
Let firm, well-hammer'd ſoles protect thy feet
Through freezing ſnows, and rains, and ſoaking ſleet.
Should the big laſt extend the ſhoe too wide,
Each ſtone will wrench th' unwary ſtep aſide;
The ſudden turn may ſtretch the ſwelling vein,
Thy cracking joint unhinge, or ankle ſprain;
And, when too ſhort the modiſh ſhoes are worn,
You'll judge the ſeaſons by your ſhooting corn.

Nor ſhould it prove thy leſs important care,
To chooſe a proper coat for winter's wear.
Now in thy trunk thy D'Oily habit fold,
The ſilken drugget ill can fence the cold;
The frieze's ſpongy nap is ſoak'd with rain,
And ſhowers ſoon drench the camlet's cockled grain;
True Witney * broad-cloth, with its ſhag unſhorn,
Unpierc'd is in the laſting tempeſt worn:

* A town in Oxfordſhire.

Be

Be this the horſeman's fence, for who would wear
Amid the town the ſpoils of Ruſſia's bear?
Within the roquelaure's claſp thy hands are pent,
Hands, that, ſtretch'd forth, invading harms prevent.
Let the loop'd bavaroy the fop embrace,
Or his deep cloak beſpatter'd o'er with lace.
That garment beſt the winter's rage defends,
Whoſe ample form without one plait depends;
By various names * in various counties known,
Yet held in all the true ſurtout alone;
Be thine of kerſey firm, though ſmall the coſt,
Then brave unwet the rain, unchill'd the froſt.

If the ſtrong cane ſupport thy walking hand,
Chairmen no longer ſhall the wall command;
Ev'n ſturdy carmen ſhall thy nod obey,
And rattling coaches ſtop to make thee way:
This ſhall direct thy cautious tread aright,
Though not one glaring lamp enliven night.
Let beaux their canes with amber tipt produce;
Be theirs for empty ſhow, but thine for uſe.
In gilded chariots while they loll at eaſe,
And lazily inſure a life's diſeaſe;
While ſofter chairs the tawdry load convey
To court, to White's †, aſſemblies, or the play;
Roſy-complexion'd health thy ſteps attends,
And exerciſe thy laſting youth defends.
Imprudent men Heaven's choiceſt gifts profane:
Thus ſome beneath their arm ſupport the cane;

* A Joſeph, Wrap-raſcal, &c.

† A chocolate-houſe in St. James's ſtreet.

The

The dirty point oft checks the careleſs pace,
And miry ſpots the clean cravat diſgrace.
Oh! may I never ſuch misfortune meet!
May no ſuch vicious walkers crowd the ſtreet!
May Providence o'erſhade me with her wings,
While the bold Muſe experienc'd danger ſings!
Not that I wander from my native home,
And (tempting perils) foreign cities roam.
Let Paris be the theme of Gallia's Muſe,
Where Slavery treads the ſtreets in wooden ſhoes.
Nor do I rove in Belgia's frozen clime,
And teach the clumſy boor to ſkate in rhyme;
Where, if the warmer clouds in rain deſcend,
No miry ways induſtrious ſteps offend;
The ruſhing flood from ſloping pavements pours,
And blackens the canals with dirty ſhowers.
Let others Naples' ſmoother ſtreets rehearſe,
And with proud Roman ſtructures grace their verſe,
Where frequent murders wake the night with groans,
And blood in purple torrents dyes the ſtones.
Nor ſhall the Muſe through narrow Venice ſtray,
Where gondolas their painted oars diſplay.
O happy ſtreets! to rumbling wheels unknown,
No carts, no coaches, ſhake the floating town!
Thus was of old Britannia's city bleſs'd,
Ere pride and luxury her ſons poſſeſs'd;
Coaches and chariots yet unfaſhion'd lay,
Nor late-invented chairs perplex'd the way:
Then the proud lady tripp'd along the town,
And tuck'd-up petticoats ſecur'd her gown;

Her

Her rosy cheek with distant visits glow'd,
And exercise unartful charms bestow'd:
But since in braided gold her foot is bound,
And a long training mantua sweeps the ground,
Her shoe disdains the street; the lazy fair
With narrow step affects a limping air.
Now gaudy pride corrupts the lavish age,
And the streets flame with glaring equipage;
The tricking gamester insolently rides,
With Loves and Graces on his chariot sides;
In saucy state the griping broker sits,
And laughs at honesty and trudging wits.
For you, O honest men, these useful lays
The Muse prepares; I seek no other praise.

When sleep is first disturb'd by morning cries;
From sure prognosticks learn to know the skies,
Lest you of rheums and coughs at night complain;
Surpris'd in dreary fogs, or driving rain.
When suffocating mists obscure the morn,
Let thy worst wig, long us'd to storms, be worn;
This knows the powder'd footman, and with care
Beneath his flapping hat secures his hair.
Be thou for every season justly drest,
Nor brave the piercing frost with open breast;
And, when the bursting clouds a deluge pour,
Let thy surtout defend the drenching shower.

The changing weather certain signs reveal.
Ere winter sheds her snow, or frosts congeal,
You'll see the coals in brighter flame aspire,
And sulphur tinge with blue the rising fire;

Your

Your tender ſhins the ſcorching heat decline,
And at the dearth of coals the poor repine;
Before her kitchen hearth, the nodding dame,
In flannel mantle wrapt, enjoys the flame;
Hovering, upon her feeble knees ſhe bends,
And all around the grateful warmth aſcends.
Nor do leſs certain ſigns the town adviſe
Of milder weather and ſerener ſkies.
The ladies, gaily dreſs'd, the Mall adorn
With various dyes, and paint the ſunny morn:
The wanton fawns with friſking pleaſure range,
And chirping ſparrows greet the welcome change;
* Not that their minds with greater ſkill are fraught,
Endued by inſtinct, or by reaſon taught:
The ſeaſons operate on every breaſt;
'Tis hence the fawns are briſk, and ladies dreſt.
When on his box the nodding coachman ſnores,
And dreams of fancy'd fares; when tavern doors
The chairmen idly crowd; then ne'er refuſe
To truſt thy buſy ſteps in thinner ſhoes.
But when the ſwinging ſigns your ears offend
With creaking noiſe, then rainy floods impend;
Soon ſhall the kennels ſwell with rapid ſtreams,
And ruſh in muddy torrents to the Thames.
The bookſeller, whoſe ſhop's an open ſquare,
Foreſees the tempeſt, and with early care

* "Haud equidem credo, quia ſit divinitus illis
"Ingenium, aut rerum fato prudentia major."
VIRG. Georg. i.

Of

Of learning ſtrips the rails; the rowing crew,
To tempt a fare, clothe all their tilts in blue;
On hoſiers' poles depending ſtockings ty'd
Flag with the ſlacken'd gale from ſide to ſide;
Church-monuments foretel the changing air,
Then Niobe diſſolves into a tear,
And ſweats with ſacred grief; you'll hear the ſounds
Of whiſtling winds, ere kennels break their bounds;
Ungrateful odours common-ſhores diffuſe,
And dropping vaults diſtil unwholeſome dews,
Ere the tiles rattle with the ſmoaking ſhower,
And ſpouts on heedleſs men their torrents pour.
All ſuperſtition from thy breaſt repel:
Let credulous boys and prattling nurſes tell,
How, if the feſtival of Paul be clear,
Plenty from liberal horn ſhall ſtrew the year;
When the dark ſkies diſſolve in ſnow or rain,
The labouring hind ſhall yoke the ſteer in vain;
But, if the threatening winds in tempeſts roar,
Then war ſhall bathe her waſteful ſword in gore.
How, if on Swithin's feaſt the welkin lours,
And every penthouſe ſtreams with haſty ſhowers,
Twice twenty days ſhall clouds their fleeces drain,
And waſh the pavements with inceſſant rain.
Let not ſuch vulgar tales debaſe thy mind;
Nor Paul nor Swithin rule the clouds and wind.
If you the precepts of the Muſe deſpiſe,
And ſlight the faithful warning of the ſkies,
Others you'll ſee, when all the town's afloat,
Wrapt in th' embraces of a kerſey coat,

Or

Or double-bottom'd frieze; their guarded feet
Defy the muddy dangers of the ſtreet;
While you, with hat unloop'd, the fury dread
Of ſpouts high ſtreaming, and with cautious tread
Shun every daſhing pool, or idly ſtop,
To ſeek the kind protection of a ſhop.
But buſineſs ſummons; now with haſty ſcud
You joſtle for the wall; the ſpatter'd mud
Hides all thy hoſe behind; in vain you ſcower,
Thy wig, alas! uncurl'd, admits the ſhower.
So fierce Alecto's ſnaky treſſes fell,
When Orpheus charm'd the rigorous powers of hell;
Or thus hung Glaucus' beard, with briny dew
Clotted and ſtrait, when firſt his amorous view
Surpris'd the bathing fair; the frighted maid
Now ſtands a rock, transform'd by Circe's aid.

Good houſewives all the winter's rage deſpiſe,
Defended by the riding-hood's diſguiſe;
Or, underneath th' umbrella's oily ſhed,
Safe through the wet on clinking pattens tread.
Let Perſian dames th' umbrella's ribs diſplay,
To guard their beauties from the ſunny ray;
Or ſweating ſlaves ſupport the ſhady load,
When eaſtern monarchs ſhow their ſtate abroad:
Britain in winter only knows its aid,
To guard from chilly ſhowers the walking maid.
But, O! forget not, Muſe, the patten's praiſe,
That female implement ſhall grace thy lays;
Say from what art divine th' invention came,
And from its origin deduce its name.

Where

Where Lincoln wide extends her fenny ſoil,
A goodly yeoman liv'd, grown white with toil;
One only daughter bleſs'd his nuptial bed,
Who from her infant hand the poultry fed:
Martha (her careful mother's name) ſhe bore,
But now her careful mother was no more.
Whilſt on her father's knee the damſel play'd,
Patty he fondly call'd the ſmiling maid;
As years increas'd, her ruddy beauty grew,
And Patty's fame o'er all the village flew.

Soon as the grey-ey'd morning ſtreaks the ſkies,
And in the doubtful day the woodcock flies,
Her cleanly pail the pretty houſewife bears,
And ſinging to the diſtant field repairs;
And, when the plains with evening dews are ſpread,
The milky burthen ſmokes upon her head,
Deep through a miry lane ſhe pick'd her way,
Above her ancle roſe the chalky clay.

Vulcan by chance the bloomy maiden ſpies,
With innocence and beauty in her eyes:
He ſaw, he lov'd; for yet he ne'er had known
Sweet innocence and beauty meet in one.
Ah, Mulciber! recal thy nuptial vows,
Think on the graces of thy Paphian ſpouſe,
Think how her eyes dart inexhauſted charms,
And canſt thou leave her bed for Patty's arms?

The Lemnian Power forſakes the realms above,
His boſom glowing with terreſtrial love:
Far in the lane a lonely hut he found;
No tenant ventur'd on th' unwholeſome ground.

Here ſmokes his forge, he bares his ſinewy arm,
And early ſtrokes the ſounding anvil warm:
Around his ſhop the ſteely ſparkles flew,
As for the ſteed he ſhap'd the bending ſhoe.
When blue-ey'd Patty near his window came,
His anvil reſts, his forge forgets to flame.
To hear his ſoothing tales, ſhe feigns delays;
What woman can reſiſt the force of praiſe?
At firſt ſhe coyly every kiſs withſtood,
And all her cheek was fluſh'd with modeſt blood;
With headleſs nails he now ſurrounds her ſhoes,
To ſave her ſteps from rains and piercing dews.
She lik'd his ſoothing tales, his preſents wore,
And granted kiſſes, but would grant no more.
Yet winter chill'd her feet, with cold ſhe pines,
And on her cheek the fading roſe declines;
No more her humid eyes their luſtre boaſt,
And in hoarſe ſounds her melting voice is loſt.
This Vulcan ſaw, and in his heavenly thought
A new machine mechanic fancy wrought,
Above the mire her ſhelter'd ſteps to raiſe,
And bear her ſafely through the wintery ways.
Strait the new engine on his anvil glows,
And the pale virgin on the patten roſe.
No more her lungs are ſhook with dropping rheums,
And on her cheek reviving beauty blooms.
The God obtain'd his ſuit: though flattery fail,
Preſents with female virtue muſt prevail.
The patten now ſupports each frugal dame,
Which from the blue-ey'd Patty takes the name.

TRIVIA.

BOOK II.

OF WALKING THE STREETS BY DAY.

THUS far the Muſe has trac'd in uſeful lays
The proper implements for wintery ways;
Has taught the walker, with judicious eyes,
To read the various warnings of the ſkies:
Now venture, Muſe, from home to range the town,
And for the public ſafety riſk thy own.

For eaſe and for diſpatch, the morning's beſt;
No tides of paſſengers the ſtreets moleſt.
You'll ſee a draggled damſel here and there,
From Billingſgate her fiſhy traffick bear;
On doors the ſallow milk-maid chalks her gains:
Ah! how unlike the milk-maid of the plains!
Before proud gates attending aſſes bray,
Or arrogate with ſolemn pace the way;
Theſe grave phyſicians with their milky chear
The love-ſick maid and dwindling beau repair;
Here rows of drummers ſtand in martial file,
And with their vellum thunder ſhake the pile,
To greet the new-made bride. Are ſounds like theſe
The proper prelude to a ſtate of peace?
Now induſtry awakes her buſy ſons;
Full-charg'd with news the breathleſs hawker runs:

Shops open, coaches roll, carts ſhake the ground,
And all the ſtreets with paſſing cries reſound.
If cloth'd in black you tread the buſy town,
Or if diſtinguiſh'd by the reverend gown,
Three trades avoid: oft' in the mingling preſs
The barber's apron ſoils the ſable dreſs;
Shun the perfumer's touch with cautious eye,
Nor let the baker's ſtep advance too nigh.
Ye walkers too, that youthful colours wear,
Three ſullying trades avoid with equal care:
The little chimney-ſweeper ſkulks along,
And marks with ſooty ſtains the heedleſs throng;
When ſmall-coal murmurs in the hoarſer throat,
From ſmutty dangers guard thy threaten'd coat;
The duſtman's cart offends thy clothes and eyes,
When through the ſtreet a cloud of aſhes flies;
But, whether black or lighter dyes are worn,
The chandler's baſket, on his ſhoulder borne,
With tallow ſpots thy coat; reſign the way,
To ſhun the ſurly butcher's greaſy tray,
Butchers, whoſe hands are dy'd with blood's foul ſtain,
And always foremoſt in the hangman's train.
Let due civilities be ſtrictly paid:
The wall ſurrender to the hooded maid;
Nor let thy ſturdy elbow's haſty rage
Joſtle the feeble ſteps of trembling age:
And when the porter bends beneath his load,
And pants for breath, clear thou the crowded road.
But, above all, the groping blind direct;
And from the preſſing throng the lame protect.

You'll ſometimes meet a fop, of niceſt tread,
Whoſe mantling peruke veils his empty head;
At every ſtep he dreads the wall to loſe,
And riſks, to ſave a coach, his red-heel'd ſhoes;
Him, like the miller, paſs with caution by,
Leſt from his ſhoulder clouds of powder fly.
But when the bully, with aſſuming pace,
Cocks his broad hat, edg'd round with tarniſh'd lace,
Yield not the way, defy his ſtrutting pride,
And thruſt him to the muddy kennel's ſide;
He never turns again, nor dares oppoſe,
But mutters coward curſes as he goes.
If drawn by buſineſs to a ſtreet unknown,
Let the ſworn porter point thee through the town;
Be ſure obſerve the ſigns, for ſigns remain
Like faithful landmarks to the walking train.
Seek not from 'prentices to learn the way,
Thoſe fabling boys will turn thy ſteps aſtray;
Aſk the grave tradeſman to direct thee right,
He ne'er deceives—but when he profits by't.
Where fam'd St. Giles's ancient limits ſpread,
An inrail'd column rears its lofty head,
Here to ſeven ſtreets ſeven dials count the day,
And from each other catch the circling ray.
Here oft' the peaſant, with inquiring face,
Bewilder'd, trudges on from place to place;
He dwells on every ſign with ſtupid gaze,
Enters the narrow alley's doubtful maze,
Tries every winding court and ſtreet in vain,
And doubles o'er his weary ſteps again.

Thus hardy Theſeus with intrepid feet
Travers'd the dangerous labyrinth of Crete;
But ſtill the wandering paſſes forc'd his ſtay,
Till Ariadne's clue unwinds the way.
But do not thou, like that bold chief, confide
Thy venturous footſteps to a female guide;
She'll lead thee with deluſive ſmiles along,
Dive in thy fob, and drop thee in the throng.

When waggiſh boys the ſtunted beeſom ply,
To rid the ſlabby pavement, paſs not by
Ere thou haſt held their hands; ſome heedleſs flirt
Will overſpread thy calves with ſpattering dirt.
Where porters hogſheads roll from carts aſlope,
Or brewers down ſteep cellars ſtretch the rope,
Where counted billets are by carmen toſt,
Stay thy raſh ſtep, and walk without the poſt.

What though the gathering mire thy feet beſmear,
The voice of induſtry is always near.
Hark! the boy calls thee to his deſtin'd ſtand,
And the ſhoe ſhines beneath his oily hand.
Here let the Muſe, fatigued amid the throng,
Adorn her precepts with digreſſive ſong;
Of ſhirtleſs youths the ſecret riſe to trace,
And ſhew the parent of the ſable race.

Like mortal man, great Jove (grown fond of change)
Of old was wont this nether world to range,
To ſeek amours; the vice the monarch lov'd
Soon through the wide ethereal court improv'd:
And ev'n the proudeſt Goddeſs now and then
Would lodge a night among the ſons of men;

To

To vulgar deities defcends the fafhion,
Each, like her betters, had her earthly paffion.
Then * Cloacina (Goddefs of the tide,
Whofe fable ftreams beneath the city glide)
Indulg'd the modifh flame; the town fhe rov'd,
A mortal fcavenger fhe faw, fhe lov'd;
The muddy fpots that dry'd upon his face,
Like female patches, heighten'd every grace:
She gaz'd; fhe figh'd; (for love can beauties fpy
In what feem faults to every common eye.)
Now had the watchman walk'd his fecond round,
When Cloacina hears the rumbling found
Of her brown lover's cart (for well fhe knows
That pleafing thunder): fwift the Goddefs rofe,
And through the ftreets purfu'd the diftant noife,
Her bofom panting with expected joys.
With the night-wandering harlot's airs fhe paft,
Brufh'd near his fide, and wanton glances caft;
In the black form of cinder-wench fhe came,
When love, the hour, the place, had baniſh'd fhame;
To the dark alley arm in arm they move:
O may no link-boy interrupt their love!
When the pale moon had nine times fill'd her fpace,
The pregnant Goddefs (cautious of difgrace)

* Cloacina was a Goddefs, whofe image Tatius (a king of the Sabines) found in the common fhore; and, not knowing what Goddefs it was, he called it Cloacina, from the place in which it was found, and paid to it divine honours. Lactant. 1. 20. Minuc. Fel. Oct. p. 232.

Deſcends to earth; but ſought no midwife's aid,
Nor 'midſt her anguiſh to Lucina pray'd;
No cheerful goſſip wiſh'd the mother joy,
Alone, beneath a bulk ſhe dropt the boy.

The child, through various riſks in years improv'd,
At firſt a beggar's brat, compaſſion mov'd;
His infant tongue ſoon learnt the canting art,
Knew all the prayers and whines to touch the heart.

Oh happy unown'd youths! your limbs can bear
The ſcorching dog-ſtar, and the winter's air;
While the rich infant, nurs'd with care and pain,
Thirſts with each heat, and coughs with every rain!

The Goddeſs long had mark'd the child's diſtreſs,
And long had ſought his ſufferings to redreſs.
She prays the Gods to take the fondling's part,
To teach his hands ſome beneficial art
Practis'd in ſtreets: the Gods her ſuit allow'd,
And made him uſeful to the walking crowd;
To cleanſe the miry feet, and o'er the ſhoe
With nimble ſkill the gloſſy black renew.
Each power contributes to relieve the poor:
With the ſtrong briſtles of the mighty boar
Diana forms his bruſh; the God of Day
A tripod gives, amid the crowded way
To raiſe the dirty foot, and eaſe his toil;
Kind Neptune fills his vaſe with fetid oil
Preſt from th' enormous whale; the God of Fire,
From whoſe dominions ſmoky clouds aſpire,
Among theſe generous preſents joins his part,
And aids with ſoot the new japanning art.

Pleas'd

Pleas'd ſhe receives the gifts; ſhe downward glides,
Lights in Fleet-ditch, and ſhoots beneath the tides.
Now dawns the morn, the ſturdy lad awakes,
Leaps from his ſtall, his tangled hair he ſhakes;
Then leaning o'er the rails, he muſing ſtood,
And view'd below the black canal of mud,
Where common ſhores a lulling murmur keep,
Whoſe torrents ruſh from Holborn's fatal ſteep:
Penſive through idleneſs, tears flow'd apace,
Which eas'd his loaded heart, and waſh'd his face!
At length he ſighing cry'd, That boy was bleſt,
Whoſe infant lips have drain'd a mother's breaſt;
But happier far are thoſe (if ſuch be known)
Whom both a father and a mother own:
But I, alas! hard fortune's utmoſt ſcorn,
Who ne'er knew parent, was an orphan born!
Some boys are rich by birth beyond all wants,
Belov'd by uncles, and kind good old aunts;
When time comes round, a Chriſtmas-box they bear,
And one day makes them rich for all the year.
Had I the precepts of a father learn'd,
Perhaps I then the coachman's fare had earn'd,
For leſſer boys can drive; I thirſty ſtand,
And ſee the double flaggon charge their hand,
See them puff off the froth, and gulp amain,
While with dry tongue I lick my lips in vain.
While thus he fervent prays, the heaving tide,
In widen'd circles, beats on either ſide;
The Goddeſs roſe amid the inmoſt round,
With wither'd turnip-tops her temples crown'd;

Low reach'd her dripping treſſes, lank, and black
As the ſmooth jet, or gloſſy raven's back;
Around her waiſt a circling eel was twin'd,
Which bound her robe that hung in rags behind.
Now beckoning to the boy, ſhe thus begun:
Thy prayers are granted; weep no more, my ſon:
Go thrive. At ſome frequented corner ſtand;
This bruſh I give thee, graſp it in thy hand,
Temper the ſoot within this vaſe of oil,
And let the little tripod aid thy toil;
On this methinks I ſee the walking crew,
At thy requeſt, ſupport the miry ſhoe;
The foot grows black that was with dirt imbrown'd,
And in thy pocket gingling halfpence ſound.
The Goddeſs plunges ſwift beneath the flood,
And daſhes all around her ſhowers of mud:
The youth ſtrait choſe his poſt; the labour ply'd
Where branching ſtreets from Charing-croſs divide;
His treble voice reſounds along the Meuſe,
And Whitehall echoes—"Clean your Honour's ſhoes!"

Like the ſweet ballad, this amuſing lay
Too long detains the walker on his way;
While he attends, new dangers round him throng;
The buſy city aſks inſtructive ſong.

Where, elevated o'er the gaping crowd,
Claſp'd in the board the perjur'd head is bow'd,
Betimes retreat; here, thick as hailſtones pour,
Turnips and half-hatch'd eggs (a mingled ſhower)
Among the rabble rain: ſome random throw
May with the trickling yolk thy cheek o'erflow.

Though

Though expedition bids, yet never ſtray
Where no rang'd poſts defend the rugged way.
Here laden carts with thundering waggons meet,
Wheels claſh with wheels, and bar the narrow ſtreet;
The laſhing whip reſounds, the horſes ſtrain,
And blood in anguiſh burſts the ſwelling vein.
O barbarous men! your cruel breaſts aſſuage;
Why vent ye on the generous ſteed your rage?
Does not his ſervice earn your daily bread?
Your wives, your children, by his labours fed!
If, as the Samian taught, the ſoul revives,
And, ſhifting ſeats, in other bodies lives;
Severe ſhall be the brutal coachman's change,
Doom'd in a hackney horſe the town to range;
Carmen, transform'd, the groaning load ſhall draw,
Whom other tyrants with the laſh ſhall awe.
Who would of Watling-ſtreet the dangers ſhare,
When the broad pavement of Cheapſide is near?
Or who that rugged ſtreet * would traverſe o'er,
That ſtretches, O Fleet-ditch, from thy black ſhore
To the Tower's moated walls? Here ſteams aſcend
That, in mix'd fumes, the wrinkled noſe offend.
Where chandlers' cauldrons boil; where fiſhy prey
Hide the wet ſtall, long abſent from the ſea;
And where the cleaver chops the heifer's ſpoil,
And where huge hogſheads ſweat with trainy oil;
Thy breathing noſtril hold; but how ſhall I
Paſs, where in piles Carnavian * cheeſes lie;

* Thames-ſtreet. † Cheſhire, anciently ſo called.

Cheeſe,

Cheese, that the table's closing rites denies,
And bids me with th' unwilling chaplain rise?
O bear me to the paths of fair Pall-mall!
Safe are thy pavements, grateful is thy smell!
At distance rolls along the gilded coach,
Nor sturdy carmen on thy walks encroach;
No lets would bar thy ways were chairs deny'd,
The soft supports of lazines and pride:
Shops breathe perfumes, through sashes ribbons glow,
The mutual arms of ladies and the beau.
Yet still ev'n here, when rains the passage hide,
Oft' the loose stone spirts up a muddy tide
Beneath thy careless foot; and from on high,
Where masons mount the ladder, fragments fly,
Mortar and crumbled lime in showers descend,
And o'er thy head destructive tiles impend.
But sometimes let me leave the noisy roads,
And silent wander in the close abodes, [stray,
Where wheels ne'er shake the ground; there pensive
In studious thought, the long uncrowded way.
Here I remark each walker's different face,
And in their look their various business trace.
The broker here his spacious beaver wears,
Upon his brow sit jealousies and cares;
Bent on some mortgage (to avoid reproach)
He seeks by-streets, and saves th' expensive coach.
Soft, at low doors, old letchers tap their cane,
For fair recluse, who travels Drury-lane;
Here roams uncomb'd the lavish rake, to shun
His Fleet-street draper's everlasting dun.

Careful

Careful obſervers, ſtudious of the town,
Shun the misfortunes that diſgrace the clown;
Untempted, they contemn the juggler's feats,
Paſs by the Meuſe, nor try the * thimble's cheats.
When drays bound high, they never croſs behind,
Where bubbling yeſt is blown by guſts of wind:
And when up Ludgate-hill huge carts move ſlow,
Far from the ſtraining ſteeds ſecurely go,
Whoſe daſhing hoofs behind them fling the mire,
And mark with muddy blots the gazing 'ſquire.
The Parthian thus his javelin backward throws,
And as he flies infeſts purſuing foes.

The thoughtleſs wits ſhall frequent forfeits pay,
Who 'gainſt the ſentry's box diſcharge their tea.
Do thou ſome court or ſecret corner ſeek,
Nor fluſh with ſhame the paſſing virgin's cheek.

Yet let me not deſcend to trivial ſong,
Nor vulgar circumſtance my verſe prolong.
Why ſhould I teach the maid, when torrents pour,
Her head to ſhelter from the ſudden ſhower?
Nature will beſt her ready hand inform,
With her ſpread petticoat to fence the ſtorm.
Does not each walker know the warning ſign,
When wiſps of ſtraw depend upon the twine
Croſs the cloſe ſtreet; that then the paver's art
Renews the ways, deny'd to coach and cart?
Who knows not that the coachman laſhing by
Oft' with his flouriſh cuts the heedleſs eye;

* A cheat commonly practiſed in the ſtreets with three thimbles and a little ball.

And

And when he takes his ſtand, to wait a fare,
His horſes foreheads ſhun the winter's air?
Nor will I roam where ſummer's ſultry rays
Parch the dry ground, and ſpread with duſt the ways;
With whirling guſts the rapid atoms riſe,
Smoke o'er the pavement, and involve the ſkies.
Winter my theme confines; whoſe nitry wind
Shall cruſt the ſlabby mire, and kennels bind;
She bids the ſnow deſcend in flaky ſheets,
And in her hoary mantle clothe the ſtreets.
Let not the virgin tread theſe ſlippery roads,
The gathering fleece the hollow patten loads;
But, if thy footſtep ſlide with clotted froſt,
Strike off the breaking balls againſt the poſt.
On ſilent wheel the paſſing coaches roll;
Oft' look behind, and ward the threatening pole.
In harden'd orbs the ſchool-boy moulds the ſnow,
To mark the coachman with a dext'rous throw.
Why do ye, boys, the kennel's ſurface ſpread,
To tempt with faithleſs paſs the matron's tread?
How can you laugh to ſee the damſel ſpurn,
Sink in your frauds, and her green ſtocking mourn?
At White's the harneſs'd chairman idly ſtands,
And ſwings around his waiſt his tingling hands;
The ſempſtreſs ſpeeds to Change with red-tipt noſe;
The Belgian ſtove beneath her footſtool glows;
In half-whipt muſlin needles uſeleſs lie,
And ſhuttle-cocks acroſs the counter fly.
Theſe ſports warm harmleſs; why then will ye prove,
Deluded maids, the dangerous flame of love?

Where

Where Covent-Garden's famous temple ſtands,
That boaſts the work of Jones' immortal hands;
Columns with plain magnificence appear,
And graceful porches lead along the ſquare:
Here oft' my courſe I bend; when lo! from far
I ſpy the furies of the foot-ball war:
The 'prentice quits his ſhop, to join the crew,
Increaſing crowds the flying game purſue.
Thus, as you roll the ball o'er ſnowy ground,
The gathering globe augments with every round.
But whither ſhall I run? the throng draws nigh,
The ball now ſkims the ſtreet, now ſoars on high;
The dext'rous glazier ſtrong returns the bound,
And gingling faſhes on the pent-houſe ſound.
O, roving Muſe! recal that wondrous year,
When winter reign'd in bleak Britannia's air;
When hoary Thames, with froſted oziers crown'd,
Was three long moons in icy fetters bound.
The waterman, forlorn, along the ſhore,
Penſive reclines upon his uſeleſs oar;
See harneſs'd ſteeds deſert the ſtony town,
And wander roads unſtable, not their own;
Wheels o'er the harden'd waters ſmoothly glide,
And raſe with whiten'd tracks the ſlippery tide;
Here the fat cook piles high the blazing fire,
And ſcarce the ſpit can turn the ſteer entire;
Booths ſudden hide the Thames, long ſtreets appear,
And numerous games proclaim the crowded fair.
So when a general bids the martial train
Spread their encampment o'er the ſpacious plain;

Thick

Thick rising tents a canvas city build,
And the loud dice resound through all the field.
'Twas here the matron found a doleful fate:
Let elegiac lay the woe relate,
Soft as the breath of distant flutes, at hours
When silent evening closes up the flowers;
Lulling as falling water's hollow noise;
Indulging grief, like Philomela's voice.

Doll every day had walk'd these treacherous roads;
Her neck grew warpt beneath autumnal loads
Of various fruit: she now a basket bore;
That head, alas! shall basket bear no more.
Each booth she frequent past, in quest of gain,
And boys with pleasure heard her shrilling strain.
Ah, Doll! all mortals must resign their breath,
And industry itself submit to death!
The cracking crystal yields; she sinks, she dies,
Her head, chopt off, from her lost shoulders flies;
Pippins she cry'd; but death her voice confounds;
And *pip- pip- pip-* along the ice resounds.

So, when the Thracian furies Orpheus tore,
And left his bleeding trunk deform'd with gore,
His sever'd head floats down the silver tide,
His yet warm tongue for his lost consort cry'd;
Eurydice with quivering voice he mourn'd,
And Heber's banks Eurydice return'd.

But now the western gale the flood unbinds,
And blackening clouds move on with warmer winds;
The wooden town its frail foundation leaves,
And Thames' full urn rolls down his plenteous waves;

From

From every pent-houſe ſtreams the fleeting ſnow,
And with diſſolving froſt the pavements flow.
Experienc'd men, inur'd to city ways,
Need not the calendar to count their days.
When through the town with ſlow and ſolemn air,
Led by the noſtril, walks the muzzled bear;
Behind him moves, majeſtically dull,
The pride of Hockley-hole, the ſurly bull.
Learn hence the periods of the week to name,
Mondays and Thurſdays are the days of game.
When fiſhy ſtalls with double ſtore are laid;
The golden-belly'd carp, the broad-finn'd maid,
Red ſpeckled trouts, the ſalmon's ſilver jowl,
The jointed lobſter, and unſcaly ſoal,
And luſcious 'ſcallops to allure the taſtes
Of rigid zealots to delicious faſts;
Wedneſdays and Fridays you'll obſerve from hence,
Days when our fires were doom'd to abſtinence.
When dirty waters from balconies drop,
And dext'rous damſels twirl the ſprinkling mop,
And cleanſe the ſpatter'd ſaſh, and ſcrub the ſtairs;
Know Saturday's concluſive morn appears.
Succeſſive cries the ſeaſons' change declare,
And mark the monthly progreſs of the year.
Hark! how the ſtreets with treble voices ring,
To ſell the bounteous product of the ſpring!
Sweet-ſmelling flowers, and elder's early bud,
With nettle's tender ſhoots, to cleanſe the blood;
And, when June's thunder cools the ſultry ſkies,
E'en Sundays are profan'd by mackrel cries.

Walnuts

Walnuts the fruiterer's hand in autumn ſtain,
Blue plumbs and juicy pears augment his gain;
Next oranges the longing boys entice,
To truſt their copper fortunes to the dice.
When roſemary, and bays, the poet's crown,
Are bawl'd, in frequent cries, through all the town,
Then judge the feſtival of Chriſtmas near,
Chriſtmas, the joyous period of the year.
Now with bright holly all your temples ſtrow,
With laurel green, and ſacred miſletoe.
Now, heaven-born Charity! thy bleſſings ſhed;
Bid meagre Want uprear her ſickly head;
Bid ſhivering limbs be warm; let Plenty's bowl
In humble roofs make glad the needy ſoul!
See, ſee! the heaven-born maid her bleſſings ſhed;
Lo! meagre Want uprears her ſickly head;
Cloth'd are the naked, and the needy glad,
While ſelfiſh Avarice alone is ſad.
Proud coaches paſs, regardleſs of the moan
Of infant orphans, and the widow's groan;
While Charity ſtill moves the walker's mind,
His liberal purſe relieves the lame and blind.
Judiciouſly thy halfpence are beſtow'd,
Where the laborious beggar ſweeps the road.
Whate'er you give, give ever at demand,
Nor let old age long ſtretch his palſy'd hand.
Thoſe who give late are importun'd each day,
And ſtill are teas'd becauſe they ſtill delay.
If e'er the miſer durſt his farthings ſpare,
He thinly ſpreads them through the public ſquare,

Where

Where, all beſide the rail, rang'd beggars lie,
And from each other catch the doleful cry;
With Heaven, for two-pence, cheaply wipes his ſcore,
Lifts up his eyes, and haſtes to beggar more.
Where the braſs-knocker, wrapt in flannel band,
Forbids the thunder of the footman's hand;
Th' upholder, rueful harbinger of death,
Waits with impatience for the dying breath;
As vultures o'er a camp, with hovering flight,
Snuff up the future carnage of the fight.
Here canſt thou paſs, unmindful of a prayer,
That Heaven in mercy may thy brother ſpare?
Come, Forteſcue, ſincere, experienc'd friend,
Thy briefs, thy deeds, and ev'n thy fees ſuſpend;
Come let us leave the Temple's ſilent walls,
Me buſineſs to my diſtant lodging calls;
Through the long Strand together let us ſtray;
With thee converſing, I forget the way.
Behold that narrow ſtreet which ſteep deſcends,
Whoſe building to the ſlimy ſhore extends;
Here Arundel's fam'd ſtructure rear'd its frame,
The ſtreet alone retains the empty name.
Where Titian's glowing paint the canvaſs warm'd,
And Raphael's fair deſign, with judgment, charm'd,
Now hangs the bellman's ſong, and paſted here
The colour'd prints of Overton appear.
Where ſtatues breath'd the works of Phidias' hands,
A wooden pump, or lonely watch-houſe, ſtands.
There Eſſex' ſtately pile adorn'd the ſhore,
There Cecil's, Bedford's, Villiers', now no more.

Yet Burlington's fair palace ſtill remains;
Beauty within, without proportion reigns.
Beneath his eye declining art revives,
The wall with animated picture lives;
There Handel ſtrikes the ſtrings, the melting ſtrain
Tranſports the ſoul, and thrills through every vein;
There oft' I enter (but with cleaner ſhoes),
For Burlington's belov'd by every Muſe.

O ye aſſociate walkers, O my friends,
Upon your ſtate what happineſs attends!
What though no coach to frequent viſit rolls,
Nor for your ſhilling chairmen fling their poles;
Yet ſtill your nerves rheumatic pains defy,
Nor lazy jaundice dulls your ſaffron eye;
No waſting cough diſcharges ſounds of death,
Nor wheezing aſthma heaves in vain for breath;
Nor from your reſtleſs couch is heard the groan
Of burning gout, or ſedentary ſtone.
Let others in the jolting coach confide,
Or in the leaky boat the Thames divide;
Or, box'd within the chair, contemn the ſtreet,
And truſt their ſafety to another's feet:
Still let me walk; for oft' the ſudden gale
Ruffles the tide, and ſhifts the dangerous ſail;
Then ſhall the paſſenger too late deplore
The whelming billow, and the faithleſs oar;
The drunken chairman in the kennel ſpurns,
The glaſſes ſhatters, and his charge o'erturns.
Who can recount the coach's various harms,
The legs disjointed, and the broken arms?

I've

I've ſeen a beau, in ſome ill-fated hour,
When o'er the ſtones choak'd kennels ſwell the ſhower,
In gilded chariot loll; he with diſdain
Views ſpatter'd paſſengers all drench'd in rain.
With mud fill'd high, the rumbling cart draws near;
Now rule thy prancing ſteeds, lac'd charioteer:
The duſtman laſhes on with ſpiteful rage,
His ponderous ſpokes thy painted wheel engage;
Cruſh'd is thy pride, down falls the ſhrieking beau,
The ſlabby pavement cryſtal fragments ſtrow;
Black floods of mire th' embroider'd coat diſgrace,
And mud enwraps the honours of his face.
So, when dread Jove the ſon of Phœbus hurl'd,
Scar'd with dark thunder, to the nether world,
The headſtrong courſers tore the ſilver reins,
And the ſun's beamy ruin gilds the plains.

If the pale walker pant with weakening ills,
His ſickly hand is ſtor'd with friendly bills:
From hence he learns the ſeventh-born doctor's fame,
From hence he learns the cheapeſt taylor's name.

Shall the large mutton ſmoak upon your boards?
Such Newgate's copious market beſt affords.
Would'ſt thou with mighty beef augment thy meal?
Seek Leaden-hall; St. James's ſends thee veal;
Thames-ſtreet gives cheeſes; Covent-garden fruits;
Moor-fields old books; and Monmouth-ſtreet old ſuits.
Hence mayſt thou well ſupply the wants of life,
Support thy family, and clothe thy wife.

Volumes on ſhelter'd ſtalls expanded lie,
And various ſcience lures the learned eye;

The bending shelves with ponderous scholiasts groan,
And deep divines, to modern shops unknown:
Here, like the bee, that on industrious wing
Collects the various odours of the spring,
Walkers, at leisure, learning's flowers may spoil,
Nor watch the wasting of the midnight oil;
May morals snatch from Plutarch's tatter'd page,
A mildew'd Bacon, or Stagyra's sage:
Here sauntering 'prentices o'er Otway weep,
O'er Congreve smile, or over D'Urfey sleep;
Pleas'd sempstresses the Lock's fam'd Rape unfold;
And * Squirts read Garth, till apozems grow cold.
O Lintot! let my labours obvious lie,
Rang'd on thy stall, for every curious eye!
So shall the poor these precepts gratis know,
And to my verse their future safeties owe.
What walker shall his mean ambition fix
On the false lustre of a coach and six?
Let the vain virgin, lur'd by glaring show,
Sigh for the liveries of th' embroider'd beau.
See yon bright chariot on its braces swing,
With Flanders mares, and on an arched spring.
That wretch, to gain an equipage and place,
Betray'd his sister to a lewd embrace.
This coach that with the blazon'd 'scutcheon glows,
Vain of his unknown race, the coxcomb shows.
Here the brib'd lawyer, sunk in velvet, sleeps;
The starving orphan, as he passes, weeps;

* An Apothecary's boy, in "The Dispensary."

There

There flames a fool, begirt with tinſel ſlaves,
Who waſtes the wealth of a whole race of knaves;
That other, with a cluſtering train behind,
Owes his new honours to a ſordid mind!
This next in court-fidelity excels,
The publick rifles, and his country ſells.
May the proud chariot never be my fate,
If purchas'd at ſo mean, ſo dear a rate!
Or rather give me ſweet content on foot,
Wrapt in my virtue, and a good ſurtout!

TRIVIA.

BOOK III.

OF WALKING THE STREETS BY NIGHT.

O TRIVIA, goddeſs! leave theſe low abodes,
And traverſe o'er the wide ethereal roads;
Celeſtial queen! put on thy robes of light,
Now Cynthia nam'd, fair regent of the night.
At ſight of thee, the villain ſheathes his ſword,
Nor ſcales the wall, to ſteal the wealthy hoard.
O may thy ſilver lamp from heaven's high bower
Direct my footſteps in the midnight hour!

When night firſt bids the twinkling ſtars appear,
Or with her cloudy veſt inwraps the air,
Then ſwarms the buſy ſtreet; with caution tread,
Where the ſhop-windows * falling threat thy head;
Now labourers home return, and join their ſtrength
To bear the tottering plank, or ladder's length;
Still fix thy eyes intent upon the throng,
And, as the paſſes open, wind along.

Where the fair columns of St. Clement ſtand,
Whoſe ſtraiten'd bounds encroach upon the Strand;
Where the low penthouſe bows the walker's head,
And the rough pavement wounds the yielding tread;
Where not a poſt protects the narrow ſpace,
And, ſtrung in twines, combs dangle in thy face;

* A ſpecies of window now almoſt forgotten. N.

Summon

Summon at once thy courage, rouze thy care,
Stand firm, look back, be reſolute, beware.
Forth iſſuing from ſteep lanes, the collier's ſteeds
Drag the black load; another cart ſucceeds;
Team follows team, crowds heap'd on crowds appear,
And wait impatient till the road grow clear.
Now all the pavement ſounds with trampling feet,
And the mix'd hurry barricades the ſtreet.
Entangled here, the waggon's lengthen'd team
Cracks the tough harneſs; here a ponderous beam
Lies over-turn'd athwart; for ſlaughter fed,
Here lowing bullocks raiſe their horned head.
Now oaths grow loud, with coaches coaches jar,
And the ſmart blow provokes the ſturdy war;
From the high box they whirl the thong around,
And with the twining laſh their ſhins reſound:
Their rage ferments, more dangerous wounds they try,
And the blood guſhes down their painful eye.
And now on foot the frowning warriors light,
And with their ponderous fiſts renew the fight;
Blow anſwers blow, their cheeks are ſmear'd with blood,
Till down they fall, and grappling roll in mud.
So when two boars, in wild Ytene * bred,
Or on Weſtphalia's fattening cheſnuts fed,
Gnaſh their ſharp tuſks, and, rouz'd with equal fire,
Diſpute the reign of ſome luxurious mire;
In the black flood they wallow o'er and o'er,
Till their arm'd jaws diſtil with foam and gore.

* New Foreſt in Hampſhire, anciently ſo called.

Where the mob gathers, ſwiftly ſhoot along,
Nor idly mingle in the noiſy throng:
Lur'd by the ſilver hilt, amid the ſwarm,
The ſubtle artiſt will thy ſide diſarm.
Nor is the flaxen wig with ſafety worn;
High on the ſhoulder, in a baſket borne,
Lurks the ſly boy, whoſe hand, to rapine bred,
Plucks off the curling honours of thy head.
Here dives the ſkulking thief, with practis'd ſleight,
And unfelt fingers make thy pocket light.
Where's now the watch, with all its trinkets, flown?
And thy late ſnuff-box is no more thy own.
But lo! his bolder thefts ſome tradeſman ſpies,
Swift from his prey the ſcudding lurcher flies;
Dext'rous he 'ſcapes the coach with nimble bounds,
Whilſt every honeſt tongue "ſtop thief" reſounds.
So ſpeeds the wily fox, alarm'd by fear,
Who lately filch'd the turkey's callow care;
Hounds following hounds grow louder as he flies,
And injur'd tenants join the hunter's cries.
Breathleſs, he ſtumbling falls. Ill-fated boy!
Why did not honeſt work thy youth employ?
Seiz'd by rough hands, he 's dragg'd amid the rout,
And ſtretch'd beneath the pump's inceſſant ſpout:
Or, plung'd in miry ponds, he gaſping lies,
Mud choaks his mouth, and plaiſters o'er his eyes.
Let not the ballad-finger's ſhrilling ſtrain
Amid the ſwarm thy liſtening ear detain:
Guard well thy pocket; for theſe Syrens ſtand
To aid the labours of the diving hand;

Confe-

Confederate in the cheat, they draw the throng,
And cambrick handkerchiefs reward the ſong.
But ſoon as coach or cart drives rattling on,
The rabble part, in ſhoals they backward run.
So Jove's loud bolts the mingled war divide,
And Greece and Troy retreat on either ſide.

If the rude throng pour on with furious pace,
And hap to break thee from a friend's embrace,
Stop ſhort; nor ſtruggle through the crowd in vain,
But watch with careful eye the paſſing train.
Yet I (perhaps too fond), if chance the tide
Tumultuous bear my partner from my ſide,
Impatient venture back; deſpiſing harm,
I force my paſſage where the thickeſt ſwarm.
Thus his loſt bride the Trojan ſought in vain
Through night, and arms, and flames, and hills of ſlain.
Thus Niſus wander'd o'er the pathleſs grove,
To find the brave companion of his love.
The pathleſs grove in vain he wanders o'er:
Euryalus, alas! is now no more.

That walker, who, regardleſs of his pace,
Turns oft' to pore upon the damſel's face,
From ſide to ſide by thruſting elbows toſt,
Shall ſtrike his aching breaſt againſt a poſt;
Or water, daſh'd from fiſhy ſtalls, ſhall ſtain
His hapleſs coat with ſpirts of ſcaly rain.
But, if unwarily he chance to ſtray
Where twirling turnſtiles intercept the way,
The thwarting paſſenger ſhall force them round,
And beat the wretch half breathleſs to the ground.

Let

Let conſtant vigilance thy footſteps guide,
And wary circumſpection guard thy ſide;
Then ſhalt thou walk unharm'd the dangerous night,
Nor need th' officious linkboy's ſmoaky light.
Thou never wilt attempt to croſs the road,
Where ale-houſe benches reſt the porter's load,
Grievous to heedleſs ſhins; no barrow's wheel,
That bruiſes oft' the truant ſchool-boy's heel,
Behind thee rolling, with inſidious pace,
Shall mark thy ſtocking with a miry trace.
Let not thy venturous ſteps approach too nigh,
Where, gaping wide, low ſteepy cellars lie.
Should thy ſhoe wrench aſide, down, down you fall,
And overturn the ſcolding huckſter's ſtall;
The ſcolding huckſter ſhall not o'er thee moan,
But pence exact for nuts and pears o'erthrown.
Though you through cleanlier allies wind by day,
To ſhun the hurries of the public way,
Yet ne'er to thoſe dark paths by night retire;
Mind only ſafety, and contemn the mire.
Then no impervious courts thy haſte detain,
Nor ſneering alewives bid thee turn again.
Where Lincoln's-inn, wide ſpace, is rail'd around,
Croſs not with venturous ſtep; there oft' is found
The lurking thief, who while the day-light ſhone
Made the walls echo with his begging tone:
That crutch, which late compaſſion mov'd, ſhall wound
Thy bleeding head, and fell thee to the ground.
Though thou art tempted by the link-man's call,
Yet truſt him not along the lonely wall;

In

In the mid-way he'll quench the flaming brand,
And share the booty with the pilfering band.
Still keep the public streets, where oily rays,
Shot from the crystal lamp, o'erspread the ways.
Happy Augusta! law-defended town!
Here no dark lanterns shade the villain's frown;
No Spanish jealousies thy lanes infest,
Nor Roman vengeance stabs th' unwary breast;
Here tyranny ne'er lifts her purple hand,
But liberty and justice guard the land;
No bravos here profess the bloody trade,
Nor is the church the murderer's refuge made.
Let not the chairman, with assuming stride,
Press near the wall, and rudely thrust thy side:
The laws have set him bounds; his servile feet
Should ne'er encroach where posts defend the street.
Yet who the footman's arrogance can quell,
Whose flambeau gilds the sashes of Pall-mall,
When in long rank a train of torches flame,
To light the midnight visits of the dame?
Others, perhaps, by happier guidance led,
May where the chairman rests with safety tread;
Whene'er I pass, their poles (unseen below)
Make my knee tremble with a jarring blow.
If wheels bar up the road, where streets are croft,
With gentle words the coachman's ear accost:
He ne'er the threat or harsh command obeys,
But with contempt the spatter'd shoe surveys.
Now man with utmost fortitude thy soul,
To cross the way where carts and coaches roll;

Yet do not in thy hardy ſkill confide,
Nor raſhly riſque the kennel's ſpacious ſtride;
Stay till afar the diſtant wheel you hear,
Like dying thunder in the breaking air;
Thy foot will ſlide upon the miry ſtone,
And paſſing coaches cruſh thy tortur'd bone,
Or wheels incloſe the road; on either hand
Pent round with perils, in the midſt you ſtand,
And call for aid in vain; the coachman ſwears,
And carmen drive, unmindful of thy prayers.
Where wilt thou turn? ah! whither wilt thou fly?
On every ſide the preſſing ſpokes are nigh.
So ſailors, while Charybdis' gulph they ſhun,
Amaz'd, on Scylla's craggy dangers run.

Be ſure obſerve where brown Oſtrea ſtands,
Who boaſts her ſhelly ware from Wallfleet ſands;
There may'ſt thou paſs with ſafe unmiry feet,
Where the rais'd pavement leads athwart the ſtreet.
If where Fleet-ditch with muddy current flows,
You chance to roam; where oyſter-tubs in rows
Are rang'd beſide the poſts; there ſtay thy haſte,
And with the ſavoury fiſh indulge thy taſte:
The damſel's knife the gaping ſhell commands,
While the ſalt liquor ſtreams between her hands.

The man had ſure a palate cover'd o'er
With braſs or ſteel, that on the rocky ſhore
Firſt broke the oozy oyſter's pearly coat,
And riſqu'd the living morſel down his throat.
What will not luxury taſte? Earth, ſea, and air,
Are daily ranſack'd for the bill of fare!

Blood ſtuff'd in ſkins is Britiſh chriſtian's food;
And France robs marſhes of the croaking brood!
Spungy morels in ſtrong ragouts are found,
And in the ſoup the ſlimy ſnail is drown'd.
When from high ſpouts the daſhing torrents fall,
Ever be watchful to maintain the wall;
For, ſhould'ſt thou quit thy ground, the ruſhing throng
Will with impetuous fury drive along;
All preſs to gain thoſe honours thou haſt loſt,
And rudely ſhove thee far without the poſt.
Then to retrieve the ſhed you ſtrive in vain,
Draggled all o'er, and ſoak'd in floods of rain.
Yet rather bear the ſhower, and toils of mud,
Than in the doubtful quarrel riſque thy blood.
O think on Oedipus' deteſted ſtate,
And by his woes be warn'd to ſhun thy fate.
Where three roads join'd, he met his ſire unknown;
(Unhappy ſire, but more unhappy ſon!)
Each claim'd the way, their ſwords the ſtrife decide,
The hoary monarch fell, he groan'd, and died!
Hence ſprung the fatal plague that thinn'd thy reign,
Thy curſed inceſt! and thy children ſlain!
Hence wert thou doom'd in endleſs night to ſtray
Through Theban ſtreets, and cheerleſs grope thy way.
Contemplate, mortal, on thy fleeting years;
See, with black train the funeral pomp appears!
Whether ſome heir attends in ſable ſtate,
And mourns with outward grief a parent's fate;
Or the fair virgin, nipt in beauty's bloom,
A crowd of lovers follow to her tomb:

Why

Why is the hearſe with 'ſcutcheons blazon'd round,
And with the nodding plume of oſtrich crown'd?
No: the dead know it not, nor profit gain;
It only ſerves to prove the living vain.
How ſhort is life! how frail is human truſt!
Is all this pomp for laying duſt to duſt?
Where the nail'd hoop defends the painted ſtall,
Bruſh not thy ſweeping ſkirt too near the wall:
Thy heedleſs ſleeve will drink the colour'd oil,
And ſpot indelible thy pocket foil.
Has not wiſe nature ſtrung the legs and feet
With firmeſt nerves, deſign'd to walk the ſtreet?
Has ſhe not given us hands to grope aright,
Amidſt the frequent dangers of the night?
And think'ſt thou not the double noſtril meant,
To warn from oily woes by previous ſcent?
Who can the various city frauds * recite,
With all the petty rapines of the night?
Who now the guinea dropper's bait regards,
Trick'd by the ſharper's dice, or juggler's cards?
Why ſhould I warn thee ne'er to join the fray,
Where the ſham quarrel interrupts the way?
Lives there in theſe our days ſo ſoft a clown,
Brav'd by the bully's oaths, or threatening frown?
I need not ſtrict enjoin the pocket's care,
When from the crowded play thou lead'ſt the fair;
Who has not here or watch or ſnuff-box loſt,
Or handkerchiefs that India's ſhuttle boaſt?

* Various cheats formerly in practice.

O! may

O! may thy virtue guard thee through the roads
Of Drury's mazy courts, and dark abodes!
The harlots' guileful paths, who nightly ſtand
Where Catharine-ſtreet deſcends into the Strand!
Say, vagrant Muſe, their wiles and ſubtle arts,
To lure the ſtrangers' unſuſpecting hearts:
So ſhall our youth on healthful ſinews tread,
And city cheeks grow warm with rural red.

'Tis ſhe who nightly ſtrolls with ſauntering pace,
No ſtubborn ſtays her yielding ſhape embrace;
Beneath the lamp her tawdry ribbons glare,
The new-ſcour'd manteau, and the ſlattern air;
High-draggled petticoats her travels ſhow,
And hollow cheeks with artful bluſhes glow;
With flattering ſounds ſhe ſooths the credulous ear,
"My noble captain! charmer! love! my dear!"
In riding-hood near tavern-doors ſhe plies,
Or muffled pinners hide her livid eyes.
With empty bandbox ſhe delights to range,
And feigns a diſtant errand from the 'Change;
Nay, ſhe will oft' the Quaker's hood prophane,
And trudge demure the rounds of Drury-lane.
She darts from ſarſenet ambuſh wily leers,
Twitches thy ſleeve, or with familiar airs
Her fan will pat thy cheek; theſe ſnares diſdain,
Nor gaze behind thee, when ſhe turns again.

I knew a yeoman, who, for thirſt of gain,
To the great city drove, from Devon's plain,
His numerous lowing herd; his herds he ſold,
And his deep leathern pocket bagg'd with gold.

Drawn

Drawn by a fraudful nymph, he gaz'd, he ſigh'd:
Unmindful of his home, and diſtant bride,
She leads the willing victim to his doom,
Through winding alleys to her cobweb room.
Thence through the ſtreet he reels from poſt to poſt,
Valiant with wine, nor knows his treaſure loſt.
The vagrant wretch th' aſſembled watchmen ſpies,
He waves his hanger, and their poles defies;
Deep in the round-houſe pent, all night he ſnores,
And the next morn in vain his fate deplores.

Ah, hapleſs ſwain! unus'd to pains and ills!
Canſt thou forego roaſt-beef for nauſeous pills?
How wilt thou lift to Heaven thy eyes and hands,
When the long ſcroll the ſurgeon's fees demands!
Or elſe (ye Gods avert that worſt diſgrace!)
Thy ruin'd noſe falls level with thy face!
Then ſhall thy wife thy loathſome kiſs diſdain,
And wholeſome neighbours from thy mug refrain.

Yet there are watchmen, who with friendly light
Will teach thy reeling ſteps to tread aright;
For ſixpence will ſupport thy helpleſs arm,
And home conduct thee, ſafe from nightly harm.
But, if they ſhake their lanterns, from afar
To call their brethren to confederate war,
When rakes reſiſt their power; if hapleſs you
Should chance to wander with the ſcowering crew;
Though fortune yield thee captive, ne'er deſpair,
But ſeek the conſtable's conſiderate ear;
He will reverſe the watchman's harſh decree,
Mov'd by the rhetorick of a ſilver fee.

Thus,

Thus, would you gain ſome favourite courtier's word,
Fee not the petty clerks, but bribe my lord.
Now is the time that rakes their revels keep;
Kindlers of riot, enemies of ſleep.
His ſcatter'd pence the flying Nicker * flings,
And with the copper ſhower the caſement rings.
Who has not heard the Scowerer's midnight fame?
Who has not trembled at the Mohock's name?
Was there a watchman took his hourly rounds,
Safe from their blows, or new-invented wounds?
I paſs their deſperate deeds, and miſchiefs done,
Where from Snow-hill black ſteepy torrents run;
How matrons, hoop'd within the hogſhead's womb,
Were tumbled furious thence; the rolling tomb
O'er the ſtones thunders, bounds from ſide to ſide:
So Regulus to ſave his country dy'd.
Where a dim gleam the paly lanthorn throws
O'er the mid pavement, heapy rubbiſh grows;
Or arched vaults their gaping jaws extend,
Or the dark caves to common-ſhores deſcend
Oft' by the winds extinct the ſignal lies,
Or ſmother'd in the glimmering ſocket dies,
Ere night has half roll'd round her ebon throne;
In the wide gulph the ſhatter'd coach o'erthrown
Sinks with the ſnorting ſteeds; the reins are broke,
And from the crackling axle flies the ſpoke.
So, when fam'd Eddyſtone's far-ſhooting ray,
That led the ſailor through the ſtormy way,

* Gentlemen who delighted to break windows with halfpence.

Was from its rocky roots by billows torn,
And the high turret in the whirlwind borne;
Fleets bulg'd their ſides againſt the craggy land,
And pitchy ruins blacken'd all the ſtrand.
Who then thro' night would hire the harneſs'd ſteed?
And who would chooſe the rattling wheel for ſpeed?
But hark! diſtreſs with ſcreaming voice draws nigher,
And wakes the ſlumbering ſtreet with cries of fire.
At firſt a glowing red inwraps the ſkies,
And borne by winds the ſcattering ſparks ariſe;
From beam to beam the fierce contagion ſpreads;
The ſpiry flames now lift aloft their heads;
Through the burſt ſaſh a blazing deluge pours,
And ſplitting tiles deſcend in rattling ſhowers.
Now with thick crowds th' enlighten'd pavement ſwarms,
The fireman ſweats beneath his crooked arms;
A leathern caſque his venturous head defends,
Boldly he climbs where thickeſt ſmoke aſcends;
Mov'd by the mother's ſtreaming eyes and prayers,
The helpleſs infant through the flame he bears,
With no leſs virtue, than through hoſtile fire
The Dardan hero bore his aged ſire.
See forceful engines ſpout their level'd ſtreams,
To quench the blaze that runs along the beams;
The grappling hook plucks rafters from the walls,
And heaps on heaps the ſmoky ruin falls;
Blown by ſtrong winds, the fiery tempeſt roars,
Bears down new walls, and pours along the floors;
The heavens are all a-blaze, the face of night
Is cover'd with a ſanguine dreadful light.

'Twas

'Twas such a light involv'd thy towers, O Rome!
The dire presage of mighty Cæsar's doom,
When the sun veil'd in rust his mourning head,
And frightful prodigies the skies o'erspread.
Hark! the drum thunders! far, ye crowds, retire:
Behold! the ready match is tipt with fire,
The nitrous store is laid, the smutty train
With running blaze awakes the barrel'd grain;
Flames sudden wrap the walls; with sullen sound
The shatter'd pile sinks on the smoky ground.
So, when the years shall have revolv'd the date,
Th' inevitable hour of Naples' fate,
Her sapp'd foundations shall with thunders shake,
And heave and toss upon the sulphurous lake;
Earth's womb at once the fiery flood shall rend,
And in th' abyss her plunging towers descend.

Consider, reader, what fatigues I've known,
The toils, the perils, of the wintery town;
What riots seen, what bustling crowds I bore,
How oft' I cross'd where carts and coaches roar:
Yet shall I bless my labours, if mankind
Their future safety from my dangers find.
Thus the bold traveller (inur'd to toil,
Whose steps have printed Asia's desert soil,
The barbarous Arabs haunt; or shivering croft
Dark Greenland's mountains of eternal frost;
Whom Providence in length of years restores
To the wish'd harbour of his native shores)
Sets forth his journals to the public view,
To caution, by his woes, the wandering crew.

And now complete my generous labours lie,
Finish'd, and ripe for immortality.
Death shall entomb in dust this mouldering frame,
But never reach th' eternal part, my fame.
When W— and G——, mighty names! * are dead;
Or but at Chelsea under custards read;
When critics crazy bandboxes repair,
And tragedies, turn'd rockets, bounce in air;
High rais'd on Fleet-street posts, consign'd to fame,
This work shall shine, and walkers bless my name.

* Probably Ward and Gildon. N.

INDEX.

A

AUTHOR, for whom he wrote the poem, Book i. ver. 119
Aſſes, their arrogance ii. 13
Ariadne's clue ii. 83
Alley, the pleaſure of walking in one ii. 271
—— not to be walked in by night iii. 127
Almanacks, uſeleſs to judicious walkers ii. 406
Autumn, what cries then in uſe ii. 434
Arundel-ſtreet ii. 484
Author, his wiſh ii. 587

B

Bavaroy, by whom worn i. 53
Brokers, keep coaches i. 117
Bookſeller, ſkilled in the weather i. 161
Barber, by whom to be ſhunned ii. 28
Baker, to whom prejudicial ii. 30
Butchers, to be avoided ii. 43
Bully, his inſolence to be corrected ii. 59
Broker, where he uſually walks ii. 277
Burlington-houſe ii. 494
Beau's chariot overturned ii. 523
Bills, diſperſed to walkers ii. 538
Ballad-ſingers iii. 77

C

Country, the author's love of his i. 21
Civic crown i. 20
Cane, the convenience of one i. 61
—— an amber-headed one uſeleſs i. 67
—— the abuſe of it i. 75
Camlet, how affected by rain i. 46
Coat, how to chooſe one for the winter i. 41
Chairs and chariots, prejudicial to health i. 69
Coachman aſleep on his box, what the ſign i. 153
———— his metamorphoſis ii. 241
———— his whip dangerous ii. 310
———— his care of his horſes ii. 311
———— deſpiſes dirty ſhoes iii. 165
Chairmen, an obſervation upon them i. 154
Church monuments, foretel the weather i. 167
Common-ſhores i. 171
Cold, the deſcription of one i. 267
Clergy, what tradeſmen to avoid ii. 25
Chimney-ſweeper, by whom to be avoided ii. 33
Chandlers, prejudicial to walkers ii. 40
Civility to be paid to walkers ii. 45
Carman, when unmerciful, his puniſhment ii. 245
Cheapſide ii. 248
Cheeſe not lov'd by the author ii. 254
Countryman, perplexed to find the way ii. 73
Catharine-ſtreet ii. 260
Chairmen, their exerciſe in froſty weather ii. 335
Covent-garden ii. 343. 347

Cries of the town, obſervations upon them ii. 426
Chriſtmas, what cries forerun it ii. 438
——— a ſeaſon for general charity ii. 414
Coaches, dangerous in ſnowy weather ii. 327
——— thoſe that keep them uncharitable ii. 42
——— attended with ill accidents ii. 511
——— deſpiſed by walkers ii. 570
——— kept by coxcombs and pimps ii. 577
——— a ſtop of them deſcribed iii. 35
——— a man ſurrounded by them iii. 177
Cloacina, Goddeſs of common-ſhores ii. 115
Charing-croſs ii. 214
Chriſtmas-box ii. 185
Charity, moſt practiſed by walkers ii. 454
——— where given with judgment ii. 456
——— not to be delayed ii. 458
Chairs, the danger of them ii. 513
Clement's church, the paſs of it deſcribed iii. 18
Colliers carts iii. 25
Coachmen, a fight of them ibid.
Crowd, parted by a coach iii. 83
Cellar, the misfortune of falling into one iii. 121
Chairmen, law concerning them iii. 153
——— their poles dangerous iii. 161
Conſtable, his conſideration iii. 315
Coach fallen into a hole, deſcribed iii. 335
Critics, their fate iii. 413

D

D'oily ſtuffs, uſeleſs in winter i. 43
Drugget-ſilk, improper in cold weather i. 44

Dreſs, propriety therein to be obſerved i. 129
Drummers, improper at a wedding ii. 17
Duſtman, to whom offenſive ii. 37
Drays, when not to be walked behind ii. 288
Doll, a melancholy ſtory of her death ii. 382
Duſtman, ſpiteful to gilded chariots ii. 527
Drury-lane, dangerous to virtue iii. 259

E

Evening deſcribed iii. 9
Eddyſtone light-houſe iii. 345

F

Frieze, its defects i. 45
Footman, his prudence in rainy weathe i. 127
Fair weather, ſigns of it i. 143
Farrier's ſhop, a deſcription of one i. 251
Fop, the deſcription of one walking ii. 53
—— the ill conſequence of paſſing too near one ii. 57
Female guides, not to be made uſe of ii. 87
Foot-ball deſcribed ii. 347
Froſt, an epiſode of the great one ii. 357
Fair, one kept on the Thames ii. 369
Fiſhmonger, the deſcription of his ſtall ii. 414
Friday, how to know it ii. 416
Friend, the author walks with one ii. 276
——— rules to walk with one iii. 87
Fox, like a pick-pocket iii. 67
Footman very arrogant iii. 157
Fleet-ditch iii. 189
Funeral, the walker's contemplation of one iii. 225

Fire,

Fire, the defcription of one iii. 353
Fireman, his virtue iii. 362
Fire-engines iii. 369
Father, the happineſs of a child who knows his own ii. 177
Female walkers, what neceſſary for them i. 209

G

Gameſter, his chariot defcribed i. 115
Glazier, his ſkill at foot-ball ii. 355
Guinea-droppers iii. 249

H

Health acquired by walking i. 69
Holland, the ſtreets of that country defcribed i. 87
Hoſiers' poles, what obſerved by them i. 165
Hawker, at what time he cries news ii. 21
Horſes, like Parthians ii. 294
Hands, their uſe iii. 241
Houſe blown up, the defcription of it iii. 381
Holborn-hill ii. 174

I

Invention of pattens i. 219
Jugglers to be avoided ii. 285
Induſtry not exempt from death ii. 389
June, what cry denotes that month ii. 432
James, St. its market iii. 546

K

Knocker of a door, an obſervation on one ii. 497

L

London, its happineſs before the invention of coaches and chairs i. 101
Ladies walking the ſtreets i. 105
——— in the Park, what they betoken i. 145
——— dreſs neither by reaſon nor inſtinct i. 149
Letchers old, where they frequent ii. 280
Leadenhall-market ii. 546
Lintot, Mr. advice to him ii. 565
Lawyer paſſing the ſtreet in a coach ii. 579
Labourers returned from work iii. 13
Lincoln's-inn-fields iii. 133
Link-man, where not to be truſted iii. 139
Luxury, a reflection on it iii. 195
Legs, their uſe iii. 241
Lantern, what it ſhews in the middle of the ſtreet iii. 335
Ludgate-hill ii. 292

M

Martha, a milk-maid of Lincolnſhire i. 125
Morning, then what firſt to be conſidered i. 121
Morning deſcribed ii. 7
Milford-lane iii. 25
Meuſe, jugglers often ply thereabouts to inveigle walkers to play ii. 287
Milk-maid of the city, unlike a rural one ii. 11
Mercy recommended to coachmen and carmen ii. 237
Maſons, dangerous to paſs where at work ii. 266
Modeſty not to be offended ii. 298

Monday, by what obſervations to know it ii. 408
Miſer, his manner of charity ii. 462
Moorfields ii. 548
Monmouth-ſtreet ibid.
Mobs to be avoided iii. 51
Mohocks, a ſet of modern rakes iii. 326
Matrons put in hogſheads iii. 329

N

Naples, the ſtreets of that city i. 93
Newgate-market ii. 544
Niſus and Euryalus iii. 97
Noſe, its uſe iii. 245
Nicker, his art iii. 323
Naples, its future fate iii. 387

O

Oyſters, at what time firſt cry'd i. 28
Old woman, an obſervation upon one i. 139
Obſervations on the looks of walkers ii. 274
Ox roaſted on the Thames ii. 368
Orpheus, his death ii. 393
Overton the print-ſeller ii. 489
Oyſter-wench iii. 185
Oyſter, the courage of him that firſt ate one iii. 195
Oedipus iii. 215

P

Pavers, their duty i. 11
Paris, the ſtreets of that city i. 85
Poor, their murmurs, what the ſign of i. 178

Paul, St. his feſtival i. 176
Precepts, what the conſequence if neglected i. 189
Pattens, a female implement i. 212
Preſents better than flattery i. 280
Patten, its derivation i. 282
Perfumer, by whom to be avoided ii. 29
Porter ſworn, uſeful to walkers ii. 65
'Prentices not to be relied on ii. 69
Poſt, when to walk on the outſide of it ii. 7
Pillory, not to be gazed upon ii. 225
Pall-mall celebrated ii. 256
Pythagoras, his doctrine ii. 241
Petticoat, its uſe in bad weather ii. 304
Pavers, a ſignal for coaches to avoid them ii. 306
Pattens inconvenient in ſnowy weather ii. 324
Phaëton, a beau compared to him ii. 535
Perriwigs, how ſtolen off the head iii. 55
Pick-pocket, his art and misfortunes iii. 59
Paint, how to be avoided iii. 337
Play-houſe, a caution when you lead a lady out of it iii. 253

Q

Quarrels for the wall to be avoided iii. 213
Quarrels, ſham ones, dangerous iii. 251

R

Riding-hood, its uſe i. 209
Rome, the ſtreets of it i. 94
Rain, ſigns of it i. 157
Rakes, how they avoid a dun ii. 282

Raphael Urbin ii. 487
Rakes, their time of walking iii. 321
Regulus, his death iii. 330
Reader, the author addreſſes him iii. 393

S

Scavengers, their duty i. 15
Stage-coaches, an obſervation upon them i. 25
Shoe-cleaning boys, the time of their firſt appearance i. 23
Shoes, when to provide them i. 29
—— what ſort improper for walkers i. 33
—— what proper for dancers i. 30
—— what moſt proper for walkers ibid.
Surtout, Kerſey, its deſcription i. 55
Shower, a man in one deſcribed i. 191
Shins, what they betoken when ſcorched i. 137
Signs creaking, what they betoken i. 157
Superſtition to be avoided i. 175
Swithin, St. his feſtival i. 183
Smallcoal-man, by whom to be avoided ii. 35
Summer, foreign to the author's deſign ii. 315
Signs, the uſe of them ii. 67
Seven dials of St. Giles's pariſh deſcribed ii. 80
Stockings, how to prevent their being ſpattered ii. 91
Streets, narrow ones to be avoided ii. 247
Snowy weather ii. 320
Shoes, how to free them from ſnow ii. 325
Snow-balls, coachmen pelted with them ii. 329
Schoolboys, miſchievous in froſty weather ii. 331

Sempſtreſs, the deſcription of her in a froſty morning ii. 337
——— advice to her ii. 341
Saturday, by what obſervations to know it ii. 422
Spring, the cries then in uſe ii. 428
Streets formerly noblemen's houſes ii. 492
Swords, ſilver, lure thieves iii. 53
Street, how to croſs it iii. 165
Scylla and Charybdis iii. 183
Street, where to croſs it by night iii. 185
Shoe-cleaning boy, his birth ii. 135
——— his lamentation ii. 177
——— his happineſs ii. 145
——— without father or mother ii. 181
Scowerers, a ſet of rakes iii. 325
Snow-hill iii. 330

T

Trivia, the Goddeſs of ſtreets and highways, invoked i. 5
Trades prejudicial to walkers ii. 25
Tradeſmen, in what to be truſted ii. 71
Theſeus in the labyrinth of Crete ii. 83
Thames-ſtreet ii. 244
Trades offenſive to the ſmell ii. 246
Tea-drinkers, a neceſſary caution to them ii. 296
Thames, coaches driven over it ii. 365
Thaw, the deſcription of one ii. 400
Thurſday, by what obſervations to know it ii. 408
Titian ii. 486

Trivia invoked as Cynthia iii. 1
Turn-ſtiles iii. 107
Tragedies, their fate iii. 414

U

Umbrella, its uſe i. 211
Venice, the ſtreets of it i. 97
Vaults, an obſervation upon them i. 172
Vulcan in love with a milk-maid i. 241
——— advice to him i. 245
——— metamorphoſed to a country farrier i. 253
——— the inventor of hobnails and ſparables i. 263
——— the inventor of pattens i. 275
Upholder, where he frequents ii. 470

W

Winter, the beginning of it deſcribed i. 2
Weather, ſigns of cold i. 133
——— ſigns of fair i. 143
——— ſigns of rainy i. 157
Witney broad-cloth proper for horſemen i. 47
Wig compared to Alecto's ſnakes i. 202
——— to Glaucus's beard i. 205
——— what to be worn in a miſt i. 125
Waterman, judicious in the weather i. 163
Winds whiſtling, what they foretel i. 169
Wall, to whom to be given ii. 45
——— to whom to be denied ii. 59
——— when to keep it iii. 205
Way, of whom to be inquired ii. 65

Watling-ſtreet ii. 247
Walkers inadvertent, to what misfortunes liable ii. 285
Wits, a caution to them ii. 296
Walker diſtreſſed by a foot-ball ii. 347
Waterman, his dominion invaded ii. 361
Wedneſday, how to know it ii. 416
Walkers, their happineſs ii. 502
——— free from diſeaſes ii. 506
Water, the danger of being upon it ii. 515
Walking advantageous to learning ii. 551
Women, the ill conſequence of gazing on them iii. 101
Wheel-barrows, how they prejudice walkers iii. 107
Whore, how to know one iii. 267
Whores, the ſtreets where they ply iii. 259
Watchmen, the method of treating with them iii. 307
——— their ſignal to their fellows iii. 311
——— what to do if taken by them iii. 313

Y

Yeoman, a dreadful ſtory of one iii. 285

EPISTLES

EPISTLES

ON

SEVERAL OCCASIONS.

EPISTLE I.

TO A LADY.

OCCASIONED BY

THE ARRIVAL OF HER ROYAL HIGHNESS

THE PRINCESS OF WALES.

MADAM, to all your cenſures I ſubmit,
And frankly own I ſhould long ſince have writ.
You told me, ſilence would be thought a crime,
And kindly ſtrove to teaze me into rhyme:
No more let trifling themes your Muſe employ,
Nor laviſh verſe, to paint a female toy:
No more on plains with rural damſels ſport;
But ſing the glories of the Britiſh court.
By your commands and inclination ſway'd,
I call'd th' unwilling Muſes to my aid:

Resolv'd to write, the noble theme I chose,
And to the Princess thus the poem rose.
" Aid me, bright Phœbus! aid, ye sacred Nine!
" Exalt my genius, and my verse refine.
" My strains with Carolina's name I grace,
" The lovely parent of our royal race.
" Breathe soft, ye winds! ye waves, in silence sleep!
" Let prosperous breezes wanton o'er the deep,
" Swell the white sails, and with the streamers play,
" To waft her gently o'er the watery way."
Here I to Neptune form'd a pompous prayer,
To rein the winds, and guard the Royal Fair;
Bid the blue Tritons sound their twisted shells,
And call the Nereids from their pearly cells.
Thus my warm zeal had drawn the Muse along,
Yet knew no method to conduct her song:
I then resolv'd some model to pursue,
Perus'd French criticks, and began anew.
Long open panegyric drags at best,
And praise is only praise when well address'd.
Straight Horace for some lucky ode I sought:
And all along I trac'd him thought by thought.
This new performance to a friend I show'd:
For shame! says he; what, imitate an ode!
I'd rather ballads write, and Grub-street lays,
Than pillage Cæsar for my patron's praise:
One common fate all imitators share,
To save mince-pies, and cap the grocer's ware.
Vex'd at the charge, I to the flames commit
Rhymes, similies, Lords' names, and ends of wit:

In

In blotted ſtanzas ſcraps of odes expire,
And fuſtian mounts in pyramids of fire.
Ladies! to you I next inſcrib'd my lay,
And writ a letter in familiar way:
For, ſtill impatient till the princeſs came,
You from deſcription wiſh'd to know the dame.
Each day my pleaſing labour larger grew,
For ſtill new graces open'd to my view.
Twelve lines ran on to introduce the theme;
And then I thus purſued the growing ſcheme:
" Beauty and wit were ſure by nature join'd,
" And charms are emanations of the mind;
" The ſoul, tranſpiercing through the ſhining frame,
" Forms all the graces of the Princely Dame:
" Benevolence her converſation guides,
" Smiles on her cheek, and in her eye reſides.
" Such harmony upon her tongue is found,
" As ſoftens Engliſh to Italian ſound:
" Yet in thoſe ſounds ſuch ſentiments appear,
" As charm the judgment, while they ſooth the ear.
" Religion's cheerful flame her boſom warms,
" Calms all her hours, and brightens all her charms.
" Henceforth, ye Fair, at chapel mind your prayers,
" Nor catch your lover's eyes with artful airs;
" Reſtrain your looks, kneel more, and whiſper leſs,
" Nor moſt devoutly criticiſe on dreſs.
" From her form all your characters of life,
" The tender mother, and the faithful wife.
" Oft' have I ſeen her little infant-train,
" The lovely promiſe of a future reign;

" Obſerv'd with pleaſure every dawning grace,
" And all the mother opening in their face.
" The ſon ſhall add new honours to the line,
" And early with paternal virtues ſhine:
" When he the tale of Audenard repeats,
" His little heart with emulation beats;
" With conqueſts yet to come his boſom glows,
" He dreams of triumphs, and of vanquiſh'd foes;
" Each year with arts ſhall ſtore his ripening brain,
" And from his grandſire he ſhall learn to reign.
Thus far I'd gone: Propitious riſing gales
Now bid the ſailor hoiſt the ſwelling ſails.
Fair Carolina lands; the cannons roar;
White Albion's cliffs reſound from ſhore to ſhore.
Behold the bright original appear,
All praiſe is faint when Carolina's near.
Thus to the nation's joy, but poet's coſt,
The princeſs came, and my new plan was loſt.
Since all my ſchemes were baulk'd (my laſt reſort),
I left the Muſes, to frequent the Court:
Penſive each night from room to room I walk'd,
To one I bow'd, and with another talk'd;
Inquir'd what news, or ſuch a lady's name,
And did the next day, and the next, the ſame.
Places, I found, were daily given away,
And yet no friendly Gazette mention'd Gay.
I aſk'd a friend what method to purſue;
He cry'd, I want a place as well as you.
Another aſk'd me, why I had not writ;
A poet owes his fortune to his wit.

Straight

Straight I reply'd, With what a courtly grace
Flows eaſy verſe from him that has a place!
Had Virgil ne'er at court improv'd his ſtrains,
He ſtill had ſung of flocks and homely ſwains;
And, had not Horace ſweet preferment found,
The Roman lyre had never learnt to ſound.
Once Ladies fair in homely guiſe I ſung,
And with their names wild woods and mountains rung.
O teach me now to ſtrike a ſofter ſtrain!
The Court refines the language of the plain.
You muſt, cries one, the Miniſtry rehearſe,
And with each Patriot's name prolong your verſe:
But ſure this truth to Poets ſhould be known
That praiſing all alike, is praiſing none.
Another told me, if I wiſh'd ſucceſs,
To ſome diſtinguiſh'd Lord I muſt addreſs;
One whoſe high virtues ſpeak his noble blood,
One always zealous for his country's good;
Where valour and ſtrong eloquence unite,
In council cautious, reſolute in fight;
Whoſe generous temper prompts him to defend,
And patronize the man that wants a friend.
You have, 'tis true, the noble patron ſhown;
But I, alas! am to Argyll unknown.
Still every one I met in this agreed,
That writing was my method to ſucceed;
But now preferments ſo poſſeſs'd my brain,
That ſcarce I could produce a ſingle ſtrain:
Indeed I ſometimes hammer'd out a line,
Without connection, as without deſign.

One morn upon the Princeſs this I writ,
An Epigram that boaſts more truth than wit.
" The pomp of titles eaſy faith might ſhake,
" She ſcorn'd an empire for religion's ſake:
" For this on earth the Britiſh crown was given,
" And an immortal crown decreed in heaven."
Again, while George's virtues rais'd my thought,
The following lines prophetic fancy wrought.
" Methinks I ſee ſome Bard, whoſe heavenly rage
" Shall riſe in ſong, and warm a future age;
" Look back through time, and, wrapt in wonder, trace
" The glorious ſeries of the Brunſwick race.
" From the firſt George theſe godlike kings deſcend,
" A line which only with the world ſhall end.
" The next a generous Prince renown'd in arms,
" And bleſs'd, long bleſs'd, in Carolina's charms;
" From theſe the reſt. 'Tis thus, ſecure in peace,
" We plow the fields, and reap the year's increaſe:
" Now Commerce, wealthy Goddeſs, rears her head,
" And bids Britannia's fleets their canvaſs ſpread;
" Unnumber'd ſhips the peopled ocean hide,
" And wealth returns with each revolving tide."
Here paus'd the ſullen Muſe; in haſte I dreſs'd,
And through the crowd of needy courtiers preſs'd;
Though unſucceſsful, happy whilſt I ſee
Thoſe eyes, that glad a nation, ſhine on me.

EPISTLE

EPISTLE II.

TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE THE

EARL OF BURLINGTON.

A JOURNEY TO EXETER. 1716.

WHILE you, my Lord, bid ſtately piles aſcend,
Or in your Chiſwick bowers enjoy your friend;
Where Pope unloads the boughs within his reach,
The purple vine, blue plum, and bluſhing peach;
I journey far. — You knew fat Bards might tire,
And, mounted, ſent me forth your truſty Squire.
'Twas on the day when city-dames repair
To take their weekly doſe of Hyde-park air;
When forth we trot: no carts the road infeſt,
For ſtill on Sundays country horſes reſt.
Thy gardens, Kenſington, we leave unſeen;
Through Hammerſmith jog on to Turnham-green.
That Turnham-green, which dainty pigeons fed,
But feeds no more: for * Solomon is dead.
Three duſty miles reach Brentford's tedious town,
For dirty ſtreets and white-legg'd chickens known:

* A man once famous for feeding pigeons.

Thence, o'er wide ſhrubby heaths and furrow'd lanes,
We come where Thames divides the meads of Staines.
We ferry'd o'er; for late the winter's flood
Shook her frail bridge, and tore her piles of wood.
Prepar'd for war, now Bagſhot-heath we croſs,
Where broken gameſters oft' repair their loſs.
At Hartley-row the foaming bit we preſt,
While the fat landlord welcom'd every gueſt.
Supper was ended, healths the glaſſes crown'd,
Our hoſt extoll'd his wine at every round;
Relates the juſtices late meeting there,
How many bottles drank, and what their cheer;
What lords had been his gueſts in days of yore,
And prais'd their wiſdom much, their drinking more.
Let travellers the morning-vigils keep:
The morning roſe, but we lay faſt aſleep.
Twelve tedious miles we bore the ſultry ſun,
And Popham-lane was ſcarce in ſight by one:
The ſtraggling village harbour'd thieves of old,
'Twas here the ſtage-coach'd laſs reſign'd her gold;
That gold which had in London purchas'd gowns,
And ſent her home a belle to country towns.
But robbers haunt no more the neighbouring wood:
Here unown'd infants find their daily food;
For, ſhould the maiden-mother nurſe her ſon,
'Twould ſpoil her match when her good name is gone.
Our jolly hoſteſs nineteen children bore,
Nor fail'd her breaſt to ſuckle nineteen more.
Be juſt, ye prudes, wipe off the long arrear:
Be virgins ſtill in town, but mothers here.

Sutton

Sutton we paſs, and leave her ſpacious down,
And with the ſetting ſun reach Stockbridge town.
O'er our parch'd tongue the rich metheglin glides,
And the red dainty trout our knife divides.
Sad melancholy every viſage wears;
What! no election come in ſeven long years!
Of all our race of mayors, ſhall Snow * alone
Be by Sir Richard's dedication known?
Our ſtreets no more with tides of ale ſhall float,
Nor coblers feaſt three years upon one vote.
Next morn, twelve miles led o'er th' unbounded plain,
Where the cloak'd ſhepherd guides his fleecy train.
No leafy bowers a noon-day ſhelter lend,
Nor from the chilly dews at night defend:
With wondrous art, he counts the ſtraggling flock,
And by the ſun informs you what's o'clock.
How are our ſhepherds fall'n from ancient days!
No Amaryllis chaunts alternate lays!
From her no liſtening echos learn to ſing,
Nor with his reed the jocund valleys ring.
Here ſheep the paſture hide, there harveſts bend,
See Sarum's ſteeple o'er yon hill aſcend;
Our horſes faintly trot beneath the heat,
And our keen ſtomachs know the hour to eat.

* Sir Richard Steele, member for Stockbridge, wrote a treatiſe called "The Importance of Dunkirk conſidered," and dedicated it to Mr. John Snow, Bailiff of Stockbridge. GAY.—Dr. Swift wrote a humorous treatiſe in anſwer to it, called "The "Importance of the Guardian conſidered, in a Second Letter to "the Bailiff of Stockbridge, 1713." N.

Who

Who can forſake thy walls, and not admire
The proud cathedral, and the lofty ſpire?
What ſempſtreſs has not prov'd thy ſciſſars good?
From hence firſt came th' intriguing riding-hood.
Amid * three boarding-ſchools well ſtock'd with miſſes,
Shall three knight-errants ſtarve for want of kiſſes?

O'er the green turf the miles ſlide ſwift away,
And Blandford ends the labours of the day.
The morning roſe; the ſupper reckoning paid,
And our due fees diſcharg'd to man and maid,
The ready oſtler near the ſtirrup ſtands,
And, as we mount, our half-pence load his hands.

Now the ſteep hill fair Dorcheſter o'erlooks,
Border'd by meads, and waſh'd by ſilver brooks.
Here ſleep my two companions eyes ſuppreſt,
And propt in elbow-chairs they ſnoring reſt:
I weary ſit, and with my pencil trace
Their painful poſtures, and their eyeleſs face;
Then dedicate each glaſs to ſome fair name,
And on the ſaſh the diamond ſcrawls my flame.
Now o'er true Roman way our horſes ſound,
Grævius would kneel, and kiſs the ſacred ground.
On either ſide low fertile valleys lie,
The diſtant proſpects tire the travelling eye.
Through Bridport's ſtony lanes our route we take,
And the proud ſteep deſcend to Morcombe's lake.
As hearſes paſs'd, our landlord robb'd the pall,
And with the mournful 'ſcutcheon hung his hall.

* There are three boarding-ſchools in this town. GAY.

On

On unadulterate wine we here regale,
And ſtrip the lobſter of his ſcarlet mail.
We climb'd the hills, when ſtarry night aroſe,
And Axminſter affords a kind repoſe.
The maid, ſubdued by fees, her trunk unlocks,
And gives the cleanly aid of dowlaſs-ſmocks.
Mean time our ſhirts her buſy fingers rub,
While the ſoap lathers o'er the foaming tub.
If women's geer ſuch pleaſing dreams incite,
Lend us your ſmocks, ye damſels, every night!
We riſe, our beards demand the barber's art;
A female enters, and performs the part.
The weighty golden chain adorns her neck,
And three gold rings her ſkilful hand bedeck:
Smooth o'er our chin her eaſy fingers move,
Soft as when Venus ſtroak'd the beard of Jove.
Now from the ſteep, midſt ſcatter'd farms and groves,
Our eye through Honiton's fair valley roves.
Behind us ſoon the buſy town we leave,
Where fineſt lace induſtrious laſſes weave.
Now ſwelling clouds roll'd on; the rainy load
Stream'd down our hats, and ſmoak'd along the road;
When (O bleſt ſight!) a friendly ſign we ſpy'd,
Our ſpurs are ſlacken'd from the horſes ſide;
For ſure a civil hoſt the houſe commands,
Upon whoſe ſign this courteous motto ſtands:
"This is the ancient hand, and eke the pen;
"Here is for horſes hay, and meat for men."
How rhyme would flouriſh, did each ſon of fame
Know his own genius, and direct his flame!

Then he, that could not Epic flights rehearſe,
Might ſweetly mourn in Elegiac verſe.
But, were his Muſe for Elegy unfit,
Perhaps a diſtich might not ſtrain his wit;
If Epigram offend, his harmleſs lines
Might in gold letters ſwing on ale-houſe ſigns.
Then Hobbinol might propagate his bays,
And Tuttle-fields record his ſimple lays;
Where rhymes like theſe might lure the nurſes' eyes,
While gaping infants ſquawl for farthing pies:
"Treat here, ye ſhepherds blithe, your damſels ſweet,
"For pies and cheeſecakes are for damſels meet."
Then Maurus in his proper ſphere might ſhine,
And theſe proud numbers grace great William's ſign:
"This is the man, this the Naſſovian, whom
"I nam'd the brave deliverer to come *."
But now the driving gales ſuſpend the rain,
We mount our ſteeds, and Devon's city gain.
Hail, happy native land! — but I forbear
What other counties muſt with envy hear.

* Blackmore's Prince Arthur, Book V.

TLE.

EPISTLE III.

TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE

WILLIAM PULTENEY, Esq. 1717.

PULTENEY, methinks you blame my breach of word;
What! cannot Paris one poor page afford?
Yes, I can fagely, when the times are paſt,
Laugh at thoſe follies which I ſtrove to taſte,
And each amuſement, which we ſhar'd, review,
Pleas'd with mere talking, ſince I talk to you.
But how ſhall I deſcribe in humble proſe
Their balls, aſſemblies, operas, and beaux?
In proſe? you cry: oh no, the Muſe muſt aid,
And leave Parnaſſus for the Tuilleries' ſhade:
Shall he (who late Britannia's city trod,
And led the draggled Muſe, with pattens ſhod,
Through dirty lanes, and alleys' doubtful ways)
Refuſe to write, when Paris aſks his lays!
Well then, I'll try. Deſcend, ye beauteous Nine,
In all the colours of the rainbow ſhine,
Let ſparkling ſtars your neck and ear adorn,
Lay on the bluſhes of the crimſon morn;
So may ye balls and gay aſſemblies grace,
And at the opera claim the foremoſt place.
Travellers ſhould ever fit expreſſion chooſe,
Nor with low phraſe the lofty theme abuſe.

When

When they describe the state of eastern lords,
Pomp and magnificence should swell their words;
And, when they paint the serpent's scaly pride,
Their lines should hiss, their numbers smoothly slide;
But they, unmindful of poetic rules,
Describe alike Mockaws and Great Moguls.
Dampier would thus, without ill-meaning satire,
Dress forth in simple style the *Petit-maitre:*

" In Paris, there 's a race of animals
" (I've seen them at their operas and balls):
" They stand erect, they dance whene'er they walk,
" Monkeys in action, perroquets in talk;
" They 're crown'd with feathers, like the cockatoo,
" And, like camelions, daily change their hue;
" From patches justly plac'd they borrow graces,
" And with vermilion lacquer o'er their faces.
" This custom, as we visibly discern,
" They, by frequenting ladies' toilettes, learn."

Thus might the traveller easy truth impart.
Into the subject let me nobly start.

How happy lives the man, how sure to charm,
Whose knot embroider'd flutters down his arm!
On him the ladies cast the yielding glance,
Sigh in his songs, and languish in his dance:
While wretched is the wit, contemn'd, forlorn,
Whose gummy hat no scarlet plumes adorn;
No broider'd flowers his worsted ankle grace,
Nor cane embos's'd with gold directs his pace;
No lady's favour on his sword is hung;
What though Apollo dictate from his tongue,

His

His wit is ſpiritleſs and void of grace,
Who wants th' aſſurance of brocade and lace.
While the gay fop genteelly talks of weather,
The fair in raptures doat upon his feather;
Like a court-lady though he write and ſpell,
His minuet-ſtep was faſhion'd by Marcell *;
He dreſſes, fences. What avails to know?
For women chooſe their men, like ſilks, for ſhow.
Is this the thing, you cry, that Paris boaſts?
Is this the thing renown'd among our toaſts?
For ſuch a fluttering ſight we need not roam;
Our own aſſemblies ſhine with theſe at home.
Let us into the field of beauty ſtart;
Beauty's a theme that ever warm'd my heart.
Think not, ye fair, that I the ſex accuſe:
How ſhall I ſpare you, prompted by the Muſe?
(The Muſes all are *prudes!*) She rails, ſhe frets,
Amidſt this ſprightly nation of coquettes:
Yet let not us their looſe coquetry blame;
Women of every nation are the ſame.
You aſk me, if Pariſian dames, like ours,
With rattling dice prophane the Sunday's hours;
If they the gameſter's pale-ey'd vigils keep,
And ſtake their honour while their huſbands ſleep?
Yes, Sir; like Engliſh toaſts, the dames of France
Will riſque their income on a ſingle chance.
Nannette laſt night a tricking *pharaon* play'd,
The cards the Taillier's ſliding hand obey'd:

* A famous dancing-maſter.

To-day

To-day her neck no brilliant circle wears,
Nor the ray-darting pendant loads her ears.
Why does old Chloris an aſſembly hold?
Chloris each night divides the ſharper's gold.
Corinna's cheek with frequent loſſes burns,
And no bold *Trente le va* her fortune turns.
Ah, too raſh virgin! where's thy virtue flown?
She pawns her perſon for the ſharper's loan.
Yet who with juſtice can the fair upbraid,
Whoſe debts of honour are ſo duly paid?
But let me not forget the toilette's cares,
Where art each morn the languid cheek repairs:
This red 's too pale, nor gives a diſtant grace;
Madame to-day puts on her opera face;
From this we ſcarce extract the milk-maid's bloom:
Bring the deep dye that warms acroſs the room:
Now flames her cheek, ſo ſtrong her charms prevail,
That on her gown the ſilken roſe looks pale!
Not but that France ſome native beauty boaſts,
Clermont and Charolois might grace our toaſts.
When the ſweet-breathing ſpring unfolds the buds,
Love flies the duſty town for ſhady woods.
Then Tottenham fields with roving beauty ſwarm,
And Hampſtead balls the city virgin warm?
Then Chelſea's meads o'erhear perfidious vows,
And the preſt graſs defrauds the grazing cows.
'Tis here the ſame; but in a higher ſphere,
For ev'n court-ladies ſin in open air.
What cit with a gallant would truſt his ſpouſe
Beneath the tempting ſhade of Greenwich boughs?

What

What peer of France would let his dutchefs rove,
Where Boulogne's clofeft woods invite to love?
But here no wife can blaft her hufband's fame,
Cuckold is grown an honourable name.
Stretch'd on the grafs, the fhepherd fighs his pain;
And on the grafs what fhepherd fighs in vain?
On Chloe's lap here Damon laid along,
Melts with the languifh of her amorous fong;
There Iris flies Palæmon through the glade,
Nor trips by chance—till in the thickeft fhade;
Here Celimene defends her lips and breaft,
For kiffes are by ftruggling clofer preft:
Alexis there with eager flame grows bold,
Nor can the nymph his wanton fingers hold:
Be wife, Alexis; what, fo near the road!
Hark, a coach rolls, and hufbands are abroad!
Such were our pleafures in the days of yore,
When amorous Charles Britannia's fceptre bore;
The nightly fcene of joy the Park was made,
And Love in couples peopled every fhade.
But, fince at court the rural taft is loft,
What mighty fums have velvet couches coft!
Sometimes the Tuilleries' gaudy walk I love,
Where I through crowds of ruftling mantuas rove.
As here from fide to fide my eyes I caft,
And gaz'd on all the glittering train that paft,
Sudden a fop fteps forth before the reft;
I knew the bold embroidery of his veft.
He thus accofts me with familiar air,
"Parbleu! on a fait cet habit en Angleterre!

" Quelle manche! ce galon eſt groſſiérement rangé;
" Voila quelque choſe de fort beau et degagé!"
This ſaid: on his red heel he turns, and then
Hums a ſoft minuet, and proceeds again:
" Well; now you've Paris ſeen, you'll frankly own
" Your boaſted London ſeems a country town.
" Has chriſtianity yet reach'd your nation?
" Are churches built? Are maſquerades in faſhion?
" Do daily ſoups your dinners introduce?
" Are muſic, ſnuff, and coaches, yet in uſe?"
Pardon me, Sir; we know the Paris mode,
And gather *politeſſe* from courts abroad.
Like you, our courtiers keep a numerous train
To load their coach, and tradeſmen dun in vain.
Nor has religion left us in the lurch;
And, as in France, our vulgar crowd the church:
Our ladies too ſupport the maſquerade;
The ſex by nature love th' intriguing trade.
Straight the vain fop in ignorant raptures cries,
" Paris the barbarous world will civilize!"
Pray, Sir, point out among the paſſing band
The preſent beauties who the town command.
" See yonder dame; ſtrict virtue chills her breaſt,
" Mark in her eye demure the prude profeſt;
" That frozen boſom native fire muſt want,
" Which boaſts of conſtancy to one gallant!
" This next the ſpoils of fifty lovers wears,
" Rich Dandin's brilliant favours grace her ears;
" The necklace Florio's generous flame beſtow'd,
" Clitander's ſparkling gems her finger load;

" But now her charms grow cheap by conſtant uſe,
" She ſins for ſcarfs, clock'd-ſtockings, knots, and ſhoes.
" This next, with ſober gait and ſerious leer,
" Wearies her knees with morn and evening prayer;
" She ſcorns th' ignoble love of feeble pages,
" But with three abbots in one night engages.
" This with the cardinal her nights employs,
" Where holy ſinews conſecrate her joys.
" Why have I promis'd things beyond my power?
" Five aſſignations wait me at this hour!
" The ſprightly counteſs firſt my viſit claims,
" To-morrow ſhall indulge inferior dames.
" Pardon me, Sir, that thus I take my leave;
" Gay Florimella ſlily twitch'd my ſleeve."
Adieu, Monſieur!—The opera hour draws near.
Not ſee the opera! all the world is there;
Where on the ſtage th' embroider'd youth of France
In bright array attract the female glance:
This languiſhes, this ſtruts, to ſhow his mien,
And not a gold-clock'd ſtocking moves unſeen.
But hark! the full orcheſtra ſtrike the ſtrings;
The hero ſtruts, and the whole audience ſings.
My jarring ear harſh grating murmurs wound,
Hoarſe and confus'd, like Babel's mingled ſound.
Hard chance had plac'd me near a noiſy throat,
That in rough quavers bellow'd every note.
Pray, Sir, ſays I, ſuſpend awhile your ſong;
The opera's drown'd; your lungs are wondrous ſtrong;
I wiſh to hear your Roland's ranting ſtrain,
While he with rooted foreſts ſtrows the plain.

Sudden he ſhrugs ſurpriſe, and anſwers quick,
" Monſieur apparement n'aime pas la muſique !"
Then turning round, he join'd th' ungrateful noiſe ;
And the loud chorus thunder'd with his voice.
O ſooth me with ſome ſoft Italian air,
Let harmony compoſe my tortur'd ear !
When Anaſtaſia's voice commands the ſtrain,
The melting warble thrills through every vein ;
Thought ſtands ſuſpenſe, and ſilence pleas'd attends,
While in her notes the heavenly choir deſcends.
But you'll imagine I'm a Frenchman grown,
Pleas'd and content with nothing but my own,
So ſtrongly with this prejudice poſſeſt,
He thinks French muſic and French painting beſt.
Mention the force of learn'd Corelli's notes,
Some ſcraping fiddler of their ball he quotes ;
Talk of the ſpirit Raphael's pencil gives,
Yet warm with life whoſe ſpeaking picture lives ;
Yes, Sir, ſays he, in colour and deſign,
Rigaut and Raphael are extremely fine !
'Tis true his country's love tranſports his breaſt
With warmer zeal than your old Greeks profeſt.
Ulyſſes lov'd his Ithaca of yore,
Yet that ſage traveller left his native ſhore.
What ſtronger virtue in the Frenchman ſhines !
He to dear Paris all his life confines.
I'm not ſo fond. There are, I muſt confeſs,
Things which might make me love my country leſs.
I ſhould not think my Britain had ſuch charms,
If loſt to learning, if enſlav'd by arms.

France

France has her Richlieus and her Colberts known ;
And then, I grant it, France in ſcience ſhone.
We too, I own, without ſuch aids may chance
In ignorance and pride to rival France.
But let me not forget Corneille, Racine,
Boileau's ſtrong ſenſe, and Moliere's humorous ſcene.
Let Cambray's name be ſung above the reſt,
Whoſe maxims, Pulteney, warm thy patriot breaſt ;
In Mentor's precepts wiſdom ſtrong and clear
Dictates ſublime, and diſtant nations hear.
Hear, all ye princes, who the world control,
What cares, what terrors, haunt the Tyrant's ſoul ;
His conſtant train are, Anger, Fear, Diſtruſt.
To be a king, is to be good and juſt ;
His people he protects, their rights he ſaves,
And ſcorns to rule a wretched race of ſlaves.
Happy, thrice happy, ſhall the monarch reign,
Where guardian laws deſpotic power reſtrain !
There ſhall the ploughſhare break the ſtubborn land,
And bending harveſt tire the peaſant's hand :
There Liberty her ſettled manſion boaſts,
There Commerce plenty brings from foreign coaſts.
O Britain ! guard thy laws, thy rights defend :
So ſhall theſe bleſſings to thy ſons deſcend !
You'll think 'tis time ſome other theme to chooſe,
And not with beaux and fops fatigue the Muſe :
Should I let ſatire looſe on Engliſh ground,
There fools of various character abound ;
But here my verſe is to one race confin'd,
All Frenchmen are of *petit-maitre* kind.

EPISTLE IV.

TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE

PAUL METHUEN*, Esq.

THAT 'tis encouragement makes ſcience ſpread,
Is rarely practis'd, though 'tis often ſaid.
When learning droops and ſickens in the land,
What patron's found, to lend a ſaving hand?
True generous ſpirits proſperous vice deteſt,
And love to cheriſh virtue when diſtreſt:
But, ere our mighty lords this ſcheme purſue,
Our mighty lords muſt think and act like you.
Why muſt we climb the Alpine mountain's ſides,
To find the ſeat where harmony reſides?
Why touch we not ſo ſoft the ſilver lute,
The cheerful hautboy, and the mellow flute?
'Tis not th' Italian clime improves the ſound;
But there the patrons of her ſons are found.
Why flouriſh'd verſe in great Auguſtus' reign?
He and Mæcenas lov'd the Muſe's ſtrain.
But now that wight in poverty muſt mourn
Who was (O cruel ſtars!) a poet born.
Yet there are ways for authors to be great;
Write rancorous libels to reform the ſtate:
Or, if you chooſe more ſure and ready ways,
Spatter a miniſter with fulſome praiſe:

* Afterwards Sir Paul, K. B.

Launch

Launch out with freedom, flatter him enough;
Fear not—all men are dedication proof.
Be bolder yet, you muſt go farther ſtill,
Dip deep in gall thy mercenary quill.
He, who his pen in party-quarrels draws,
Liſts an hir'd bravo to ſupport the cauſe;
He muſt indulge his patron's hate and ſpleen,
And ſtab the fame of thoſe he ne'er had ſeen.
Why then ſhould authors mourn their deſperate caſe?
Be brave, do this, and then demand a place.
Why art thou poor? Exert the gifts to riſe,
And baniſh timorous virtue from thy eyes.

All this ſeems modern preface, where we're told
That wit is prais'd, but hungry lives and cold:
Againſt th' ungrateful age theſe authors roar,
And fancy learning ſtarves becauſe they're poor.
Yet why ſhould learning hope ſucceſs at court?
Why ſhould our patriots virtue's cauſe ſupport?
Why to true merit ſhould they have regard?
They know that virtue is its own reward.
Yet let not me of grievances complain,
Who (though the meaneſt of the Muſes' train)
Can boaſt ſubſcriptions to my humble lays,
And mingle profit with my little praiſe.

Aſk Painting, why ſhe loves Heſperian air?
Go view, ſhe cries, my glorious labours there;
There in rich palaces I reign in ſtate,
And on the temples lofty domes create.
The nobles view my works with knowing eyes,
They love the ſcience, and the painter prize.

Why didſt thou, Kent, forego thy native land,
To emulate in picture Raphael's hand?
Think'ſt thou for this to raiſe thy name at home?
Go back, adorn the palaces of Rome;
There on the walls let thy juſt labours ſhine,
And Raphael live again in thy deſign.
Yet ſtay awhile; call all thy genius forth,
For Burlington unbiaſs'd knows thy worth;
His judgment in thy maſter-ſtrokes can trace
Titian's ſtrong fire, and Guido's ſofter grace.
But, oh, conſider, ere thy works appear,
Canſt thou unhurt the tongue of Envy hear?
Cenſure will blame; her breath was ever ſpent
To blaſt the laurels of the eminent.
While Burlington's proportion'd columns riſe,
Does not he ſtand the gaze of envious eyes?
Doors, windows, are condemn'd by paſſing fools,
Who know not that they damn Palladio's rules.
If Chandos with a liberal hand beſtow,
Cenſure imputes it all to pomp and ſhow;
When, if the motive right were underſtood,
His daily pleaſure is in doing good.

Had Pope with groveling numbers fill'd his page,
Dennis had never kindled into rage.
'Tis the ſublime that hurts the critic's eaſe;
Write nonſenſe, and he reads and ſleeps in peace.
Were Prior, Congreve, Swift, and Pope, unknown,
Poor ſlander-ſelling Curll would be undone.
He, who would free from malice paſs his days,
Muſt live obſcure, and never merit praiſe.

But

But let this tale to valiant virtue tell
The daily perils of deſerving well.
A crow was ſtrutting o'er the ſtubbled plain,
Juſt as a lark deſcending clos'd his ſtrain.
The crow beſpoke him thus, with ſolemn grace:
"Thou moſt accompliſh'd of the feather'd race!
"What force of lungs! how clear! how ſweet you ſing!
"And no bird ſoars upon a ſtronger wing."
The lark, who ſcorn'd ſoft flattery, thus replies:
"True, I ſing ſweet, and on ſtrong pinion riſe;
"Yet let me paſs my life from envy free,
"For what advantage are theſe gifts to me?
"My ſong confines me to the wiry cage,
"My flight provokes the falcon's fatal rage.
"But, as you paſs, I hear the fowlers ſay,
"To ſhoot at crows is powder flung away."

EPISTLE V.

TO HER GRACE

HENRIETTA, DUTCHESS OF MARLBOROUGH.

1722.

EXCUSE me, madam, if amidſt your tears
A Muſe intrudes, a Muſe who feels your cares;
Numbers, like muſic, can ev'n grief control,
And lull to peace the tumults of the ſoul.
If partners in our woes the mind relieve,
Conſider for your loſs ten thouſands grieve;
Th' affliction burthens not your heart alone;
When Marlborough died, a nation gave a groan.
Could I recite the dangerous toils he choſe,
To bleſs his country with a fixt repoſe;
Could I recount the labours he o'ercame,
To raiſe his country to the pitch of fame;
His councils, ſieges, his victorious fights,
To ſave his country's laws and native rights;
No father (every generous heart muſt own)
Has ſtronger fondneſs to his darling ſhown.
Britannia's ſighs a double loſs deplore,
Her father and her hero is no more.
Does Britain only pay her debt of tears?
Yes. Holland ſighs, and for her freedom fears.
When Gallia's monarch pour'd his waſteful bands,
Like a wide deluge, o'er her level lands,

She

She ſaw her frontier towers in ruin lie,
Ev'n Liberty had prun'd her wings to fly:
Then Marlborough came, defeated Gallia fled;
And ſhatter'd Belgia rais'd her languid head;
In him ſecure, as in her ſtrongeſt mound
That keeps the raging ſea within its bound.
O Germany! remember Hockſtet's plain,
Where proſtrate Gallia bled at every vein:
Think on the reſcue of th' imperial throne,
Then think of Marlborough's death without a groan!
Apollo kindly whiſpers me: "Be wiſe:
"How to his glory ſhall thy numbers riſe?
"The force of verſe another theme might raiſe,
"But here the merit muſt tranſcend the praiſe.
"Haſt thou, preſumptuous bard! that godlike flame
"Which with the ſun ſhall laſt, and Marlborough's fame?
"Then ſing the man. But who can boaſt this fire?
"Reſign the taſk, and ſilently admire."
Yet ſhall he not in worthy lays be read?
Raiſe Homer, call up Virgil from the dead.
But he requires not the ſtrong glare of verſe:
Let punctual hiſtory his deeds rehearſe;
Let truth in native purity appear,
You'll find Achilles and Æneas there.
Is this the comfort which the Muſe beſtows?
I but indulge and aggravate your woes.
A prudent friend, who ſeeks to give relief,
Ne'er touches on the ſpring that mov'd the grief.

Is it not barbarous, to the ſighing maid
To mention broken vows and nymphs betray'd?
Would you the ruin'd merchant's ſoul appeaſe,
With talk of ſands, and rocks, and ſtormy ſeas?
Ev'n while I ſtrive on Marlborough's fame to riſe,
I call up ſorrow in a daughter's eyes.

Think on the laurels that his temples ſhade,
Laurels that (ſpite of time) ſhall never fade.
Immortal honour has enroll'd his name;
Detraction's dumb, and Envy put to ſhame.
Say, who can ſoar beyond his eagle flight;
Has he not reach'd to glory's utmoſt height?
What could he more, had Heav'n prolong'd his date?
All human power is limited by fate.

Forbear. 'Tis cruel further to commend;
I wake your ſorrow, and again offend.
Yet ſure your goodneſs muſt forgive a crime,
Which will be ſpread through every age and clime;
Though in your life ten thouſand ſummers roll,
And though you compaſs earth from pole to pole,
Where'er men talk of war and martial fame,
They'll mention Marlborough's and Cæſar's name.

But vain are all the counſels of the Muſe;
A ſoul like yours could not a tear refuſe:
Could you your birth and filial love forego,
Still ſighs muſt riſe, and generous ſorrow flow;
For, when from earth ſuch matchleſs worth removes,
A great mind ſuffers. Virtue virtue loves.

EPISTLE

EPISTLE VI*.

TO MR. POPE,

ON HIS HAVING FINISHED HIS

TRANSLATION OF HOMER'S ILIAD.

A WELCOME FROM GREECE.

I.

LONG haſt thou, friend! been abſent from my ſoil,
Like patient Ithacus at ſiege of Troy;
I have been witneſs of thy ſix years toil,
Thy daily labours, and thy night's annoy,
Loſt to thy native land, with great turmoil,
On the wide ſea, oft' threatening to deſtroy:
Methinks with thee I've trod Sigæan ground,
And heard the ſhores of Helleſpont reſound.

II.

Did I not ſee thee when thou firſt ſett'ſt ſail
To ſeek adventures fair in Homer's land?
Did I not ſee thy ſinking ſpirits fail,
And wiſh thy bark had never left the ſtrand?

* A cloſe imitation of the beginning of the 46th Canto of the "Orlando Furioſo." Mr. Gay has even adopted the meaſure of his original, and has compriſed his deſign in almoſt the ſame number of lines, viz. in twenty-one octave ſtanzas, inſtead of nineteen. S.

Ev'n

Ev'n in mid ocean often didſt thou quail,
And oft' lift up thy holy eye and hand,
Praying the Virgin dear, and ſaintly choir,
Back to the port to bring thy bark entire.

III.

Chear up, my friend! thy dangers now are o'er;
Methinks—nay, ſure the riſing coaſts appear;
Hark! how the guns ſalute from either ſhore,
As thy trim veſſel cuts the Thames ſo fair:
Shouts anſwering ſhouts from Kent and Eſſex roar,
And bells break loud through every guſt of air:
Bonfires do blaze, and bones and cleavers ring,
As at the coming of ſome mighty king.

IV.

Now paſs we Graveſend with a friendly wind,
And Tilbury's white fort, and long Blackwall;
Greenwich, where dwells the friend of human kind,
More viſited than or her park or hall,
Withers the good, and (with him ever join'd)
Facetious Diſney, greet thee firſt of all:
I ſee his chimney ſmoke, and hear him ſay,
Duke*! that's the room for Pope, and that for Gay.

V.

Come in, my friends! here ſhall ye dine and lie,
And here ſhall breakfaſt, and here dine again;
And ſup and breakfaſt on (if ye comply),
For I have ſtill ſome dozens of champaign:
His voice ſtill leſſens as the ſhip ſails by;
He waves his hand to bring us back in vain;

* He was uſually called "Duke Diſney." N.

For

For now I see, I see proud London's spires;
Greenwich is lost, and Deptford-dock retires.

VI.

Oh, what a concourse swarms on yonder quay!
The sky re-echoes with new shouts of joy:
By all this show, I ween, 'tis Lord Mayor's day;
I hear the voice of trumpet and hautboy.—
No, now I see them near.—Oh, these are they
Who come in crowds to welcome thee from Troy.
Hail to the bard, whom long as lost we mourn'd;
From siege, from battle, and from storm, return'd!

VII.

Of goodly dames, and courteous knights, I view
The silken petticoat, and broider'd vest;
Yea peers, and mighty dukes, with ribbands blue
(True blue, fair emblem of unstained breast).
Others I see, as noble, and more true,
By no court-badge distinguish'd from the rest:
First see I Methuen, of sincerest mind,
As Arthur * grave, as soft as woman-kind.

VIII.

What lady's that, to whom he gently bends?
Who knows not her? ah! those are Wortley's eyes:
How art thou honour'd, number'd with her friends!
For she distinguishes the good and wise.

* This person is mentioned in Pope's Epistle to Arbuthnot, ver. 23.

"Arthur, whose giddy son neglects the laws,
"Imputes to me, and my damn'd works, the cause."

The

The fweet-tongu'd Murray near her fide attends;
Now to my heart the glance of Howard flies;
Now Harvey, fair of face, I mark full well,
With thee, youth's youngeft daughter, fweet Lepell.

IX.

I fee two lovely fifters, hand in hand,
The fair-hair'd Martha, and Tereſa brown;
Madge Bellenden, the talleſt of the land;
And fmiling Mary, foft and fair as down.
Yonder I fee the cheerful dutcheſs ſtand,
For friendſhip, zeal, and blithſome humours known:
Whence that loud ſhout in ſuch a hearty ſtrain?
Why, all the Hamiltons are in her train.

X.

See next the decent Scudamore advance,
With Winchelſea, ſtill meditating ſong:
With her perhaps Miſs Howe came there by chance,
Nor knows with whom, or why ſhe comes along.
Far off from theſe ſee Santlow, fam'd for dance *;
And frolick Bicknell †, and her ſiſter young;
With other names, by me not to be nam'd,
Much lov'd in private, not in public fam'd!

XI.

But now behold the female band retire,
And the ſhrill muſic of their voice is ſtill'd!
Methinks I fee fam'd Buckingham admire,
That in Troy's ruin thou hadſt not been kill'd;

* She afterwards married Booth the player. S.

† Mrs. Bicknell, the actreſs, is mentioned in the Spectator, Tatler, and Guardian, with applauſe. S.

Sheffield,

Sheffield, who knows to ſtrike the living lyre
With hand judicious, like thy Homer ſkill'd,
Bathurſt impetuous haſtens to the coaſt,
Whom you and I ſtrive who ſhall love the moſt.

XII.

See generous Burlington, with goodly Bruce
(But Bruce comes wafted in a ſoft ſedan);
Dan Prior next, belov'd by every Muſe;
And friendly Congreve, unreproachful man!
(Oxford by Cunningham hath ſent excuſe;)
See hearty Watkins comes with cup and can;
And Lewis, who has never friend forſaken;
And Laughton whiſpering aſks—Is Troy town taken?

XIII.

Earl Warwick comes, of free and honeſt mind;
Bold, generous Craggs, whoſe heart was ne'er diſguis'd:
Ah why, ſweet St. John, cannot I thee find?
St. John, for every ſocial virtue priz'd.—
Alas! to foreign climates he's confin'd,
Or elſe to ſee thee here I well ſurmis'd:
Thou too, my Swift, doſt breathe Bœotian air;
When wilt thou bring back wit and humour here?

XIV.

Harcourt I ſee, for eloquence renown'd,
The mouth of juſtice, oracle of law!
Another Simon is beſide him found,
Another Simon, like as ſtraw to ſtraw.
How Lanſdown ſmiles, with laſting laurel crown'd!
What mitred prelate there commands our awe?

See Rocheſter approving nods his head *,
And ranks one modern with the mighty dead.

XV.

Carleton and Chandos thy arrival grace;
Hanmer, whoſe eloquence th' unbiaſs'd ſways;
Harley, whoſe goodneſs opens in his face,
And ſhews his heart the ſeat where virtue ſtays.
Ned Blount advances next, with buſy pace,
In haſte, but ſauntering, hearty in his ways:
I ſee the friendly Carylls come by dozens,
Their wives, their uncles, daughters, ſons, and couſins.

XVI.

Arbuthnot there I ſee, in phyſic's art,
As Galen learn'd, or famed Hippocrate;
Whoſe company drives ſorrow from the heart,
As all diſeaſe his medicines diſſipate:
Kneller amid the triumph bears his part†,
Who could (were mankind loſt) anew create:
What can th' extent of his vaſt ſoul confine?
A painter, critick, engineer, divine!

XVII.

Thee Jervas hails, robuſt and debonair,
Now have [we] conquer'd Homer, friends, he cries:
Darteneuf, grave joker, joyous Ford is there ‡,
And wondering Maine, ſo fat with laughing eyes,

* So in the Epiſtle to Dr. Arbuthnot.
" Ev'n mitred Rocheſter would nod the head." S.

† This is no more than a compliment to the vanity of Sir Godfrey, which Pope and other wits were always putting to the ſtrongeſt trials. S.

‡ Charles Ford, eſq. writer of the Gazette. S.

(Gay,

(Gay, Maine, and Cheney, boon companions dear,
Gay fat, Maine fatter, Cheney huge of size)
Yea Dennis, Gildon (hearing thou hast riches),
And honest, hatless Cromwell, with red breeches.

XVIII.

O Wanley, whence com'st thou with shorten'd hair,
And visage from thy shelves with dust besprent *;
" Forsooth (quoth he) from placing Homer there,
" For ancients to compyle is myne entente:
" Of ancients only hath Lord Harley care;
" But hither me hath my meeke lady sent: —
" In manuscript of Greeke rede we thilke fame,
" But book yprint best plesyth myn gude dame."

XIX.

Yonder I see, among th' expecting crowd,
Evans with laugh jocose, and tragic Young;
High-buskin'd Booth, grave Mawbert, wandering Frowde,
And Titcomb's belly waddles slow along †.

* So in the Dunciad, B. iii. 185.
" But who is he in closet close ypent
" Of sober face, *with learned dust besprent?*"
Humphrey Wanley was librarian to Lord Oxford. S.

† The names of the majority of persons here enumerated are in want of no illustration; and concerning a few of them, it would be difficult to supply any. Titcomb, however, is mentioned in a letter from Pope to Congreve. " There is a grand revolution " at Will's. Morrice has quitted for a coffee-house in the city; " and Titcomb is restored, to the great joy of Cromwell, who was " at a loss for a person to converse with on the fathers and church " history." S.

See Digby faints at Southern talking loud,
Yea Steele and Tickell mingle in the throng:
Tickell, whose skiff (in partnership they say *)
Set forth for Greece, but founder'd in the way.

XX.

Lo the two Doncastles in Berkshire known!
Lo Bickford, Fortescue, of Devon land!
Lo Tooker, Eckershall, Sykes, Rawlinson!
See hearty Morley † takes thee by the hand!
Ayrs, Graham, Buckridge, joy thy voyage done;
But who can count the leaves, the stars, the sand?
Lo Stonor, Fenton, Caldwell, Ward, and Broome!
Lo thousands more; but I want rhyme and room!

XXI.

How lov'd! how honour'd thou! yet be not vain:
And sure thou art not, for I hear thee say,
All this, my friends, I owe to Homer's strain,
On whose strong pinions I exalt my lay.
What from contending cities did he gain?
And what rewards his grateful country pay?
None, none were paid—why then all this for me?
These honours, Homer, had been just to thee.

* See the "First Book of the Iliad" among the Poems of Mr. Tickell. N.

† See Prior's Ballad of "Down Hall." N.

EPISTLE

EPISTLE VII.

TO

MR. THOMAS SNOW,

GOLDSMITH, NEAR TEMPLE-BAR.

A PANEGYRICK,

OCCASIONED BY HIS BUYING AND SELLING OF THE THIRD SOUTH-SEA SUBSCRIPTIONS, TAKEN IN BY THE DIRECTORS AT A THOUSAND PER CENT.

DISDAIN not, Snow, my humble verſe to hear:
Stick thy black pen awhile behind thy ear.
Whether thy compter ſhine with ſums untold,
And thy wide-graſping hand grow black with gold;
Whether thy mien erect, and ſable locks,
In crowds of brokers over-awe the ſtocks;
Suſpend the worldly buſineſs of the day,
And, to enrich thy mind, attend my lay.
O thou, whoſe penetrative wiſdom found
The South-Sea rocks and ſhelves, where thouſands drown'd!
When credit ſunk, and commerce gaſping lay,
Thou ſtood'ſt; nor ſent'ſt one bill unpaid away.
When not a guinea chink'd on Martin's boards,
And Atwell's ſelf was drain'd of all his hoards,

Thou ſtood'ſt (an Indian king in ſize and hue),
Thy unexhauſted ſhop was our Peru.
Why did 'Change-Alley waſte *thy* precious hours
Among the fools who gap'd for golden ſhowers?
No wonder if we found ſome poets there,
Who live on fancy, and can feed on air;
No wonder they were caught by South-Sea ſchemes,
Who ne'er enjoy'd a guinea, but in dreams;
No wonder they their third ſubſcriptions ſold,
For millions of imaginary gold;
No wonder, that their fancies wild can frame
Strange reaſons, that a thing is ſtill the ſame,
Though chang'd throughout in ſubſtance and in name.
But you (whoſe judgment ſcorns poetic flights)
With contracts furniſh boys for paper-kites.

Let Vulture Hopkins ſtretch his ruſty throat,
Who'd ruin thouſands for a ſingle groat.
I know thou ſpurn'ſt his mean, his ſordid mind;
Nor with ideal debts would'ſt plague mankind.
Why ſtrive his greedy hands to graſp at more?—
The wretch was born to want, whoſe ſoul is poor.

Madmen alone their empty dreams purſue,
And ſtill believe the fleeting viſion true;
They ſell the treaſure which their ſlumbers get,
Then wake, and fancy all the world in debt.
If to inſtruct thee all my reaſons fail,
Yet be *diverted* by this moral tale.

Through fam'd Moorfields extends a ſpacious ſeat,
Where mortals of exalted wit retreat;

Where,

Where, wrapp'd in contemplation and in ſtraw,
The wiſer few from the mad world withdraw.
There, in full opulence, a banker dwelt,
Who all the joys and pangs of riches felt:
His ſide-board glitter'd with imagin'd plate;
And his proud fancy held a vaſt eſtate.

As on a time he paſs'd the vacant hours,
In raiſing piles of ſtraw and twiſted bowers;
A poet enter'd, of the neighbouring cell,
And with fix'd eyes obſerv'd the ſtructure well;
A ſharpen'd ſkewer croſs his bare ſhoulders bound
A tatter'd rug, which dragg'd upon the ground.

The banker cry'd, "Behold my caſtle-walls,
"My ſtatues, gardens, fountains, and canals;
"With land of twenty thouſand acres round!
"All theſe I ſell thee for ten thouſand pound."

The bard with wonder the cheap purchaſe ſaw,
So ſign'd the contract (as ordains the law).

The banker's brain was cool'd, the miſt grew clear;
The viſionary ſcene was loſt in air.
He now the vaniſh'd proſpect underſtood,
And fear'd the fancied bargain was not good:
Yet, loath the ſum entire ſhould be deſtroy'd,
"Give me a penny, and thy contract's void."

The ſtartled bard with eye indignant frown'd.
"Shall I, ye Gods (he cries), my debts compound!"
So ſaying, from his rug the ſkewer he takes,
And on the ſtick ten equal notches makes;
With juſt reſentment flings it on the ground;
"There, take my tally of ten thouſand pound!"

EPISTLE VIII.

MARY GULLIVER

TO

CAPTAIN LEMUEL GULLIVER.

ARGUMENT.

The Captain, ſome time after his return, being retired to Mr. Sympſon's in the country; Mrs. Gulliver, apprehending from his late behaviour ſome eſtrangement of his affections, writes him the following expoſtulating, ſoothing, and tenderly-complaining Epiſtle.

WELCOME, thrice welcome, to thy native place!
—What, touch me not? What, ſhun a wife's embrace?
Have I for this thy tedious abſence borne,
And wak'd and wiſh'd whole nights for thy return?
In five long years I took no ſecond ſpouſe;
What Redriff wife ſo long hath kept her vows?
Your eyes, your noſe, inconſtancy betray;
Your noſe you ſtop, your eyes you turn away.

'Tis

'Tis said that thou should'st *cleave unto thy wife;*
Once thou didst cleave, and I could cleave for life.
Hear, and relent! hark, how thy children moan:
Be kind at least to these — they are thy own!
Be bold, and count them all; secure to find
The honest number that you left behind.
See how they pat thee with their pretty paws;
Why start you? are they snakes? or have they claws?
Thy Christian seed, our mutual flesh and bone:
Be kind at least to these — they are thy own!
* Biddel, like thee, might farthest India rove;
He chang'd his country, but retains his love:
There 's Captain * Pannel, absent half his life,
Comes back, and is the kinder to his wife;
Yet Pannel's wife is brown, compar'd to me,
And Mistress Biddel sure is fifty-three!
Not touch me! never neighbour call'd me slut:
Was Flimnap's dame more sweet in Lilliput?
I've no red hair, to breathe an odious fume;
At least thy consort's cleaner than thy groom.
Why then that dirty stable-boy thy care?
What mean those visits to the sorrel mare?
Say, by what witchcraft, or what dæmon led,
Preferr'st thou litter to the marriage-bed!
Some say the devil himself is in that mare:
If so, our Dean shall drive him forth by prayer.
Some think you mad; some think you are possest;
That Bedlam and clean straw will suit you best.

* Names of the sea-captains mentioned in the Travels.

Vain

Vain means, alas, this phrenzy to appeaſe!
That ſtraw, that ſtraw would heighten the diſeaſe.
My bed (the ſcene of all our former joys,
Witneſs two lovely girls, two lovely boys)
Alone I preſs; in dreams I call my dear,
I ſtretch my hand; no Gulliver is there!
I wake, I riſe, and, ſhivering with the froſt,
Search all the houſe: my Gulliver is loſt!
Forth in the ſtreets I ruſh with frantic cries;
The windows open; all the neighbours riſe:
Where ſleeps my Gulliver? O tell me where!
The neighbours anſwer, "With the ſorrel mare!"
At early morn, I to the market haſte
(Studious in every thing to pleaſe thy taſte);
A curious fowl and 'ſparagus I choſe
(For I remember'd you were fond of thoſe):
Three ſhillings coſt the firſt, the laſt ſeven groats;
Sullen you turn from both, and call for oats.
Others bring goods and treaſure to their houſes,
Something to deck their pretty babes and ſpouſes;
My only token was a cup like horn,
That's made of nothing but a lady's corn.
'Tis not for that I grieve; no, 'tis to ſee
The groom and ſorrel mare preferr'd to me!
Theſe for ſome moments when you deign to quit,
And (at due diſtance) ſweet diſcourſe admit,
'Tis all my pleaſure thy paſt toil to know,
For pleas'd remembrance builds delight on woe.
At every danger pants thy conſort's breaſt,
And gaping infants ſquall to hear the reſt.

How did I tremble when, by thouſands bound,
I ſaw thee ſtretch'd on Lilliputian ground!
When ſcaling armies climb'd up every part,
Each ſtep they trod I felt upon my heart.
But, when thy torrent quench'd the dreadful blaze,
King, queen, and nation, ſtaring with amaze,
Full in my view how all my huſband came!
And what extinguiſh'd theirs, increas'd my flame.
Thoſe ſpectacles, ordain'd thine eyes to ſave,
Were once my preſent; Love that armour gave.
How did I mourn at Bolgolam's decree!
For, when he ſign'd thy death, he ſentenc'd me.
When folks might ſee thee all the country round
For ſix-pence, I'd have given a thouſand pound.
Lord! when that giant babe that head of thine
Got in his mouth, my heart was up in mine!
When in the marrow-bone I ſee thee ramm'd,
Or on the houſe-top by the monkey cramm'd,
The piteous images renew my pain,
And all thy dangers I weep o'er again.
But on the maiden's nipple when you rid,
Pray Heav'n 'twas all a wanton maiden did!
Glumdalclitch too!—with thee I mourn her caſe:
Heaven guard the gentle girl from all diſgrace!
O may the king that one neglect forgive,
And pardon her the fault by which I live!
Was there no other way to ſet him free?
My life, alas! I fear, prov'd death to thee.
O teach me, Dear, new words to ſpeak my flame!
Teach me to woo thee by thy beſt-lov'd name.

Whether

Whether the ſtyle of Grildrig pleaſe thee moſt,
So call'd on Brobdingnag's ſtupendous coaſt,
When on the monarch's ample hand you ſate,
And halloo'd in his ear intrigues of ſtate;
Or Quinbus Fleſtrin more endearment brings,
When like a mountain you look'd down on kings;
If ducal Nardac, Lilliputian peer,
Or Glumblum's humbler title ſooth thy ear;
Nay, would kind Jove my organs ſo diſpoſe,
To hymn harmonious Houyhnhnm through the noſe,
I'd call the Houyhnhnm, that high-ſounding name,
Thy children's noſes all ſhould twang the ſame.
So might I find my loving ſpouſe of courſe
Endued with all the virtues of a horſe.

EPISTLE IX.

BOUNCE to FOP.

FROM

A DOG at TWICKENHAM,

TO

A DOG at COURT.

TO thee, ſweet Fop, theſe lines I ſend,
Who, though no ſpaniel, am a friend.
Though once my tail in wanton play,
Now friſking this and then that way,
Chanc'd, with a touch of juſt the tip,
To hurt your lady-lap-dog-ſhip;
Yet thence to think I'd bite your head off
Sure Bounce is one you never read of.
Fop! you can dance, and make a leg,
Can fetch and carry, cringe and beg;
And (what's the top of all your tricks)
Can ſtoop to pick up ſtrings and ſticks.
We country dogs love nobler ſport,
And ſcorn the pranks of dogs at court.
Fie, naughty Fop! where'er you come
To fart and piſs about the room,

To

To lay your head in every lap,
And when they think not of you—ſnap:
The worſt that envy, or that ſpite,
E'er ſaid of me is, I *can* bite;
That ſturdy vagrants, rogues in rags,
Who poke at me, can make no brags;
And that to touze ſuch things as *flutter*,
To honeſt Bounce is bread and butter.

While you and every courtly fop
Fawn on the devil for a chop;
I've the humanity to hate
A butcher, though he brings me meat:
And, let me tell you, have a noſe
(Whatever ſtinking fops ſuppoſe)
That, under cloth of gold or tiſſue,
Can ſmell a plaſter, or an iſſue.
Your pilfering lord, with ſimple pride,
May wear a pick-lock at his ſide:
My maſter wants no key of ſtate,
For Bounce can keep his houſe and gate.

When all ſuch dogs have had their days,
As knaviſh Pams, and fawning Trays:
When pamper'd Cupids, beaſtly Veni's,
And motley, ſquinting Harlequini's *,
Shall lick no more their lady's breech,
But die of looſeneſs, claps, or itch;
Fair Thames from either echoing ſhore
Shall hear and dread my manly roar.

* Alii legunt *Harvequini's*.

See

See Bounce, like Berecynthia crown'd,
With thundering offspring all around,
Beneath, beſide me, and at top,
A hundred ſons! and not one Fop.
Before my children ſet your beef,
Not one true Bounce will be a thief;
Not one without permiſſion feed
(Though ſome of J——'s hungry breed);
But whatſoe'er the father's race,
From me they ſuck a little grace:
While your fine whelps learn all to ſteal,
Bred up by hand on chick and veal.
My eldeſt-born reſides not far
Where ſhines great Strafford's glittering ſtar;
My ſecond (child of fortune!) waits
At Burlington's Palladian gates;
A third majeſtically ſtalks
(Happieſt of dogs) in Cobham's walks!
One uſhers friends to Bathurſt's door,
One fawns at Oxford's on the poor.
Nobles, whom arms or arts adorn,
Wait for my infants yet unborn.
None but a peer of wit and grace
Can hope a puppy of my race:
And, oh! would fate the bliſs decree
To mine (a bliſs too great for me),
That two my talleſt ſons might grace
Attending each with ſtately pace
Iülus' ſide, as erſt Evander's *,
To keep off flatterers, ſpies, and panders;

* Virg. Æn. viii.

To

To let no noble ſlave come near,
And ſcare lord Fannies from his ear:
Then might a royal youth, and true,
Enjoy at leaſt a friend — or two;
A treaſure, which, of royal kind,
Few but himſelf deſerve to find;
Then Bounce ('tis all that Bounce can crave)
Shall wag her tail within the grave.
And though no doctors, Whig or Tory ones,
Except the ſect of Pythagoreans,
Have immortality aſſign'd
To any beaſt but Dryden's hind *:
Yet maſter Pope, whom Truth and Senſe
Shall call their friend ſome ages hence,
Though now on loftier themes he ſings,
Than to beſtow a word on kings,
Has ſworn by Styx †, the poet's oath,
And dread of dogs and poets both,
Man and his works he'll ſoon renounce,
And roar in numbers worthy Bounce.

* "A milk-white hind, immortal and unchang'd."
Hind and Panther, ver. 1.

† Orig. *Sticks*; purpoſely miſ-ſpelt, to make it "the dread of "dogs."

EPISTLE

EPISTLE X.

TO THE

LEARNED INGENIOUS AUTHOR*

OF

LICENTIA POETICA DISCUSSED;

OR, THE

TRUE TEST OF POETRY.

WRITTEN IN 1709.

THE vulgar notion of poetic fire
Is, that laborious Art can ne'er aſpire,
Nor conſtant ſtudies the bright bays acquire;
And that high flights the unborn Bard receives,
And only Nature the due laurel gives:
But you, with innate ſhining flames endow'd,
To wide Caſtalian ſprings point out the God;

* Dr. William Coward, a phyſician of ſome eminence. He was author of a great variety of treatiſes on various ſubjects, medical, poetical, and religious. The latter having been principally of a ſceptical nature, he is generally ranked amongſt the Deiſtical writers. N.

Through your perſpective we can plainly ſee
The new-diſcover'd road of poetry;
To ſteep Parnaſſus you direct the way
So ſmooth, that venturous travellers cannot ſtray,
But with unerring ſteps rough ways diſdain,
And, by you led, the beauteous ſummit gain,
Where poliſh'd lays ſhall raiſe their growing fames,
And with their tuneful guide enrol their honour'd names.

EPISTLE

EPISTLE XI.

TO MY INGENIOUS AND WORTHY FRIEND

WILLIAM LOWNDS, ESQ.

AUTHOR OF THAT CELEBRATED TREATISE IN FOLIO, CALLED THE LAND-TAX BILL.

WHEN poets print their works, the ſcribbling crew
Stick the bard o'er with bays, like Chriſtmas-pew:
Can meagre poetry ſuch fame deſerve?
Can poetry, that only writes to ſtarve?
And ſhall no laurel deck that famous head,
In which the Senate's annual law is bred?
That hoary head, which greater glory fires,
By nobler *ways and means* true fame acquires.
O had I Virgil's force, to ſing the man,
Whoſe learned lines can millions raiſe *per ann.*
Great Lownds's praiſe ſhould ſwell the trump of fame,
And *rapes* and *wapentakes* reſound his name!
If the blind poet gain'd a long renown
By ſinging every Grecian chief and town;
Sure Lownds's proſe much greater fame requires,
Which ſweetly counts five thouſand knights and ſquires,
Their ſeats, their cities, pariſhes, and ſhires.

Thy copious preamble ſo ſmoothly runs,
Taxes no more appear like legal duns:
Lords, Knights, and Squires, th' Aſſeſſor's power obey;
We read with pleaſure, though with pain we pay.
Ah! why did Coningſby thy works defame!
That author's long harangue betrays his name.
After his ſpeeches can his pen ſucceed?
Though forc'd to hear, we're not oblig'd to read.
Under what ſcience ſhall thy works be read?
All know thou wert not poet born and bred.
Or doſt thou boaſt th' Hiſtorian's laſting pen,
Whoſe annals are the acts of worthy men?
No. Satire is thy talent; and each laſh
Makes the rich Miſer tremble o'er his caſh.
What on the Drunkard can be more ſevere,
Than direful taxes on his ale and beer?
Ev'n Button's wits are nought, compar'd to thee,
Who ne'er were known or prais'd but o'er his tea;
While thou through Britain's diſtant iſle ſhalt ſpread,
In every *hundred* and *diviſion* read.
Critics in claſſics oft' interpolate,
But every word of thine is fix'd as fate.
Some works come forth at morn, but die at night,
In blazing fringes round a tallow-light.
Some may perhaps to a whole week extend,
Like Steele (when unaſſiſted by a friend):
But thou ſhalt live a year, in ſpite of Fate;
And where's your author boaſts a longer date?
Poets of old had ſuch a wondrous power,
That with their verſes they could raiſe a tower:

But

But in thy prose a greater force is found;
What poet ever rais'd ten thousand pound?
Cadmus, by sowing dragons' teeth, we read,
Rais'd a vast army from the poisonous seed.
Thy labours, Lownds, can greater wonders do;
Thou raisest armies, and canst pay them too.
Truce with thy dreaded pen; thy annals cease;
Why need we armies when the land's in peace?
Soldiers are perfect devils in their way;
When once they're rais'd, they're curs'd hard to lay.

EPISTLE XII.

TO A

YOUNG LADY,

WITH SOME LAMPREYS.

WITH lovers 'twas of old the fashion
By presents to convey their passion;
No matter what the gift they sent,
The lady saw that love was meant.
Fair Atalanta, as a favour,
Took the boar's head her Hero gave her;
Nor could the bristly thing affront her;
'Twas a fit present from a hunter.
When squires send woodcocks to the dame,
It serves to shew their absent flame.
Some by a snip of woven hair,
In posied lockets, bribe the fair.
How many mercenary matches
Have sprung from diamond-rings and watches!
But hold—a ring, a watch, a locket,
Would drain at once a poet's pocket;
He should send songs that cost him nought,
Nor ev'n be prodigal of thought.
Why then send Lampreys? Fye, for shame!
'Twill set a virgin's blood on flame.
This to fifteen a proper gift!
It might lend sixty-five a lift.
I know your maiden aunt will scold,
And think my present somewhat bold.

I see her lift her hands and eyes:
" What! eat it, niece; eat Spanish flies!
" Lamprey's a most immodest diet:
" You'll neither wake nor sleep in quiet.
" Should I to-night eat Sago-cream,
" 'Twould make me blush to tell my dream:
" If I eat Lobster, 'tis so warming,
" That every man I see looks charming.
" Wherefore had not the filthy fellow
" Laid Rochester upon your pillow?
" I vow and swear, I think the present
" Had been as modest and as decent.
" Who has her virtue in her power?
" Each day has its unguarded hour;
" Always in danger of undoing,
" A prawn, a shrimp, may prove our ruin!
" The shepherdess, who lives on sallad,
" To cool her youth, controls her palate.
" Should Dian's maids turn liquorish livers,
" And of huge lampreys rob the rivers,
" Then, all beside each glade and visto,
" You'd see Nymphs lying like Calisto.
" The man, who meant to heat your blood,
" Needs not himself such vicious food—"
In this, I own, your aunt is clear,
I sent you what I well might spare:
For, when I see you (without joking),
Your eyes, lips, breasts, are so provoking,
They set my heart more cock-a-hoop,
Than could whole seas of craw-fish soup.

EPISTLE XIII.

TO A LADY,

ON HER

PASSION FOR OLD CHINA.

WHAT ecſtaſies her boſom fire!
How her eyes languiſh with deſire!
How bleſt, how happy, ſhould I be,
Were that fond glance beſtow'd on me!
New doubts and fears within me war:
What rival's near? a china jar.
China's the paſſion of her ſoul:
A cup, a plate, a diſh, a bowl,
Can kindle wiſhes in her breaſt,
Inflame with joy, or break her reſt.
Some gems collect; ſome medals prize,
And view the ruſt with lovers' eyes;
Some court the ſtars at midnight hours;
Some doat on Nature's charms in flowers:
But every beauty I can trace
In Laura's mind, in Laura's face;
My ſtars are in this brighter ſphere,
My lily and my roſe is here.
Philoſophers, more grave than wiſe,
Hunt ſcience down in butterflies;

Or,

Or, fondly poring on a ſpider,
Stretch human contemplation wider.
Foſſils give joy to Galen's ſoul;
He digs for knowledge, like a mole;
In ſhells ſo learn'd, that all agree
No fiſh that ſwims knows more than he!
In ſuch purſuits if wiſdom lies,
Who, Laura, ſhall thy taſte deſpiſe?
When I ſome antique jar behold,
Or white, or blue, or ſpeck'd with gold;
Veſſels ſo pure, and ſo refin'd,
Appear the types of woman-kind:
Are they not valued for their beauty,
Too fair, too fine, for houſhold duty?
With flowers and gold and azure dy'd,
Of every houſe the grace and pride?
How white, how poliſh'd is their ſkin,
And valued moſt when only ſeen!
She, who before was higheſt priz'd,
Is for a crack or flaw deſpis'd.
I grant they're frail; yet they're ſo rare,
The treaſure cannot coſt too dear!
But man is made of coarſer ſtuff,
And ſerves convenience well enough;
He's a ſtrong earthen veſſel, made
For drudging, labour, toil, and trade;
And, when wives loſe their other ſelf,
With eaſe they bear the loſs of delf.
Huſbands, more covetous than ſage,
Condemn this china-buying rage;

They

They count that woman's prudence little,
Who ſets her heart on things ſo brittle.
But are thoſe wiſe men's inclinations
Fix'd on more ſtrong, more ſure foundations?
If all that's frail we muſt deſpiſe,
No human view or ſcheme is wiſe.
Are not Ambition's hopes as weak?
They ſwell like bubbles, ſhine, and break.
A Courtier's promiſe is ſo ſlight,
'Tis made at noon, and broke at night.
What pleaſure's ſure? The Miſs you keep
Breaks both your fortune and your ſleep.
The man who loves a country-life
Breaks all the comforts of his wife;
And, if he quit his farm and plough,
His wife in town may break her vow.
Love, Laura, love, while youth is warm,
For each new winter breaks a charm;
And woman's not like china ſold,
But cheaper grows in growing old;
Then quickly chooſe the prudent part,
Or elſe you break a faithful heart.

EPISTLE XIV.

ON A

MISCELLANY OF POEMS.

TO BERNARD LINTOTT.

" Ipſa varietate tentamus efficere ut alia aliis, quædam
" fortaſſe omnibus placeant." PLIN. Epiſt.

AS when ſome ſkilful cook, to pleaſe each gueſt,
Would in one mixture comprehend a feaſt,
With due proportion and judicious care
He fills his diſh with different ſorts of fare,
Fiſhes and fowls deliciouſly unite,
To feaſt at once the taſte, the ſmell, and ſight.
So, Bernard, muſt a Miſcellany be
Compounded of all kinds of poetry;
The Muſes' olio, which all taſtes may fit,
And treat each reader with his darling wit.
Would'ſt thou for Miſcellanies raiſe thy fame,
And bravely rival Jacob's mighty name,
Let all the Muſes in the piece conſpire;
The lyric bard muſt ſtrike th' harmonious lyre;
Heroic ſtrains muſt here and there be found,
And nervous ſenſe be ſung in lofty ſound;
Let elegy in moving numbers flow,
And fill ſome pages with melodious woe;

Let

Let not your amorous ſongs too numerous prove,
Nor glut thy reader with abundant love;
Satire muſt interfere, whoſe pointed rage
May laſh the madneſs of a vicious age;
Satire! the Muſe that never fails to hit,
For if there's ſcandal, to be ſure there's wit.
Tire not our patience with Pindaric lays,
Thoſe ſwell the piece, but very rarely pleaſe;
Let ſhort-breath'd epigram its force confine,
And ſtrike at follies in a ſingle line.
Tranſlations ſhould throughout the work be ſown,
And Homer's godlike Muſe be made our own;
Horace in uſeful numbers ſhould be ſung,
And Virgil's thoughts adorn the Britiſh tongue.
Let Ovid tell Corinna's hard diſdain,
And at her door in melting notes complain;
His tender accents pitying virgins move,
And charm the liſtening ear with tales of love.
Let every claſſic in the volume ſhine,
And each contribute to thy great deſign;
Through various ſubjects let the reader range,
And raiſe his fancy with a grateful change.
Variety's the ſource of joy below,
From whence ſtill freſh revolving pleaſures flow.
In books and love, the mind one end purſues,
And only *change* th' expiring flame renews.

Where Buckingham will condeſcend to give,
That honour'd piece to diſtant times muſt live;
When noble Sheffield ſtrikes the trembling ſtrings,
The little Loves rejoice, and clap their wings;

Anacreon

Anacreon lives, they cry, th' harmonious ſwain
Retunes the lyre, and tries his wonted ſtrain,
'Tis he—our loſt Anacreon lives again.
But, when th' illuſtrious poet ſoars above
The ſportive revels of the God of Love,
Like Maro's Muſe, he takes a loftier flight,
And towers beyond the wondering Cupid's ſight.
If thou would'ſt have thy volume ſtand the teſt,
And of all others be reputed beſt,
Let Congreve teach the liſtening groves to mourn,
As when he wept o'er fair Paſtora's urn.
Let Prior's Muſe with ſoftening accents move,
Soft as the ſtrains of conſtant Emma's love:
Or let his fancy chooſe ſome jovial theme,
As when he told Hans Carvel's jealous dream;
Prior th' admiring reader entertains
With Chaucer's humour, and with Spenſer's ſtrains.
Waller in Granville lives; when Mira ſings,
With Waller's hand he ſtrikes the ſounding ſtrings,
With ſprightly turns his noble genius ſhines,
And manly ſenſe adorns his eaſy lines.
On Addiſon's ſweet lays attention waits,
And ſilence guards the place while he repeats;
His Muſe alike on every ſubject charms,
Whether ſhe paints the god of love, or arms:
In him pathetic Ovid ſings again,
And Homer's Iliad ſhines in his Campaign.
Whenever Garth ſhall raiſe his ſprightly ſong,
Senſe flows in eaſy numbers from his tongue;

Great

Great Phœbus in his learned ſon we ſee,
Alike in phyſic, as in poetry.

When Pope's harmonious Muſe with pleaſure roves
Amidſt the plains, the murmuring ſtreams, and groves,
Attentive Echo, pleas'd to hear his ſongs,
Through the glad ſhade each warbling note prolongs;
His various numbers charm our raviſh'd ears,
His ſteady judgment far out-ſhoots his years,
And early in the youth the god appears.

From theſe ſucceſsful bards collect thy ſtrains;
And praiſe with profit ſhall reward thy pains:
Then, while calves-leather-binding bears the ſway,
And ſheep-ſkin to its ſleeker gloſs gives way;
While neat old Elzevir is reckon'd better
Than Pirate Hill's brown ſheets and ſcurvy letter;
While print-admirers careful Aldus chooſe,
Before John Morphew, or the weekly news;
So long ſhall live thy praiſe in books of fame,
And Tonſon yield to Lintott's lofty name.

EPISTLE XV.

TO THE MOST HONOURABLE THE

EARL OF OXFORD,

THE LORD HIGH TREASURER*.

The Epigrammatical Petition of your Lordſhip's moſt humble Servant,

JOHN GAY.

I'M no more to converſe with the ſwains,
But go where fine people reſort:
One can live without money on plains,
But never without it at court.

If when with the ſwains I did gambol,
I array'd me in ſilver and blue;
When abroad and in courts I ſhall ramble,
Pray, my lord, how much money will do?

* See, in Swift's Works, a letter from Mr. Gay, dated June 8, 1714. N.

ECLOGUES.

THE

BIRTH OF THE SQUIRE.

IN IMITATION OF THE POLLIO OF VIRGIL.

YE ſylvan Muſes, loftier ſtrains recite:
Not all in ſhades and humble cots delight.
Hark! the bells ring; along the diſtant grounds
The driving gales convey the ſwelling ſounds;
Th' attentive ſwain, forgetful of his work,
With gaping wonder, leans upon his fork.
What ſudden news alarms the waking morn?
To the glad Squire a hopeful heir is born.
Mourn, mourn, ye ſtags, and all ye beaſts of chace;
This hour deſtruction brings on all your race:
See the pleas'd tenants duteous offerings bear,
Turkeys and geeſe, and grocer's ſweeteſt ware;
With the new health the ponderous tankard flows,
And old October reddens every noſe.

Beagles and ſpaniels round his cradle ſtand,
Kiſs his moiſt lip, and gently lick his hand.
He joys to hear the ſhrill horn's echoing ſounds,
And learns to liſp the names of all the hounds.
With frothy ale to make his cup o'erflow,
Barley ſhall in paternal acres grow;
The bee ſhall ſip the fragrant dew from flowers,
To give metheglin for his morning-hours;
For him the cluſtering hop ſhall climb the poles,
And his own orchard ſparkle in his bowls.

His Sire's exploits he now with wonder hears,
The monſtrous tales indulge his greedy ears;
How, when youth ſtrung his nerves and warm'd his veins,
He rode the mighty Nimrod of the plains.
He leads the ſtaring infant through the hall,
Points out the horny ſpoils that grace the wall;
Tells, how this ſtag through three whole counties fled,
What rivers ſwam, where bay'd, and where he bled.
Now he the wonders of the fox repeats,
Deſcribes the deſperate chace, and all his cheats;
How in one day, beneath his furious ſpeed,
He tir'd ſeven courſers of the fleeteſt breed;
How high the pale he leap'd, how wide the ditch,
When the hound tore the haunches of the * witch!
Theſe ſtories, which deſcend from ſon to ſon,
The forward boy ſhall one day make his own.

Ah, too fond mother, think the time draws nigh,
That calls the darling from thy tender eye;

* The moſt common accident to ſportſmen, to hunt a witch in the ſhape of a hare.

How

How ſhall his ſpirit brook the rigid rules,
And the long tyranny of grammar-ſchools?
Let younger brothers o'er dull authors plod,
Laſh'd into Latin by the tingling rod;
No, let him never feel that ſmart diſgrace:
Why ſhould he wiſer prove than all his race?
When ripening youth with down o'erſhades his chin,
And every female eye incites to ſin;
The milk-maid (thoughtleſs of her future ſhame)
With ſmacking lip ſhall raiſe his guilty flame;
The dairy, barn, the hay-loft, and the grove,
Shall oft' be conſcious of their ſtolen love.
But think, Priſcilla, on that dreadful time,
When pangs and watery qualms ſhall own thy crime.
How wilt thou tremble when thy nipple's preſt,
To ſee the white drops bathe thy ſwelling breaſt!
Nine moons ſhall publickly divulge thy ſhame,
And the young Squire foreſtall a father's name.

When twice twelve times the reaper's ſweeping hand
With level'd harveſts has beſtrown the land;
On fam'd St. Hubert's feaſt, his winding horn
Shall cheer the joyful hound, and wake the morn:
This memorable day his eager ſpeed
Shall urge with bloody heel the riſing ſteed.
O check the foamy bit, nor tempt thy fate,
Think on the murders of a five-bar gate!
Yet, prodigal of life, the leap he tries,
Low in the duſt his groveling honour lies,
Headlong he falls, and on the rugged ſtone
Diſtorts his neck, and cracks the collar-bone.

O venturous youth, thy thirſt of game allay:
May'ſt thou ſurvive the perils of this day!
He ſhall ſurvive; and in late years be ſent
To ſnore away Debates in Parliament.
The time ſhall come, when his more ſolid ſenſe
With nod important ſhall the laws diſpenſe;
A Juſtice with grave Juſtices ſhall ſit;
He praiſe their wiſdom, they admire his wit.
No greyhound ſhall attend the tenant's pace,
No ruſty gun the farmer's chimney grace;
Salmons ſhall leave their covers void of fear,
Nor dread the thieviſh net or triple ſpear;
Poachers ſhall tremble at his awful name,
Whom vengeance now o'ertakes for murder'd game.
Aſſiſt me, Bacchus, and ye drunken powers,
To ſing his friendſhips and his midnight hours!
Why doſt thou glory in thy ſtrength of beer,
Firm-cork'd and mellow'd till the twentieth year;
Brew'd or when Phœbus warms the fleecy ſign,
Or when his languid rays in Scorpio ſhine?
Think on the miſchiefs which from hence have ſprung!
It arms with curſes dire the wrathful tongue;
Foul ſcandal to the lying lip affords,
And prompts the memory with injurious words.
O where is wiſdom when by this o'erpower'd?
The ſtate is cenſur'd, and the maid deflower'd!
And wilt thou ſtill, O Squire, brew ale ſo ſtrong?
Hear then the dictates of prophetic ſong.
Methinks I ſee him in his hall appear,
Where the long table floats in clammy beer,

'Midſt

'Midſt mugs and glaſſes ſhatter'd o'er the floor,
Dead drunk, his ſervile crew ſupinely ſnore;
Triumphant, o'er the proſtrate brutes he ſtands,
The mighty bumper trembles in his hands;
Boldly he drinks, and, like his glorious ſires,
In copious gulps of potent ale expires.

THE TOILETTE.

A TOWN ECLOGUE.

LYDIA.

NOW twenty ſprings had cloth'd the park with green,
Since Lydia knew the bloſſom of fifteen;
No lovers now her morning hours moleſt,
And catch her at her toilette half-undreſt;
The thundering knocker wakes the ſtreet no more,
No chairs, no coaches, crowd her ſilent door;
Her midnights once at cards and hazard fled,
Which now, alas! ſhe dreams away in bed.
Around her wait Shocks, monkeys, and mockaws,
To fill the place of fops and perjur'd beaux;
In theſe ſhe views the mimickry of man,
And ſmiles when grinning Pug gallants her fan;
When Poll repeats, the ſounds deceive her ear
(For ſounds like his once told her Damon's care);
With theſe alone her tedious mornings paſs;
Or, at the dumb devotion of her glaſs,
She ſmooths her brow, and frizzles forth her hairs,
And fancies youthful dreſs gives youthful airs;
With crimſon wool ſhe fixes every grace,
That not a bluſh can diſcompoſe her face.
Reclin'd upon her arm, ſhe penſive ſate,
And curs'd th' inconſtancy of youth too late.
O Youth!

O Youth! O ſpring of life! for ever loſt!
No more my name ſhall reign the favourite toaſt;
On glaſs no more the diamond grave my name,
And rhymes miſ-ſpelt record a lover's flame:
Nor ſhall ſide-boxes watch my reſtleſs eyes,
And, as they catch the glance, in rows ariſe
With humble bows; nor white-lov'd beaux encroach
In crowds behind, to guard me to my coach.
Ah, hapleſs nymph! ſuch conqueſts are no more;
For Chloe's now what Lydia was before!

'Tis true, this Chloe boaſts the peach's bloom.
But does her nearer whiſper breathe perfume?
I own, her taper ſhape is form'd to pleaſe.
Yet if you ſaw her unconfin'd by ſtays!
She doubly to fifteen may make pretence;
Alike we read it in her face and ſenſe.
Her reputation! but that never yet
Could check the freedoms of a young coquette.
Why will ye then, vain fops, her eyes believe?
Her eyes can, like your perjur'd tongues, deceive.

What ſhall I do? how ſpend the hateful day?
At chapel ſhall I wear the morn away?
Who there frequents at theſe unmodiſh hours,
But ancient matrons with their frizzled towers,
And gray religious maids? My preſence there
Amid that ſober train would own deſpair;
Nor am I yet ſo old; nor is my glance
As yet fixt wholly to devotion's trance.

Straight then I'll dreſs, and take my wonted range
Through every Indian ſhop through all the Change;

Where the tall jar erects his coſtly pride,
With antick ſhapes in china's azure dy'd;
There careleſs lies the rich brocade unroll'd;
Here ſhines a cabinet with burniſh'd gold:
But then remembrance will my grief renew,
'Twas there the raffling dice falſe Damon threw;
The raffling dice to him decide the prize;
'Twas there he firſt convers'd with Chloe's eyes.
Hence ſprung th' ill-fated cauſe of all my ſmart;
To me the toy he gave, to her his heart.
But ſoon thy perjury in the gift was found,
The ſhiver'd china dropt upon the ground;
Sure omen that thy vows would faithleſs prove;
Frail was thy preſent, frailer is thy love.

O happy Poll, in wiry priſon pent;
Thou ne'er haſt known what love or rivals meant,
And Pug with pleaſure can his fetters bear,
Who ne'er believ'd the vows that lovers ſwear!
How am I curſt (unhappy and forlorn)
With perjury, with love, and rival's ſcorn!
Falſe are the looſe coquette's inveigling airs,
Falſe is the pompous grief of youthful heirs,
Falſe is the cringing courtier's plighted word,
Falſe are the dice when gameſters ſtamp the board,
Falſe is the ſprightly widow's public tear;
Yet theſe to Damon's oaths are all ſincere.

Fly from perfidious man, the ſex diſdain;
Let ſervile Chloe wear the nuptial chain.
Damon is practis'd in the modiſh life,
Can hate, and yet be civil to a wife.

He

He games; he ſwears; he drinks; he fights; he roves;
Yet Chloe can believe he fondly loves.
Miſtreſs and wife can well ſupply his need;
A miſs for pleaſure, and a wife for breed.
But Chloe's air is unconfin'd and gay,
And can perhaps an injur'd bed repay;
Perhaps her patient temper can behold
The rival of her love adorn'd with gold.
Powder'd with diamonds; free from thought and care,
A huſband's ſullen humours ſhe can bear.
Why are theſe ſobs? and why theſe ſtreaming eyes?
Is love the cauſe? No, I the ſex deſpiſe;
I hate, I loath his baſe perfidious name.
Yet if he ſhould but feign a rival flame?
But Chloe boaſts and triumphs in my pains;
To her he 's faithful, 'tis to me he feigns.
Thus love-ſick Lydia rav'd. Her maid appears;
A band-box in her ſteady hand ſhe bears.
How well this ribband's gloſs becomes your face!
She cries, in raptures; then, ſo ſweet a lace!
How charmingly you look! ſo bright! ſo fair!
'Tis to your eyes the head-dreſs owes its air.
Straight Lydia ſmil'd; the comb adjuſts her locks,
And at the play-houſe Harry keeps her box.

THE

THE TEA-TABLE.

A TOWN ECLOGUE.

DORIS AND MELANTHE.

SAINT James's noon-day bell for prayers had toll'd,
And coaches to the patron's *levee* roll'd,
When Doris roſe. And now through all the room
From flowery Tea exhales a fragrant fume.
Cup after cup they ſipt, and talk'd by fits,
For Doris here, and there Melanthe ſits.
Doris was young, a laughter-loving dame,
Nice of her own alike and others' fame:
Melanthe's tongue could well a tale advance,
And ſooner gave than ſunk a circumſtance;
Lock'd in her memory, ſecrets never dy'd.
Doris begun: Melanthe thus reply'd.

DORIS.

Sylvia the vain fantaſtic Fop admires;
The Rake's looſe gallantry her boſom fires:
Sylvia like that is vain, like this ſhe roves;
In liking them, ſhe but herſelf approves.

MELANTHE.

Laura rails on at men, the ſex reviles,
Their vice condemns, or at their folly ſmiles.
Why ſhould her tongue in juſt reſentment fail,
Since men at her with equal freedom rail?

DORIS.

DORIS.

Laſt Maſquerade was Sylvia nymph-like ſeen,
Her hand a crook ſuſtain'd, her dreſs was green;
An amorous ſhepherd led her through the crowd,
The nymph was innocent, the ſhepherd vow'd;
But nymphs their innocence with ſhepherds truſt;
So both withdrew, as nymph and ſhepherd muſt.

MELANTHE.

Name but the licence of the modern ſtage,
Laura takes fire, and kindles into rage;
The whining tragic love ſhe ſcarce can bear,
But naufeous comedy ne'er ſhock'd her ear;
Yet, in the gallery mobb'd, ſhe ſits ſecure,
And laughs at jeſts that turn the box demure.

DORIS.

Truſt not, ye Ladies, to your beauty's power,
For beauty withers like a ſhrivel'd flower;
Yet thoſe fair flowers, that Sylvia's temples bind,
Fade not with ſudden blights or winter's wind;
Like thoſe, her face defies the rolling years;
For art her roſes and her charms repairs.

MELANTHE.

Laura deſpiſes every outward grace,
The wanton ſparkling eye, the blooming face;
The beauties of the ſoul are all her pride,
For other beauties Nature has deny'd:
If affectation ſhew a beauteous mind,
Lives there a man to Laura's merits blind?

DORIS.

DORIS.

Sylvia be ſure defies the town's reproach,
Whoſe diſhabille is foil'd in hackney coach;
What though the ſaſh was clos'd, muſt we conclude,
That ſhe was yielding, when her fop was rude?

MELANTHE.

Laura learnt caution at too dear a coſt.
What fair could e'er retrieve her honour loſt?
Secret ſhe loves; and who the nymph can blame,
Who durſt not own a footman's vulgar flame?

DORIS.

Though Laura's homely taſte deſcends ſo low;
Her footman well may vie with Sylvia's beau.

MELANTHE.

Yet why ſhould Laura think it a diſgrace,
When proud Miranda's groom wears Flanders lace?

DORIS.

What though for muſick Cynthio boaſts an ear?
Robin perhaps can hum an Opera air.
Cynthio can bow, takes ſnuff, and dances well;
Robin talks common-ſenſe, can write and ſpell.
Sylvia's vain fancy dreſs and ſhow admires;
But 'tis the man alone whom Laura fires.

MELANTHE.

Plato's wiſe morals Laura's ſoul improve:
And this no doubt muſt be Platonic love!
Her ſoul to generous acts was ſtill inclin'd.
What ſhews more virtue than an humble mind?

DORIS.

DORIS.

What though young Sylvia love the park's cool ſhade,
And wander in the duſk the ſecret glade?
Maſqu'd and alone (by chance) ſhe met her ſpark;
That innocence is weak which ſhuns the dark.

MELANTHE.

But Laura for her flame has no pretence;
Her footman is a footman too in ſenſe.
All prudes I hate; and thoſe are rightly curſt
With ſcandal's double load, who cenſure firſt.

DORIS.

And what if Cynthio Sylvia's garter ty'd?
Who ſuch a foot and ſuch a leg would hide;
When crook-knee'd Phyllis can expoſe to view
Her gold-clock'd ſtocking, and her tawdry ſhoe?

MELANTHE.

If pure devotion center in the face,
If cenſuring others ſhew intrinſic grace,
If guilt to public freedoms be confin'd,
Prudes (all muſt own) are of the holy kind!

DORIS.

Sylvia diſdains reſerve, and flies conſtraint;
She neither is, nor would be thought, a Saint.

MELANTHE,

Love is a trivial paſſion, Laura cries:
May I be bleſt with friendſhip's ſtricter ties!
To ſuch a breaſt all ſecrets we commend;
Sure the whole Drawing-room is Laura's friend.

DORIS.

DORIS.

At marriage Sylvia rails; who men would truſt?
Yet huſbands' jealouſies are ſometimes juſt.
Her favours Sylvia ſhares among mankind:
Such generous love ſhould never be confin'd.

As thus alternate chat employ'd their tongue,
With thundering raps the brazen knocker rung.
Laura and Sylvia came; the nymphs ariſe;
"This unexpected viſit," Doris cries,
"Is doubly kind!" Melanthe Laura led:
"Since I was laſt ſo bleſt, my dear," ſhe ſaid,
"Sure 'tis an age!" They ſate; the hour was ſet;
And all again that night at Ombre met.

THE

THE FUNERAL.

A TOWN ECLOGUE.

SABINA. LUCY.

TWICE had the moon perform'd her earthly race,
Since firſt the veil o'ercaſt Sabina's face.
Then died the tender partner of her bed.
And lives Sabina when Fidelio's dead?
Fidelio's dead, and yet Sabina lives.
But ſee the tribute of her tears ſhe gives:
Their abſent Lord her rooms in ſable mourn,
And all the day the glimmering tapers burn;
Stretch'd on the couch of ſtate ſhe penſive lies,
While oft' the ſnowy cambric wipes her eyes.
Now enter'd Lucy: truſty Lucy knew
To roll a ſleeve, or bear a billet-doux;
Her ready tongue, in ſecret ſervice try'd,
With equal fluency ſpoke truth or ly'd;
She well could fluſh or humble a gallant,
And ſerve at once as maid and confidant!
A letter from her faithful ſtays ſhe took:
Sabina ſnatch'd it with an angry look,
And thus in haſty words her grief confeſt;
While Lucy ſtrove to ſooth her troubled breaſt.

SABINA.

What, ſtill Myrtillo's hand! his flame I ſcorn;
Give back his paſſion with the ſeal untorn.
To break our ſoft repoſe has man a right?
And are we doom'd to read whate'er they write?
Not all the ſex my firm reſolves ſhall move;
My life's a life of ſorrow, not of love.
May Lydia's wrinkles all my forehead trace,
And Celia's paleneſs ſicken o'er my face;
May fops of mine, as Flavia's favours, boaſt,
And coquettes triumph in my honour loſt;
May cards employ my nights, and never more
May theſe curſt eyes behold a matadore;
Break China, periſh Shock, die Perroquet;
When I Fidelio's dearer love forget!
Fidelio's judgment ſcorn'd the foppiſh train;
His air was eaſy, and his dreſs was plain;
His words ſincere, reſpect his preſence drew,
And on his lips ſweet converſation grew.
Where's wit, where's beauty, where is virtue fled?
Alas! they're now no more; Fidelio's dead!

LUCY.

Yet, when he liv'd, he wanted every grace;
That eaſy air was then an aukward pace:
Have not your ſighs in whiſpers often ſaid,
His dreſs was ſlovenly, his ſpeech ill-bred?
Have not I heard you, with a ſecret tear,
Call that ſweet converſe ſullen and ſevere?
Think not I come to take Myrtillo's part;
Let Chloe, Daphne, Doris, ſhare his heart;

Let

Let Chloe's love in every ear expreſs
His graceful perſon and genteel addreſs.
All well may judge what ſhaft has Daphne hit,
Who ſuffers ſilence, to admire his wit.
His equipage and liveries Doris move;
But Chloe, Daphne, Doris, fondly love.
Sooner ſhall Cits in faſhions guide the Court,
And beaux upon the buſy Change reſort;
Sooner the nation ſhall from ſnuff be freed,
And fops' apartments ſmoke with India's weed;
Sooner I'd wiſh and ſigh through nunnery grates;
Than recommend the flame Sabina hates.

SABINA.

Becauſe ſome widows are in haſte ſubdued;
Shall every fop upon our tears intrude?
Can I forget my lov'd Fidelio's tongue,
Soft as the warbling of Italian ſong?
Did not his roſy lips breathe forth perfume,
Fragrant as ſteams from tea's imperial bloom?

LUCY.

Yet once you thought that tongue a greater curſe
Than ſqualls of children for an abſent nurſe.
Have you not fancy'd, in his frequent kiſs,
Th' ungrateful leavings of a filthy Miſs?

SABINA.

Love, I thy power defy; no ſecond flame
Shall ever raze my dear Fidelio's name.
Fannia without a tear might loſe her Lord,
Who ne'er enjoy'd his preſence but at board.

And why ſhould ſorrow ſit on Leſbia's face?
Are there ſuch comforts in a ſot's embrace?
No friend, no lover, is to Leſbia dead;
For Leſbia long had known a ſeparate bed.
Guſh forth, ye tears; waſte, waſte, ye ſighs, my breaſt;
My days, my nights, were by Fidelio bleſt!

LUCY.

You cannot ſure forget how oft' you ſaid,
His teazing fondneſs jealouſy betray'd!
When at the play the neighbouring box he took,
You thought you read ſuſpicion in his look.
When cards and counters flew around the board,
Have you not wiſh'd the abſence of your Lord?
His company was then a poor pretence,
To check the freedoms of a wife's expence.

SABINA.

But why ſhould I Myrtillo's paſſion blame,
Since Love's a fierce, involuntary flame?

LUCY.

Could he the ſallies of his heart withſtand,
Why ſhould he not to Chloe give his hand?
For Chloe's handſome; yet he ſlights her flame;
Laſt night ſhe fainted at Sabina's name.
Why, Daphne, doſt thou blame Sabina's charms?
Sabina keeps no lover from thy arms.
At crimp Myrtillo play'd; in kind regards
Doris threw love, unmindful of the cards;
Doris was touch'd with ſpleen; her fan he rent,
Flew from the table, and to tears gave vent.

Why,

Why, Doris, doſt thou curſe Sabina's eyes?
To her Myrtillo is a vulgar prize.

SABINA.

Yet ſay, I lov'd; how loud would cenſure rail!
So ſoon to quit the duties of the veil!
No, ſooner Plays and Operas I'd forſwear,
And change theſe China jars for Tunbridge ware;
Or truſt my mother as a confidant,
Or fix a friendſhip with my maiden-aunt;
Than till—to-morrow throw my weeds away.
Yet let me ſee him, if he comes to-day!

THE

ESPOUSAL,

A SOBER ECLOGUE.

BETWEEN TWO OF THE PEOPLE CALLED QUAKERS.

CALEB. TABITHA.

BENEATH the ſhadow of a beaver hat,
Meek Caleb at a ſilent meeting ſat;
His eye-balls oft' forgot the holy trance,
While Tabitha demure return'd the glance.
The meeting ended, Caleb ſilence broke,
And Tabitha her inward yearnings ſpoke.

CALEB.

Beloved, ſee how all things follow love;
Lamb fondleth lamb, and dove diſports with dove;
Yet fondled lambs their innocence ſecure,
And none can call the turtle's bill impure.
O faireſt of our ſiſters, let me be
The billing dove and fondling lamb to thee.

TABITHA.

But, Caleb, know that birds of gentle mind
Elect a mate among the ſober kind;
Not the mockaws, all deck'd in ſcarlet pride,
Entice their mild and modeſt hearts aſide:
But thou, vain man! beguil'd by Popiſh ſhows,
Doteſt on ribbands, flounces, furbelows.

If

If thy falſe heart be fond of tawdry dyes,
Go, wed the painted arch in ſummer-ſkies;
Such love will like the rainbow's hue decay,
Strong at the firſt, but paſſeth ſoon away.

CALEB.

Name not the frailties of my youthful days,
When vice miſled me through the harlot's ways;
When I with wanton look the ſex beheld,
And Nature with each wanton look rebell'd;
Then party-colour'd pride my heart might move
With lace, the net to catch unhallow'd love.
All ſuch-like love is fading as the flower,
Springs in a day, and withereth in an hour:
But now I feel the ſpouſal love within,
And ſpouſal love no ſiſter holds a ſin.

TABITHA.

I know thou longeſt for the flaunting maid,
Thy falſehood own, and ſay I am betray'd;
The tongue of man is bliſter'd o'er with lies,
But truth is ever read in woman's eyes.
O that my lip obey'd a tongue like thine!
Or that thine eye bewray'd a love like mine!

CALEB.

How bitter are thy words! forbear to teaſe,
I too might blame—but love delights to pleaſe.
Why ſhould I tell thee, that, when laſt the ſun
Painted the downy peach of Newington,
Joſiah led thee through the garden's walk,
And mingled melting kiſſes with his talk?

Ah, Jealouſy! turn, turn thine eyes aſide:
How can I ſee that watch adorn thy ſide?
For verily no gift the ſiſters take
For luſt of gain, but for the giver's ſake.

TABITHA.

I own, Joſiah gave the golden toy,
Which did the righteous hand of Quare employ.
When Caleb hath aſſign'd ſome happy day,
I look on this, and chide the hours delay:
And, when Joſiah would his love purſue,
On this I look, and ſhun his wanton view.
Man but in vain with trinkets tries to move;
The only preſent love demands is love.

CALEB.

Ah, Tabitha, to hear theſe words of thine,
My pulſe beats high, as if inflam'd with wine!
When to the brethren firſt with fervent zeal
The ſpirit mov'd the yearnings to reveal,
How did I joy thy trembling lip to ſee
Red as the cherry from the Kentiſh tree!
When ecſtaſy had warm'd thy look ſo meek,
Gardens of roſes bluſhed on thy cheek!
With what ſweet tranſport didſt thou roll thine eyes!
How did thy words provoke the brethren's ſighs!
Words that with holy ſighs might others move,
But, Tabitha, my ſighs were ſighs of love.

TABITHA.

Is Tabitha beyond her wiſhes bleſt?
Does no proud worldly dame divide thy breaſt?

Then

Then hear me, Caleb, witneſs what I ſpeak,
This ſolemn promiſe death alone can break:
Sooner I would bedeck my brow with lace,
And with immodeſt favourites ſhade my face,
Sooner like Babylon's lewd whore be dreſt
In flaring diamonds and a ſcarlet veſt,
Or make a curtſie in Cathedral pew,
Than prove inconſtant, while my Caleb's true.

CALEB.

When I prove falſe, and Tabitha forſake,
Teachers ſhall dance a jig at country-wake;
Brethren unbeaver'd then ſhall bow their head,
And with prophane mince-pies our babes be fed.

TABITHA.

If that Joſiah were with paſſion fir'd,
Warm as the zeal of youth when firſt inſpir'd;
In ſteady love though he might perſevere,
Unchanging as the decent garb we wear,
And thou wert fickle as the wind that blows,
Light as the feather on the head of beaux;
Yet I for thee would all thy ſex reſign:
Siſters, take all the reſt—be Caleb mine.

CALEB.

Though I had all that ſinful love affords,
And all the concubines of all the lords,
Whoſe couches creak with whoredom's ſinful ſhame,
Whoſe velvet chairs are with adultery lame;
Ev'n in the harlot's hall, I would not ſip
The dew of lewdneſs from her lying lip;

I'd ſhun her paths, upon thy mouth to dwell,
More ſweet than powder which the merchants ſell.
O ſolace me with kiſſes pure like thine!
Enjoy, ye lords, the wanton concubine.
The ſpring now calls us forth; come, ſiſter, come,
To ſee the primroſe and the daiſy bloom.
Let ceremony bind the worldly pair;
Siſters eſteem the brethren's words ſincere.

TABITHA.

Eſpouſals are but forms. O lead me hence,
For ſecret love can never give offence.

Then hand in hand the loving mates withdraw:
True love is nature unreſtrain'd by law.
This tenet all the holy ſect allows;
So Tabitha took earneſt of a ſpouſe.

ELEGIES.

PANTHEA.

LONG had Panthea felt Love's ſecret ſmart,
And hope and fear alternate rul'd her heart;
Conſenting glances had her flame confeſt:
In woman's eyes her very ſoul's expreſt.
Perjur'd Alexis ſaw the bluſhing maid,
He ſaw, he ſwore, he conquer'd, and betray'd.
Another love now calls him from her arms,
His fickle heart another beauty warms;
Thoſe oaths, oft' whiſper'd in Panthea's ears,
He now again to Galatea ſwears.
Beneath a beech th' abandon'd virgin laid,
In grateful ſolitude enjoys the ſhade;
There with faint voice ſhe breath'd theſe moving ſtrains,
While ſighing Zephyrs ſhar'd her amorous pains.
Pale ſettled ſorrow hangs upon my brow,
Dead are my charms; Alexis breaks his vow!
Think, think, dear ſhepherd, on the days you knew,
When I was happy, when my ſwain was true;
Think how thy looks and tongue are form'd to move;
And think yet more—that all my fault was love.

Ah,

Ah, could you view me in this wretched ſtate,
You might not love me, but you could not hate.
Could you behold me in this conſcious ſhade,
Where firſt thy vows, where firſt my love was paid,
Worn out with watching, ſullen with deſpair,
And ſee each eye ſwell with a guſhing tear;
Could you behold me on this moſſy bed,
From my pale cheek the lively crimſon fled,
Which in my ſofter hours you oft' have ſworn,
With roſy beauty far outbluſh'd the morn;
Could you untouch'd this wretched object bear,
And would not loſt Panthea claim a tear?
You could not, ſure—tears from your eyes would ſteal,
And unawares thy tender ſoul reveal.
Ah, no! thy ſoul with cruelty is fraught,
No tenderneſs diſturbs thy ſavage thought;
Sooner ſhall tigers ſpare the trembling lambs,
And wolves with pity hear their bleating dams;
Sooner ſhall vultures from their quarry fly;
Than falſe Alexis for Panthea ſigh.
Thy boſom ne'er a tender thought confeſt,
Sure ſtubborn flint has arm'd thy cruel breaſt;
But hardeſt flints are worn by frequent rains,
And the ſoft drops diſſolve their ſolid veins;
While thy relentleſs heart more hard appears,
And is not ſoften'd by a flood of tears.

Ah, what is love! Panthea's joys are gone,
Her liberty, her peace, her reaſon, flown!
And when I view me in the watery glaſs,
I find Panthea now, not what ſhe was.

As northern winds the new-blown roſes blaſt,
And on the ground their fading ruins caſt;
As ſudden blights corrupt the ripen'd grain,
And of its verdure ſpoil the mournful plain;
So hapleſs love on blooming features preys,
So hapleſs love deſtroys our peaceful days.

Come, gentle ſleep, relieve theſe weary'd eyes,
All ſorrow in thy ſoft embraces dies:
There, ſpite of all thy perjur'd vows, I find
Faithleſs Alexis languiſhingly kind:
Sometimes he leads me by the mazy ſtream,
And pleaſingly deludes me in my dream;
Sometimes he guides me to the ſecret grove,
Where all our looks, and all our talk, is love.
Oh, could I thus conſume each tedious day,
And in ſweet ſlumbers dream my life away!
But ſleep, which now no more relieves theſe eyes,
To my ſad ſoul the dear deceit denies.

Why does the ſun dart forth its cheerful rays?
Why do the woods reſound with warbling lays?
Why does the roſe her grateful fragrance yield,
And yellow cowſlips paint the ſmiling field?
Why do the ſtreams with murmuring muſic flow,
And why do groves their friendly ſhade beſtow?
Let ſable clouds the cheerful ſun deface,
Let mournful ſilence ſeize the feather'd race;
No more, ye roſes, grateful fragrance yield,
Droop, droop, ye cowſlips, in the blaſted field;
No more, ye ſtreams, with murmuring muſic flow,
And let not groves a friendly ſhade beſtow:

With ſympathizing grief let nature mourn,
And never know the youthful ſpring's return.
And ſhall I never more Alexis ſee?
Then what is ſpring, or grove, or ſtream, to me?
Why ſport the ſkipping lambs on yonder plain?
Why do the birds their tuneful voices ſtrain?
Why friſk thoſe heifers in the cooling grove?
Their happier life is ignorant of love.
Oh! lead me to ſome melancholy cave,
To lull my ſorrows in a living grave;
From the dark rock where daſhing waters fall,
And creeping ivy hangs the craggy wall;
Where I may waſte in tears my hours away,
And never know the ſeaſons or the day!
Die, die, Panthea—fly this hateful grove;
For what is life without the ſwain I love?

ARAMINTA.

AN ELEGY.

NOW Phœbus roſe, and with his early beams
Wak'd ſlumbering Delia from her pleaſing dreams;
Her wiſhes by her fancy were ſupply'd,
And in her ſleep the nuptial knot was ty'd.
With ſecret joy ſhe ſaw the morning ray
Chequer the floor, and through the curtains play;
The happy morn that ſhall her bliſs complete,
And all her rivals' envious hopes defeat.
In haſte ſhe roſe, forgetful of her prayers,
Flew to the glaſs, and practis'd o'er her airs:
Her new-ſet jewels round her robe are plac'd,
Some in a brilliant buckle bind her waiſt,
Some round her neck a circling light diſplay,
Some in her hair diffuſe a trembling ray;
The ſilver knot o'erlooks the Mechlin lace,
And adds becoming beauties to her face;
Brocaded flowers o'er the gay mantua ſhine,
And the rich ſtays her taper ſhape confine;
Thus all her dreſs exerts a graceful pride,
And ſporting Loves ſurround th' expecting bride;
For Daphnis now attends the bluſhing maid,
Before the prieſt the ſolemn vows are paid;
This day, which ends at once all Delia's cares,
Shall ſwell a thouſand eyes with ſecret tears.

Ceaſe,

Ceaſe, Araminta, 'tis in vain to grieve,
Canſt thou from Hymen's bonds the youth retrieve?
Diſdain his perjuries, and no longer mourn:
Recal my love, and find a ſure return.
But ſtill the wretched maid no comfort knows,
And with reſentment cheriſhes her woes;
Alone ſhe pines, and, in theſe mournful ſtrains,
Of Daphnis' vows, and her own fate complains:
Was it for this I ſparkled at the Play,
And loiter'd in the Ring whole hours away?
When if thy chariot in the circle ſhone,
Our mutual paſſion by our looks was known:
Through the gay crowd my watchful glances flew,
Where'er I paſs, thy grateful eyes purſue.
"Ah, faithleſs youth! too well you ſaw my pain;
"For eyes the language of the ſoul explain."
Think, Daphnis, think that ſcarce five days are fled,
Since (O falſe tongue!) thoſe treacherous things you ſaid;
How did you praiſe my ſhape and graceful air!
And woman thinks all compliments ſincere.
Didſt thou not then in rapture ſpeak thy flame,
And in ſoft ſighs breathe Araminta's name?
Didſt thou not then with oaths thy paſſion prove,
And with an awful trembling, ſay—I love?
"Ah, faithleſs youth! too well you ſaw my pain;
"For eyes the language of the ſoul explain."
How could'ſt thou thus, ungrateful youth, deceive?
How could I thus, unguarded maid, believe?
Sure thou canſt well recal that fatal night,
When ſubtle love firſt enter'd at my ſight:

When

When in the dance I was thy partner choſe,
Gods! what a rapture in my boſom roſe!
My trembling hand my ſudden joy confeſs'd,
My glowing cheeks a wounded heart expreſs'd;
My looks ſpoke love; while you, with anſwering eyes,
In killing glances made as kind replies.
Think, Daphnis, think what tender things you ſaid,
Think what confuſion all my ſoul betray'd.
You call'd my graceful preſence Cynthia's air;
And, when I ſung, the Syrens charm'd your ear:
My flame, blown up by flattery, ſtronger grew;
A gale of love in every whiſper flew.
" Ah, faithleſs youth! too well you ſaw my pain;
" For eyes the language of the ſoul explain."
Whene'er I dreſs'd, my maid, who knew my flame,
Cheriſh'd my paſſion with thy lovely name;
Thy picture in her talk ſo lively grew,
That thy dear image roſe before my view;
She dwelt whole hours upon thy ſhape and mien,
And wounded Delia's fame, to ſooth my ſpleen:
When ſhe beheld me at the name grow pale,
Strait to thy charms ſhe chang'd her artful tale;
And, when thy matchleſs charms were quite run o'er,
I bid her tell the pleaſing tale once more.
Oh, Daphnis! from thy Araminta fled!
Oh, to my love for ever, ever dead!
Like death, his nuptials all my hope remove,
And ever part me from the man I love.
" Ah, faithleſs youth! too well you ſaw my pain;
" For eyes the language of the ſoul explain."

O might I by my cruel fate be thrown,
In ſome retreat far from this hateful town!
Vain dreſs and glaring equipage, adieu!
Let happier nymphs thoſe empty ſhows purſue.
Me let ſome melancholy ſhade ſurround,
Where not the print of human ſtep is found.
In the gay dance my feet no more ſhall move,
But bear me faintly through the lonely grove.
No more theſe hands ſhall o'er the ſpinnet bound,
And from the ſleeping ſtrings call forth the ſound:
Muſic, adieu! farewell, Italian airs!
The croaking raven now ſhall ſooth my cares.
On ſome old ruin, loſt in thought, I reſt,
And think how Araminta once was bleſt;
There o'er and o'er thy letters I peruſe,
And all my grief in one kind ſentence loſe:
Some tender line by chance my woe beguiles,
And on my cheek a ſhort-liv'd pleaſure ſmiles.
Why is this dawn of joy? flow, tears, again!
Vain are theſe oaths, and all theſe vows are vain;
Daphnis, alas! the Gordian knot has ty'd;
Nor force nor cunning can the band divide.
" Ah, faithleſs youth! ſince eyes the ſoul explain,
" Why knew I not that artful tongue could feign?"

AN

ELEGY ON A LAP-DOG.

SHOCK's fate I mourn; poor Shock is now no more;
Ye Muſes, mourn; ye chambermaids, deplore.
Unhappy Shock! yet more unhappy Fair,
Doom'd to ſurvive thy joy and only care!
Thy wretched fingers now no more ſhall deck,
And tie the favourite ribband round his neck;
No more thy hand ſhall ſmooth his gloſſy hair,
And comb the wavings of his pendent ear.
Yet ceaſe thy flowing grief, forſaken maid;
All mortal pleaſures in a moment fade;
Our fureſt hope is in an hour deſtroy'd;
And love, beſt gift of Heaven, not long enjoy'd.
Methinks I ſee her frantic with deſpair,
Her ſtreaming eyes, wrung hands, and flowing hair;
Her Mechlin pinners, rent, the floor beſtrow,
And her torn fan gives real ſigns of woe.
Hence Superſtition, that tormenting gueſt,
That haunts with fancy'd fears the coward breaſt;
No dread events upon this fate attend,
Stream eyes no more, no more thy treſſes rend.
Though certain omens oft' forewarn a ſtate,
And dying lions ſhow the monarch's fate;
Why ſhould ſuch fears bid Cælia's ſorrow riſe?
For, when a lap-dog falls, no lover dies.

Ceaſe, Cælia, ceaſe; reſtrain thy flowing tears,
Some warmer paſſion will diſpel thy cares.
In man you'll find a more ſubſtantial bliſs,
More grateful toying, and a ſweeter kiſs.
He's dead. Oh lay him gently in the ground!
And may his tomb be by this verſe renown'd:
"Here Shock, the pride of all his kind, is laid:
"Who fawn'd like man, but ne'er like man betray'd."

SONGS

SONGS AND BALLADS.

SWEET WILLIAM'S FAREWELL TO BLACK-EYED SUSAN.

ALL in the Downs the fleet was moor'd,
The ſtreamers waving in the wind,
When black-ey'd Suſan came aboard.
Oh! where ſhall I my true-love find?
Tell me, ye jovial ſailors, tell me true,
If my ſweet William ſails among the crew.

William, who high upon the yard
Rock'd with the billow to and fro,
Soon as her well-known voice he heard,
He ſigh'd, and caſt his eyes below:
The cord ſlides ſwiftly through his glowing hands,
And (quick as lightning) on the deck he ſtands.

So the ſweet lark, high pois'd in air,
Shuts cloſe his pinions to his breaſt
(If chance his mate's ſhrill call he hear),
And drops at once into her neſt.
The nobleſt Captain in the Britiſh fleet
Might envy William's lip thoſe kiſſes ſweet.

O Sufan, Sufan, lovely dear,
My vows ſhall ever true remain;
Let me kiſs off that falling tear;
We only part to meet again.
Change, as ye liſt, ye winds; my heart ſhall be
The faithful compaſs that ſtill points to thee.

Believe not what the landmen ſay,
Who tempt with doubts thy conſtant mind.
They'll tell thee, ſailors, when away,
In every port a miſtreſs find:
Yes, yes, believe them when they tell thee ſo,
For thou art preſent whereſoe'er I go.

If to fair India's coaſt we ſail,
Thy eyes are ſeen in diamonds bright,
Thy breath is Afric's ſpicy gale,
Thy ſkin is ivory ſo white.
Thus every beauteous object that I view,
Wakes in my ſoul ſome charm of lovely Sue.

Though battle call me from thy arms,
Let not my pretty Sufan mourn;
Though cannons roar, yet, ſafe from harms,
William ſhall to his Dear return.
Love turns aſide the balls that round me fly,
Leſt precious tears ſhould drop from Sufan's eye.

The boatſwain gave the dreadful word,
The ſails their ſwelling boſom ſpread;
No longer muſt ſhe ſtay aboard:
They kiſs'd, ſhe ſigh'd, he hung his head.
Her leſſening boat unwilling rows to land:
Adieu! ſhe cries; and wav'd her lily hand.

A BAL-

A BALLAD,

FROM THE WHAT-D'YE-CALL-IT.

'TWAS when the seas were roaring
With hollow blasts of wind;
A damsel lay deploring,
All on a rock reclin'd.
Wide o'er the foaming billows
She cast a wistful look;
Her head was crown'd with willows,
That trembled o'er the brook.

Twelve months are gone and over,
And nine long tedious days.
Why didst thou, venturous lover,
Why didst thou trust the seas?
Cease, cease, thou cruel Ocean,
And let my lover rest:
Ah! what's thy troubled motion
To that within my breast?

The merchant, robb'd of pleasure,
Sees tempests in despair;
But what's the loss of treasure,
To losing of my dear?
Should you some coast be laid on,
Where gold and diamonds grow,
You'd find a richer maiden,
But none that loves you so.

How can they ſay that nature
Has nothing made in vain;
Why then beneath the water
Should hideous rocks remain?
No eyes the rocks diſcover,
That lurk beneath the deep,
To wreck the wandering lover,
And leave the maid to weep.

All melancholy lying,
Thus wail'd ſhe for her dear;
Repay'd each blaſt with ſighing,
Each billow with a tear;
When o'er the white wave ſtooping,
His floating corpſe ſhe ſpy'd;
Then, like a lily drooping,
She bow'd her head, and dy'd.

THE

LADY'S LAMENTATION.

A BALLAD.

PHYLLIDA, that lov'd to dream
In the grove, or by the ſtream;
Sigh'd on velvet pillow.
What, alas! ſhould fill her head,
But a fountain, or a mead,
Water and a willow?

Love

Love in cities never dwells,
He delights in rural cells
  Which ſweet woodbine covers.
What are your aſſemblies then?
There, 'tis true, we ſee more men;
  But much fewer lovers.

Oh, how chang'd the proſpect grows!
Flocks and herds to fops and beaux,
  Coxcombs without number!
Moon and ſtars that ſhone ſo bright,
To the torch and waxen light,
  And whole nights at ombre.

Pleaſant as it is, to hear
Scandal tickling in our ear,
  Ev'n of our own mothers;
In the chit-chat of the day,
To us is pay'd, when we're away,
  What we lent to others.

Though the favourite Toaſt I reign;
Wine, they ſay, that prompts the vain,
  Heightens defamation.
Muſt I live 'twixt ſpite and fear,
Every day grow handſomer,
  And loſe my reputation?

Thus the fair to ſighs gave way,
Her empty purſe beſide her lay.
  Nymph, ah! ceaſe thy ſorrow.
Though curſt fortune frown to-night,
This odious town can give delight,
  If you win to-morrow.

DAMON AND CUPID.

A SONG.

THE ſun was now withdrawn,
The ſhepherds home were ſped;
The moon wide o'er the lawn
Her ſilver mantle ſpread;
When Damon ſtay'd behind,
And ſaunter'd in the grove.
Will ne'er a nymph be kind,
And give me love for love?

Oh! thoſe were golden hours,
When Love, devoid of cares,
In all Arcadia's bowers
Lodg'd ſwains and nymphs by pairs;
But now from wood and plain
Flies every ſprightly laſs;
No joys for me remain,
In ſhades, or on the graſs.

The winged boy draws near,
And thus the ſwain reproves:
While Beauty revel'd here,
My game lay in the groves;
At court I never fail
To ſcatter round my arrows;
Men fall as thick as hail,
And maidens love like ſparrows.

Then,

Then, ſwain, if me you need,
  Straight lay your ſheep-hook down;
Throw by your oaten reed,
  And haſte away to town.
So well I'm known at court,
  None aſks where Cupid dwells;
But readily reſort
  To Bellenden's or Lepell's.

DAPHNIS AND CHLOE.

A SONG.

DAPHNIS ſtood penſive in the ſhade,
  With arms acroſs, and head reclin'd;
Pale looks accus'd the cruel maid,
  And ſighs reliev'd his love-ſick mind:
His tuneful pipe all broken lay;
Looks, ſighs, and actions, ſeem'd to ſay,
  My Chloe is unkind.

Why ring the woods with warbling throats?
  Ye larks, ye linnets, ceaſe your ſtrains;
I faintly hear in your ſweet notes
  My Chloe's voice that wakes my pains:
Yet why ſhould you your ſong forbear?
Your mates delight your ſong to hear;
  But Chloe mine diſdains.

As thus he melancholy ſtood,
Dejected as the lonely dove,
Sweet ſounds broke gently through the wood.
I feel the ſound; my heart-ſtrings move.
'Twas not the nightingale that ſung;
No. 'Tis my Chloe's ſweeter tongue.
Hark, hark, what ſays my love?

How fooliſh is the nymph (ſhe cries)
Who trifles with her lover's pain!
Nature ſtill ſpeaks in woman's eyes,
Our artful lips were made to feign.
O Daphnis, Daphnis, 'twas my pride,
'Twas not my heart thy love deny'd;
Come back, dear youth, again.

As t'other day my hand he ſeiz'd,
My blood with thrilling motion flew;
Sudden I put on looks diſpleas'd,
And haſty from his hold withdrew.
'Twas fear alone, thou ſimple ſwain;
Then hadſt thou preſt my hand again,
My heart had yielded too!

'Tis true, thy tuneful reed I blam'd,
That ſwell'd thy lip and roſy cheek;
Think not thy ſkill in ſong defam'd,
That lip ſhould other pleaſures ſeek:
Much, much thy muſic I approve;
Yet break thy pipe, for more I love,
Much more to hear thee ſpeak.

My

My heart forbodes that I'm betray'd,
Daphnis, I fear, is ever gone;
Laſt night with Delia's dog he play'd,
Love by ſuch trifles firſt comes on.
Now, now, dear ſhepherd, come away,
My tongue would now my heart obey.
Ah, Chloe, thou art won!

The youth ſtepp'd forth with haſty pace,
And found where wiſhing Chloe lay;
Shame ſudden lighten'd in her face,
Confus'd, ſhe knew not what to ſay.
At laſt, in broken words, ſhe cry'd;
To-morrow you in vain had try'd,
But I am loſt to-day!

THE

COQUETTE MOTHER AND DAUGHTER.

A SONG.

AT the cloſe of the day,
When the bean-flower and hay
Breath'd odours in every wind;
Love enliven'd the veins
Of the damſels and ſwains;
Each glance and each action was kind.

Molly, wanton and free,
Kiſs'd, and ſate on each knee,
Fond ecſtaſy ſwam in her eyes.

See,

See, thy mother is near;
Hark! ſhe calls thee to hear
What age and experience adviſe.

Haſt thou ſeen the blithe dove
Stretch her neck to her love,
All gloſſy with purple and gold?
If a kiſs he obtain,
She returns it again:
What follows, you need not be told.

Look ye, mother, ſhe cry'd,
You inſtruct me in pride,
And men by good-manners are won.
She who trifles with all
Is leſs likely to fall
Than ſhe who but trifles with one.

Pr'ythee, Molly, be wiſe,
Leſt by ſudden ſurpriſe
Love ſhould tingle in every vein:
Take a ſhepherd for life,
And when once you're a wife,
You ſafely may trifle again.

Molly ſmiling reply'd,
Then I'll ſoon be a bride;
Old Roger has gold in his cheſt.
But I thought all you wives
Choſe a man for your lives,
And trifled no more with the reſt.

MOLLY MOG:

OR, THE

FAIR MAID OF THE INN.

A BALLAD.*

SAYS my uncle, I pray you discover
What hath been the cause of your woes;
Why you pine and you whine like a lover!
—I have seen Molly Mog of the Rose.

O nephew! your grief is but folly,
In town you may find better prog;
Half a crown there will get you a Molly,
A Molly much better than Mog.

I know that by wits 'tis recited
That women are best at a clog;
But I am not so easily frighted
From loving of sweet Molly Mog.

The school-boy's desire is a play-day;
The school-master's joy is to flog;
The milk-maid's delight is on May-day;
But mine is on sweet Molly Mog.

* This ballad was written on an inn-keeper's daughter at Oakingham in Berkshire, who in her youth was a celebrated beauty and toast: she lived to a very advanced age, dying so lately as the month of March, 1766.—See the New Foundling Hospital for Wit, Vol. V. p. 45.

Will-

Will-a-wiſp leads the traveller gadding
Through ditch, and through quagmire, and bog;
But no light can ſet me a-madding
Like the eyes of my ſweet Molly Mog.

For guineas in other men's breeches
Your gameſters will palm and will cog;
But I envy them none of their riches,
So I may win ſweet Molly Mog.

The heart when half wounded is changing,
It here and there leaps like a frog;
But my heart can never be ranging,
'Tis ſo fix'd upon ſweet Molly Mog.

Who follows all ladies of pleaſure,
In pleaſure is thought but a hog;
All the ſex cannot give ſo good meaſure
Of joys, as my ſweet Molly Mog.

I feel I'm in love to diſtraction,
My ſenſes all loſt in a fog;
And nothing can give ſatisfaction
But thinking of ſweet Molly Mog.

A letter when I am inditing,
Comes Cupid and gives me a jog,
And I fill all the paper with writing
Of nothing but ſweet Molly Mog.

If I would not give up the three Graces,
I wiſh I were hang'd like a dog,
And at court all the drawing-room faces,
For a glance of my ſweet Molly Mog.

Thoſe

Thoſe faces want nature and ſpirit,
And ſeem as cut out of a log:
Juno, Venus, and Pallas's merit,
Unite in my ſweet Molly Mog.

Thoſe who toaſt all the Family Royal,
In bumpers of Hogan and Nog,
Have hearts not more true or more loyal
Than mine to my ſweet Molly Mog.

Were Virgil alive with his Phyllis,
And writing another Eclogue;
Both his Phyllis and fair Amaryllis
He'd give up for ſweet Molly Mog.

When ſhe ſmiles on each gueſt, like her liquor,
Then jealouſy ſets me agog;
To be ſure ſhe's a bit for the Vicar,
And ſo I ſhall loſe Molly Mog.

BALLAD.

OF all the girls that e'er were ſeen,
There's none ſo fine as Nelly,
For charming face, and ſhape, and mien,
And what's not fit to tell ye:
Oh! the turn'd neck, and ſmooth white ſkin,
Of lovely deareſt Nelly!
For many a ſwain it well had been
Had ſhe ne'er been at Calai-.

For

For when as Nelly came to France
(Invited by her couſins),
Acroſs the Tuilleries each glance
Kill'd Frenchmen by whole dozens.
The king, as he at dinner ſat,
Did beckon to his huſſar,
And bid him bring his tabby cat,
For charming Nell to buſs her.

The ladies were with rage provok'd,
To ſee her ſo reſpected;
The men look'd arch, as Nelly ſtrok'd,
And puſs her tail erected.
But not a man did look employ,
Except on pretty Nelly;
Then ſaid the Duke de Villeroy,
"Ah! qu'elle eſt bien jolie!"

But who's that great philoſopher,
That carefully looks at her?
By his concern it ſhould appear,
The fair-one is his daughter.
Ma foy! (quoth then a courtier ſly)
He on his child does leer too:
I wiſh he has no mind to try
What ſome papa's will here do.

The courtiers all, with one accord,
Broke out in Nelly's praiſes,
Admir'd her roſe, and *lys ſans farde*,
(Which are your *termes Françoiſes*).

Then might you see a painted ring
Of dames that stood by Nelly;
She like the pride of all the Spring,
And they, like *Fleurs de Palais.*

In Marli's gardens, and St. Clou,
I saw this charming Nelly,
Where shameless nymphs, expos'd to view,
Stand naked in each *allée:*
But Venus had a brazen face
Both at Versailles and Meudon,
Or else she had resign'd her place,
And left the stone she stood on.

Were Nelly's figure mounted there,
'Twould put down all th' Italian:
Lord! how those foreigners would stare!
But I should turn Pygmalion:
For, spite of lips, and eyes, and mien,
Me nothing can delight so,
As does that part that lies between
Her left-toe and her right-toe.

A BALLAD
ON QUADRILLE.

WHEN as corruption hence did go,
And left the nation free;
When Ay said ay, and No said no,
Without or place or fee;
Then Satan, thinking things went ill,
Sent forth his spirit call'd Quadrille.
Quadrille, Quadrille, &c.

Kings, queens, and knaves, made up his pack,
And four fair ſuits he wore;
His troops they were with red and black
All blotch'd and ſpotted o'er;
And every houſe, go where you will,
Is haunted by this imp Quadrille, &c.

Sure cards he has for every thing,
Which well court-cards they name,
And, ſtateſman-like, calls in the king,
To help out a bad game;
But, if the parties manage ill,
The king is forc'd to loſe Codille, &c.

When two and two were met of old,
Though they ne'er meant to marry,
They were in Cupid's books enroll'd,
And call'd a Partie Quarrée;
But now, meet when and where you will,
A Partie Quarrée is Quadrille, &c.

The commoner, and knight, and peer,
Men of all ranks and fame,
Leave to their wives the only care
To propagate their name;
And well that duty they fulfil,
When the good huſband's at Quadrille, &c.

When patients lie in piteous caſe,
In comes th' Apothecary;
And to the Doctor cries, Alas!
Non debes Quadrillare:

The patient dies without a pill:
For why? the Doctor's at Quadrille, &c.

Should France and Spain again grow loud,
The Muſcovite grow louder;
Britain, to curb her neighbours proud,
Would want both ball and powder;
Muſt want both ſword and gun to kill:
For why? the General's at Quadrille, &c.

The King of late drew forth his ſword
(Thank God 'twas not in wrath),
And made, of many a 'ſquire and lord,
An unwaſh'd Knight of Bath:
What are their feats of arms and ſkill?
They're but nine parties at Quadrille, &c.

A party late at Cambray met,
Which drew all Europe's eyes;
'Twas call'd in Poſt-Boy and Gazette
The Quadruple Allies;
But ſomebody took ſomething ill,
So broke this party at Quadrille, &c.

And now God ſave this noble realm,
And God ſave eke Hanóver;
And God ſave thoſe who hold the helm,
When as the King goes over;
But let the King go where he will,
His ſubjects muſt play at Quadrille,
Quadrille, Quadrille, &c.

A NEW SONG OF NEW SIMILES.

MY paſſion is as muſtard ſtrong;
I ſit all ſober ſad;
Drunk as a piper all day long,
Or like a March-hare mad.

Round as a hoop the bumpers flow;
I drink, yet can't forget her;
For, though as drunk as David's ſow,
I love her ſtill the better.

Pert as a pear-monger I'd be,
If Molly were but kind;
Cool as a cucumber, could ſee
The reſt of womankind.

Like a ſtuck-pig I gaping ſtare,
And eye her o'er and o'er;
Lean as a rake with ſighs and care,
Sleek as a mouſe before.

Plump as a partridge was I known,
And ſoft as ſilk my ſkin,
My cheeks as fat as butter grown;
But as a groat now thin!

I, melancholy as a cat,
Am kept awake to weep;
But ſhe, inſenſible of that,
Sound as a top can ſleep.

Hard

Hard is her heart as flint or ſtone,
She laughs to ſee me pale;
And merry as a grig is grown,
And briſk as bottled-ale.

The God of Love at her approach
Is buſy as a bee;
Hearts, ſound as any bell or roach,
Are ſmit and ſigh like me.

Ay me! as thick as hops or hail,
The fine men crowd about her;
But ſoon as dead as a door-nail
Shall I be, if without her.

Straight as my leg her ſhape appears;
O were we join'd together!
My heart would be ſcot-free from cares,
And lighter than a feather.

As fine as five-pence is her mien,
No drum was ever tighter;
Her glance is as the razor keen,
And not the ſun is brighter.

As ſoft as pap her kiſſes are,
Methinks I taſte them yet;
Brown as a berry is her hair,
Her eyes as black as jet:

As ſmooth as glaſs, as white as curds,
Her pretty hand invites;
Sharp as a needle are her words;
Her wit, like pepper, bites:

Briſk as a body-louſe ſhe trips,
Clean as a penny dreſt;
Sweet as a roſe her breath and lips,
Round as the globe her breaſt.

Full as an egg was I with glee;
And happy as a king.
Good Lord! how all men envy'd me!
She lov'd like any thing.

But, falſe as hell! ſhe, like the wind,
Chang'd, as her ſex muſt do;
Though ſeeming as the turtle kind,
And like the goſpel true.

If I and Molly could agree,
Let who would take Peru!
Great as an emperor ſhould I be,
And richer than a Jew.

Till you grow tender as a chick,
I'm dull as any poſt;
Let us, like burs, together ſtick,
And warm as any toaſt.

You'll know me truer than a dye,
And wiſh me better ſped;
Flat as a flounder when I lie,
And as a herring dead.

Sure as a gun, ſhe'll drop a tear,
And ſigh perhaps, and wiſh,
When I am rotten as a pear,
And mute as any fiſh.

NEWGATE'S GARLAND:

BEING

A NEW BALLAD,

SHEWING

How Mr. JONATHAN WILD's Throat was cut from Ear to Ear with a Penknife, by Mr. BLAKE, alias BLUE-SKIN, the Bold Highwayman, as he ſtood at his Trial in the OLD-BAILEY, 1725.

To the Tune of, "The Cut-purſe."

YE gallants of Newgate, whoſe fingers are nice,
In diving in pockets, or cogging of dice;
Ye ſharpers ſo rich, who can buy off the nooſe;
Ye honeſter poor rogues, who die in your ſhoes;
Attend and draw near,
Good news you ſhall hear,
How Jonathan's throat was cut from ear to ear;
How Blue-ſkin's ſharp penknife hath ſet you at eaſe,
And every man round me may rob, if he pleaſe.

When to the Old-Bailey this Blue-ſkin was led,
He held up his hand, his indictment was read,
Loud rattled his chains, near him Jonathan ſtood,
For full forty pounds was the price of his blood.
Then, hopeleſs of life,
He drew his penknife,
And made a ſad widow of Jonathan's wife.

But forty pounds paid her, her grief ſhall appeaſe,
And every man round me may rob, if he pleaſe.

Some ſay there are courtiers of higheſt renown,
Who ſteal the King's gold, and leave him but a crown;
Some ſay there are peers, and ſome parliament-men,
Who meet once a year, to rob courtiers again:
Let them all take their ſwing,
To pillage the King,
And get a blue-ribbon inſtead of a ſtring.
Now Blue-ſkin's ſharp penknife hath ſet you at eaſe,
And every man round me may rob, if he pleaſe.

Knaves of old, to hide guilt by their cunning inventions,
Call'd briberies grants, and plain robberies penſions;
Phyſicians and lawyers (who take their degrees
To be learned rogues) call'd their pilfering, fees:
Since this happy day,
Now every man may
Rob (as ſafe as in office) upon the highway.
For Blue-ſkin's ſharp penknife hath ſet you at eaſe,
And every man round me may rob, if he pleaſe.

Some cheat in the cuſtoms, ſome rob the exciſe,
But he who robs both is eſteemed moſt wiſe.
Church-wardens, too prudent to hazard the halter,
As yet only venture to ſteal from the altar:
But now to get gold,
They may be more bold,
And rob on the highway, ſince Jonathan's cold.
For Blue-ſkin's ſharp penknife hath ſet you at eaſe,
And every man round me may rob, if he pleaſe.

MISCEL-

MISCELLANIES.

PROLOGUE,

DESIGNED FOR THE

PASTORAL TRAGEDY OF DIONE.

THERE was a time (O were thoſe days renew'd!)
Ere tyrant-laws had woman's will ſubdued;
Then Nature rul'd; and Love, devoid of art,
Spoke the conſenting language of the heart.
Love uncontrol'd! inſipid, poor delight!
'Tis the reſtraint that whets our appetite.
Behold the beaſts who range the foreſts free;
Behold the birds who fly from tree to tree;
In their amours ſee Nature's power appear!
And do they love? Yes—one month in the year.
Were theſe the pleaſures of the golden reign?
And did free Nature thus inſtruct the ſwain?
I envy not, ye nymphs, your amorous bowers:
Such harmleſs ſwains!—I'm e'en content with ours.
But yet there's ſomething in theſe ſylvan ſcenes,
That tells our fancy what the lover means.
Name but the moſſy bank, and moon-light grove,
Is there a heart that does not beat with love?

To-

To-night we treat you with ſuch country-fare:
Then for your lover's ſake our author ſpare.
He draws no Hemſkirk boors, or home-bred clowns,
But the ſoft ſhepherds of Arcadia's downs.
When Paris on the three his judgment paſs'd;
I hope, you'll own the ſhepherd ſhew'd his taſte:
And Jove, all know, was a good judge of beauty,
Who made the nymph Caliſto break her duty;
Then was the country-nymph no aukward thing.
See what ſtrange revolutions time can bring!
Yet ſtill methinks an author's fate I dread,
Were it not ſafer beaten paths to tread
Of Tragedy; than o'er wide heaths to ſtray,
And ſeeking ſtrange adventures loſe his way?
No trumpet's clangor makes his heroine ſtart,
And tears the ſoldier from her bleeding heart.
He, fooliſh bard! nor pomp nor ſhow regards.
Without the witneſs of a hundred guards
His lovers ſigh their vows.—If ſleep ſhould take ye,
He has no battle, no loud drum to wake ye.
What, no ſuch ſhifts? there's danger in't, 'tis true;
Yet ſpare him, as he gives you ſomething new.

A

CONTEMPLATION

ON

NIGHT.

WHETHER amid the gloom of night I ſtray,
Or my glad eyes enjoy revolving day,
Still Nature's various face informs my ſenſe,
Of an all-wiſe, all-powerful Providence.
When the gay ſun firſt breaks the ſhades of night,
And ſtrikes the diſtant eaſtern hills with light,
Colour returns, the plains their livery wear,
And a bright verdure clothes the ſmiling year;
The blooming flowers with opening beauties glow,
And grazing flocks their milky fleeces ſhow;
The barren cliffs with chalky fronts ariſe,
And a pure azure arches o'er the ſkies.
But, when the gloomy reign of Night returns,
Stript of her fading pride all nature mourns:
The trees no more their wonted verdure boaſt,
But weep in dewy tears their beauty loſt:
No diſtant landſcapes draw our curious eyes;
Wrapt in Night's robe the whole creation lies.
Yet ſtill, e'en now, while darkneſs clothes the land,
We view the traces of th' Almighty hand;
Millions of ſtars in heaven's wide vault appear,
And with new glories hangs the boundleſs ſphere:
The ſilver moon her weſtern couch forſakes,
And o'er the ſkies her nightly circle makes;

Her

Her ſolid globe beats back the ſunny rays,
And to the world her borrow'd light repays.
Whether thoſe ſtars, that twinkling luſtre ſend,
Are ſuns, and rolling worlds thoſe ſuns attend,
Man may conjecture, and new ſchemes declare;
Yet all his ſyſtems but conjectures are.
But this we know, that heaven's eternal King,
Who bade this univerſe from nothing ſpring,
Can at his word bid numerous worlds appear,
And riſing worlds th' all-powerful word ſhall hear.
When to the weſtern main the ſun deſcends,
To other lands a riſing day he lends;
The ſpreading dawn another ſhepherd ſpies,
The wakeful flocks from their warm folds ariſe;
Refreſh'd, the peaſant ſeeks his early toil,
And bids the plough correct the fallow ſoil.
While we in ſleep's embraces waſte the night,
The climes oppos'd enjoy meridian light:
And when thoſe lands the buſy ſun forſakes,
With us again the roſy morning wakes;
In lazy ſleep the night rolls ſwift away,
And neither clime laments his abſent ray.
When the pure ſoul is from the body flown,
No more ſhall Night's alternate reign be known:
The ſun no more ſhall rolling light beſtow,
But from th' Almighty ſtreams of glory flow.
Oh, may ſome nobler thought my ſoul employ,
Than empty, tranſient, ſublunary joy!
The ſtars ſhall drop, the ſun ſhall loſe his flame;
But thou, O GOD, for ever ſhine the ſame.

A THOUGHT

A

THOUGHT

ON

ETERNITY.

ERE the foundations of the world were laid,
Ere kindling light th' Almighty word obey'd,
Thou wert; and when the ſubterraneous flame
Shall burſt its priſon, and devour this frame,
From angry heaven when the keen lightning flies,
When fervent heat diſſolves the melting ſkies,
Thou ſtill ſhalt be; ſtill as thou wert before,
And know no change, when Time ſhall be no more.
O endleſs thought! divine Eternity!
Th' immortal ſoul ſhares but a part of thee;
For thou wert preſent when our life began,
When the warm duſt ſhot up in breathing man.
Ah! what is life? with ills encompaſs'd round,
Amidſt our hopes, Fate ſtrikes the ſudden wound:
To-day the ſtateſman of new honour dreams,
To-morrow Death deſtroys his airy ſchemes;
Is mouldy treaſure in thy cheſt confin'd?
Think all that treaſure thou muſt leave behind;
Thy heir with ſmiles ſhall view thy blazon'd hearſe,
And all thy hoards with laviſh hand diſperſe.
Should certain fate th' impending blow delay,
Thy mirth will ſicken, and thy bloom decay;

Then

Then feeble age will all thy nerves disarm,
No more thy blood its narrow channels warm.
Who then would wish to stretch this narrow span,
To suffer life beyond the date of man?

The virtuous soul pursues a nobler aim,
And life regards but as a fleeting dream:
She longs to wake, and wishes to get free,
To launch from earth into eternity.
For, while the boundless theme extends our thought,
Ten thousand thousand rolling years are nought.

AN

EPIGRAMMATICAL EXPOSTULATION*.

FROM Mohock and from Hawkubite,
Good Lord, deliver me;
Who wander through the streets by night,
Committing cruelty.

They slash our sons with bloody knives,
And on our daughters fall;
And if they ravish not our wives,
We have good luck withal.

Coaches and chairs they overturn,
Nay carts most easily:
Therefore from Gog, and eke Magog,
Good Lord, deliver me!

* Annexed, in 1712, to Gay's "Wonderful Prophecy, &c." a humorous treatise on the Mohocks.

EPI-

EPITAPH
OF
BYE-WORDS.

HERE lies a round woman, who thought mighty *odd*
Every word ſhe e'er heard in this church about God.
To convince her of *God*, the good Dean did endeavour,
But ſtill in her heart ſhe held *Nature* more *clever*.
Though he talk'd much of virtue, her head always run
Upon ſomething or other, ſhe found better *fun*.
For the dame, by her ſkill in affairs aſtronomical,
Imagin'd, to live in the clouds was but *comical*.
In this world, ſhe deſpis'd every ſoul ſhe met here,
And now ſhe's in t'other, ſhe thinks it but *queer*.

MY OWN EPITAPH.

LIFE is a jeſt, and all things ſhow it;
I thought ſo once, but now I know it.

A MOTTO
FOR THE OPERA OF MUTIUS SCÆVOLA*.

WHO here blames words, or verſes, ſongs, or fingers,
Like Mutius Scævola will burn his fingers.

* An opera by Mr. Rolli, performed in 1721.

WINE:

WINE:

A POEM.

"Nulla placere diu, nec vivere carmina poſſunt,
"Quæ ſcribuntur aquæ potoribus."

OF happineſs terreſtrial, and the ſource
Whence human pleaſures flow, ſing, Heavenly Muſe;
Of ſparkling juices, of th' enlivening grape,
Whoſe quickening taſte adds vigour to the ſoul,
Whoſe ſovereign power revives decaying Nature,
And thaws the frozen blood of hoary age,
A kindly warmth diffuſing;—youthful fires
Gild his dim eyes, and paint with ruddy hue
His wrinkled viſage, ghaſtly wan before:
Cordial reſtorative to mortal man,
With copious hand by bounteous gods beſtow'd!
Bacchus divine, aid my adventurous ſong,
That with no middle flight intends to ſoar.
Inſpir'd, ſublime, on Pegaſean wing,
By thee upborne, I draw Miltonic air.
When fumy vapours clog our loaded brows
With furrow'd frowns; when ſtupid, downcaſt eyes,
Th' external ſymptoms of remorſe within,
Expreſs our grief; or when in ſullen dumps,
With head incumbent on expanded palm,
Moping we ſit, in ſilent ſorrow drown'd:
Whether inveigling Hymen has trepann'd

Th'

Th' unwary youth, and tied the Gordian knot
Of jangling wedlock not to be diſſolv'd;
Worry'd all day by loud Xantippe's din,
Who fails not to exalt him to the ſtars,
And fix him there among the branched crew
(Taurus, and Aries, and Capricorn,
The greateſt monſters of the Zodiac):
Or for the loſs of anxious worldly pelf,
Or Cælia's ſcornful ſlights, and cold diſdain,
Which check'd his amorous flame with coy repulſe;
The worſt events that mortals can befall:
By cares depreſs'd, in penſive hyppiſh mood,
With ſloweſt pace the tedious minutes roll.
Thy charming ſight, but much more charming guſt,
New life incites, and warms our chilly blood.
Straight with pert looks, we raiſe our drooping fronts,
And pour in cryſtal pure, thy purer juice;—
With cheerful countenance and ſteady hand
Raiſe it lip-high, then fix the ſpacious rim
To the expecting mouth;—with grateful taſte,
The ebbing wine glides ſwiftly o'er the tongue;
The circling blood with quicker motion flies:
Such is thy powerful influence, thou ſtraight
Diſpell'ſt thoſe clouds, that, louring dark, eclips'd
The whilom glories of the gladſome face;—
While dimpled cheeks, and ſparkling, rolling eyes,
Thy cheering virtues and thy worth proclaim.
So miſts and exhalations, that ariſe
From *hills or ſteamy lake, duſky or grey*,
Prevail; till Phœbus ſheds Titanian rays,

And paints their fleecy ſkirts with ſhining gold:
Unable to reſiſt, the foggy damps,
That veil'd the ſurface of the verdant fields,
At the god's penetrating beams diſperſe;
The earth again in former beauty ſmiles,
In gaudieſt livery dreſt, all gay and clear.

When diſappointed Strephon meets repulſe,
Scoff'd at, deſpis'd, in melancholic mood,
Joyleſs he waſtes in ſighs the lazy hours;
Till, reinforc'd by thy moſt potent aid,
He ſtorms the breach, and wins the beauteous fort.

To pay thee homage, and receive thy bleſſing,
The Britiſh ſeaman quits his native ſhore,
And ventures through the trackleſs, deep abyſs,
Plowing the ocean, while the upheav'd oak,
"With beaked prow, rides tilting o'er the waves;"
Shock'd by tempeſtuous jarring winds, ſhe rolls
In dangers imminent, till ſhe arrives
At thoſe beſt climes thou favour'ſt with thy preſence.
Whether at Luſitania's ſultry coaſt,
Or lofty Teneriff, Palma, Ferro,
Provence, or at the Celtiberian ſhores;
With gazing pleaſure and aſtoniſhment
At Paradiſe (ſeat of our ancient ſire)
He thinks himſelf arriv'd; the purple grapes,
In largeſt cluſters pendant, grace the vines
Innumerous; in fields groteſque and wild
They with implicit curls the oak entwine,
And load with fruit divine his ſpreading boughs;
Sight moſt delicious! not an irkſome thought,

Or

Or of left native isle, or absent friends,
Or dearest wife, or tender sucking babe,
His kindly-treacherous memory now presents;
The jovial God has left no room for cares.
Celestial liquor! thou that didst inspire
Maro and Flaccus, and the Grecian bard,
With lofty numbers, and heroic strains
Unparallel'd; with eloquence profound,
And arguments convictive, didst enforce
Fam'd Tully, and Demosthenes renown'd:
Ennius, first fam'd in Latin song, in vain
Drew Heliconian streams, ungrateful whet
To jaded Muse, and oft', with vain attempt,
Heroic acts, in flagging numbers dull,
With pains essay'd; but, abject still and low,
His unrecruited Muse could never reach
The mighty theme, till, from the purple fount
Of bright Lenæan fire, her barren drought
He quench'd, and with inspiring nectarous juice
Her drooping spirits cheer'd;—aloft she towers,
Borne on stiff pennons, and of war's alarms,
And trophies won, in loftiest numbers sings.
'Tis thou the hero's breast to martial acts,
And resolution bold, and ardour brave,
Excit'st: thou check'st inglorious, lolling ease,
And sluggish minds with generous fires inflam'st.
O thou, that first my quicken'd soul didst warm,
Still with thy aid assist me, that thy praise,
Thy universal sway o'er all the world,
In everlasting numbers, like the theme,
I may record, and sing thy matchless worth.

Had the Oxonian bard thy praiſe rehears'd,
His Muſe had yet retain'd her wonted height;
Such as of late o'er Blenheim's field ſhe ſoar'd
Aërial: now in Ariconian bogs
She lies inglorious floundering, like her theme
Languid and faint, and on damp wing, immerg'd
In acid juice, in vain attempts to riſe.

With what ſublimeſt joy from noiſy town,
At rural ſeat, Lucretelus retir'd:
Flaccus, untainted by perplexing cares,
Where the white poplar, and the lofty pine,
Join neighbouring boughs, ſweet hoſpitable ſhade
Creating, from Phœbean rays ſecure,
A cool retreat, with few well-choſen friends,
On flowery mead recumbent, ſpent the hours
In mirth innocuous, and alternate verſe!
With roſes interwoven, poplar wreaths
Their temples bind, dreſs of ſylveſtrian gods!
Choiceſt nectarean juice crown'd largeſt bowls,
And overlook'd the brim, alluring ſight,
Of fragrant ſcent, attractive, taſte divine!
Whether from Formian-grape depreſs'd, Falern,
Or Setin, Maſſic, Gauran, or Sabine,
Leſbian or Cœcuban, the cheering bowl
Mov'd briſkly round, and ſpurr'd their heighten'd wit
To ſing Mæcenas' praiſe, their patron kind.

But we not as our priſtine fires repair
T' umbrageous grot or vale; but, when the ſun
Faintly from weſtern ſkies his rays oblique
Darts ſloping, and to Thetis' watery lap

Haſtens

Haſtens in prone career, with friends ſelect
Swiftly we hie to Devil *, young or old,
Jocund and boon, where at the entrance ſtands
A ſtripling, who with ſcrapes and humil cringe
Greets us in winning ſpeech, and accent bland;
With lighteſt bound, and ſafe, unerring ſtep,
He ſkips before, and nimbly climbs the ſtairs:
Melampus thus, panting with lolling tongue,
And wagging tail, gambols, and friſks before
His ſequent lord, from penſive walk return'd,
Whether in ſhady wood, or paſture green,
And waits his coming at the well-known gate.—
Nigh to the ſtairs' aſcent, in regal port,
Sits a majeſtic dame, whoſe looks denounce
Command and ſovereignty; with haughty air,
And ſtudied mien, in ſemi-circular throne
Enclos'd, ſhe deals around her dread commands;
Behind her (dazzling ſight!) in order rang'd,
Pile above pile, cryſtalline veſſels ſhine;
Attendant ſlaves with eager ſtrides advance,
And, after homage paid, bawl out aloud
Words unintelligible, noiſe confus'd:
She knows the jargon ſounds, and ſtraight deſcribes,
In characters myſterious, words obſcure;
More legible are algebraic ſigns,
Or myſtic figures by magicians drawn,
When they invoke th' infernal ſpirits aid.

* The Devil-tavern, Temple-bar, frequented by his friends.

Drive hence the rude and barbarous diſſonance
Of ſavage Thracians, and Croatian boors;
The loud Centaurian broils with Lapithæ
Sound harſh and grating to Lenæan god;
Chaſe brutal feuds of Belgian ſkippers hence
(Amid their cups, whoſe innate temper's ſhewn),
In clumſy fiſt wielding ſcymmetrian knife,
Who ſlaſh each other's eyes and blubber'd face,
Profaning Bacchanalian, ſolemn rites:
Muſic's harmonious numbers better ſuit
His feſtivals, from inſtruments or voice,
Or Gaſperini's hand the trembling ſtring
Should touch; or from the dulcet Tuſcan dames,
Or warbling Toft's far more melodious tongue,
Sweet ſymphonies ſhould flow, the Delian god
For airy Bacchus is aſſociate meet.

The ſtairs aſcent now gain'd, our guide unbars
The door of ſpacious room, and creeking chairs
(To ear offenſive) round the table ſets.
We ſit, when thus his florid ſpeech begins:
"Name, Sirs, the wine that moſt invites your taſte,
"Champaign, or Burgundy, or Florence pure,
"Or Hock antique, or Liſbon new or old,
"Bourdeaux, or neat French wine, or Alicant."
For Bourdeaux we with voice unanimous
Declare (ſuch ſympathy's in boon compeers).
He quits the room alert, but ſoon returns;
One hand capacious gliſtering veſſels bears
Reſplendent; t'other, with a graſp ſecure,
A bottle (mighty charge!) upſtaid, full-fraught

With goodly wine. He, with extended hand
Rais'd high, pours forth his ſanguine frothy juice,
O'erſpread with bubbles, diſſipated ſoon:
We ſtraight to arms repair, experienc'd chiefs;
Now glaſſes claſh with glaſſes (charming ſound!)
And glorious Anna's health, the firſt, the beſt,
Crowns the full glaſs;—at her inſpiring name,
The ſprightly wine reſults, and ſeems to ſmile;
With hearty zeal, and wiſh unanimous,
Her health we drink, and in her health our own.

A pauſe enſues; and now with grateful chat
W' improve the interval; and joyous mirth
Engages our rais'd ſouls, pat repartee,
Or witty joke, our airy ſenſes moves
To pleaſant laughter; ſtraight the echoing room
With univerſal peals and ſhouts reſounds.

The royal Dane, bleſt conſort of the queen,
Next crowns the ruby'd nectar, all whoſe bliſs
In Anna's plac'd:—with ſympathetic flame,
And mutual endearments, all her joys,
Like the kind turtle's pure untainted love,
Centre in him, who ſhares the grateful hearts
Of loyal ſubjects with his ſovereign queen;
For, by his prudent care, united ſhores
Were ſav'd from hoſtile fleets invaſion dire.

The hero Marlborough next, whoſe vaſt exploits
Fame's clarion ſounds; freſh laurels, triumphs new,
We wiſh, like thoſe he won at Hochſtet's field.

Next Devonſhire illuſtrious, who from race
Of nobleſt patriots ſprang, whoſe worthy ſoul
Is with each fair and virtuous gift adorn'd,

That ſhone in his moſt worthy anceſtors:
For then diſtinct in ſeparate breaſts were ſeen
Virtues diſtinct, but all in him unite.
Prudent Godolphin, of the *nation*'s weal
Frugal, but free and generous of *his own*,
Next crowns the bowl; with faithful Sunderland,
And Halifax, the Muſes' darling ſon,
In whom conſpicuous, with full luſtre, ſhine
The fureſt judgment, and the brighteſt wit,
Himſelf Mæcenas and a Flaccus too.—
And all the worthies of the Britiſh realm,
In order rang'd, ſucceed; ſuch healths as tinge
The dulcet wine with a more charming guſt.
Now each his miſtreſs toaſts, by whoſe bright eye
He's fir'd; Coſmelia fair, or Dulcibell',
Or Sylvia, comely black, with jetty eyes
Piercing; or airy Cælia, ſprightly maid!—
Inſenſibly thus flow unnumber'd hours;
Glaſs ſucceeds glaſs, till the Dircean god
Shines in our eyes, and with his fulgent rays
Enlightens our glad looks with lovely dye;
All blithe and jolly, that, like Arthur's knights,
Of rotund table, fam'd in old records,
Now moſt we ſeem'd—ſuch is the power of WINE.
Thus we the winged hours in harmleſs mirth
And joys unfully'd paſs, till humid night
Has half her race perform'd; now all abroad
Is huſh'd and ſilent, nor the rumbling noiſe
Of coach or cart, or ſmoky link-boy's call,
Is heard—but univerſal ſilence reigns:

When

When we in merry plight, airy and gay,
Surpris'd to find the hours ſo ſwiftly fly,
With haſty knock, or twang of pendent cord,
Alarm the drowſy youth from ſlumbering nod;
Startled he flies, and ſtumbles o'er the ſtairs
Erroneous, and with buſy knuckles plies
His yet clung eye-lids, and with ſtaggering reel
Enters confus'd, and muttering aſks our wills;
When we with liberal hand the ſcore diſcharge,
And homeward each his courſe with ſteady ſtep
Unerring ſteers, of cares and coin bereft.

THE

LAMENTATION of GLUMDALCLITCH

FOR THE

LOSS of GRILDRIG*.

A PASTORAL.

SOON as Glumdalclitch miſs'd her pleaſing care,
She wept, ſhe blubber'd, and ſhe tore her hair.
No Britiſh miſs ſincerer grief has known,
Her ſquirrel miſſing, or her ſparrow flown.
She furl'd her ſampler, and haul'd-in her thread,
And ſtuck her needle into Grildrig's bed;
Then ſpread her hands, and with a bounce let fall
Her baby, like the giant in Guildhall.
In peals of thunder now ſhe roars, and now
She gently whimpers like a lowing cow:
Yet lovely in her ſorrow ſtill appears;
Her locks diſhevel'd, and her flood of tears,
Seem like the lofty barn of ſome rich ſwain,
When from the thatch drips faſt a ſhower of rain.
In vain ſhe ſearch'd each cranny of the houſe,
Each gaping chink impervious to a mouſe.
"Was it for this (ſhe cry'd) with daily care
"Within thy reach I ſet the vinegar;

* In Faulkener's edition this Poem is aſcribed to Pope, and the Lilliputian Ode to Arbuthnot.

"And

" And fill'd the cruet with the acid tide,
" While pepper-water worms thy bait supply'd,
" Where twin'd the silver eel around thy hook,
" And all the little monsters of the brook?
" Sure in that lake he dropt: My Grilly's drown'd."—
She dragg'd the cruet, but no Grildrig found.
" Vain is thy courage, Grilly, vain thy boast:
" But little creatures enterprize the most.
" Trembling, I've seen thee dare the kitten's paw,
" Nay, mix with children as they play'd at taw,
" Nor fear'd the marbles, as they bounding flew:
" Marbles to them, but rolling rocks to you.
" Why did I trust thee with that giddy youth!
" Who from a page can ever learn the truth?
" Vers'd in court-tricks, that money-loving boy
" To some lord's daughter sold the living toy;
" Or rent him limb from limb in cruel play,
" As children tear the wings of flies away.
" From place to place o'er Brobdingnag I'll roam,
" And never will return, or bring thee home.
" But who hath eyes to trace the passing wind?
" How then thy fairy footsteps can I find?
" Dost thou bewilder'd wander all alone,
" In the green thicket of a mossy stone;
" Or, tumbled from the toadstool's slippery round,
" Perhaps all maim'd, lie groveling on the ground?
" Dost thou, imbosom'd in the lovely rose,
" Or sunk within the peach's down, repose?
" Within the king-cup if thy limbs are spread,
" Or in the golden cowslip's velvet head:

" O shew

" O ſhew me, Flora, 'midſt thoſe ſweets, the flower
" Where ſleeps my Grildrig in his fragrant bower!
" But ah! I fear thy little fancy roves
" On little females, and on little loves;
" Thy pigmy children, and thy tiny ſpouſe,
" The baby-playthings that adorn thy houſe,
" Doors, windows, chimneys, and the ſpacious rooms
" Equal in ſize to cells of honeycombs.
" Haſt thou for theſe now ventur'd from the ſhore,
" Thy bark a bean-ſhell, and a ſtraw thy oar?
" Or in thy box now bounding on the main?
" Shall I ne'er bear thyſelf and houſe again?
" And ſhall I ſet thee on my hand no more,
" To ſee thee leap the lines, and traverſe o'er
" My ſpacious palm? of ſtature ſcarce a ſpan,
" Mimic the actions of a real man?
" No more behold thee turn my watch's key,
" As ſeamen at a capſtan anchors weigh?
" How waſt thou wont to walk with cautious tread,
" A diſh of tea, like milk-pail, on thy head!
" How chaſe the mite that bore thy cheeſe away,
" And keep the rolling maggot at a bay!"
She ſaid; but broken accents ſtopt her voice,
Soft as the ſpeaking-trumpet's mellow noiſe.
She ſobb'd a ſtorm, and wip'd her flowing eyes,
Which ſeem'd like two broad ſuns in miſty ſkies!—
O! ſquander not thy grief; thoſe tears command
To weep upon our cod in Newfoundland:
The plenteous pickle ſhall preſerve the fiſh,
And Europe taſte thy ſorrows in a diſh.

TO

QUINBUS FLESTRIN,

THE MAN-MOUNTAIN.

A LILLIPUTIAN ODE.

I.

IN amaze
Loſt, I gaze.
Can our eyes
Reach thy ſize?
May my lays
Swell with praiſe,
Worthy thee!
Worthy me!
Muſe, inſpire
All thy fire!
Bards of old
Of him told,
When they ſaid
Atlas' head
Propt the ſkies:
See! and believe your eyes!

II.

See him ſtride
Valleys wide:
Over woods,
Over floods.
When he treads,
Mountains heads
Groan and ſhake:
Armies quake,
Leſt his ſpurn
Overturn
Man and ſteed.
Troops, take heed!
Left and right
Speed your flight!
Leſt an hoſt
Beneath his foot be loſt.

III.

Turn'd aſide
From his hide,
Safe from wound
Darts rebound.
From his noſe
Clouds he blows;
When he ſpeaks,
Thunder breaks!

Wher

When he eats,
Famine threats!
When he drinks,
Neptune ſhrinks!
Nigh thy ear,
In mid air,
On thy hand,
Let me ſtand,
So ſhall I
(Lofty Poet!) touch the ſky.

VERSES

TO BE PLACED UNDER THE PICTURE

OF

SIR RICHARD BLACKMORE,

ENGLAND'S ARCH-POET;

CONTAINING

A COMPLETE CATALOGUE OF HIS WORKS.

SEE who ne'er was nor will be half read:
Who firſt ſang (1) Arthur, then ſang (2) Alfred;
Prais'd great (3) Eliza in God's anger,
Till all true Engliſhmen cry'd, Hang her!
Made William's virtues wipe the bare a—
And hang'd-up Marlborough in (4) arras;

(1) Two Heroic Poems, in folio, twenty books.
(2) Heroic Poem, in twelve books.
(3) Heroic Poem, in folio, ten books.
(4) Inſtructions to Vanderbank, a tapeſtry-weaver.

Then,

Then, hiſs'd from earth, grew heavenly quite:
Made every reader curſe the (5) light:
Maul'd human wit in one thick (6) ſatire,
Next in three books ſpoil'd (7) human nature;
Undid (8) creation at a jirk,
And of (9) redemption made damn'd work.
Then took his Muſe at once and dipt her
Full in the middle of the Scripture.
What wonders there the man, grown old, did!
Sternhold himſelf he out-Sternholded,
Made (10) David ſeem ſo mad and freakiſh,
All thought him juſt what thought king Achiſh.
No mortal read his (11) Solomon,
But judg'd Re'boam his own ſon.
Moſes he ſerv'd as Moſes Pharaoh,
And Deborah (12), as ſhe Siſe-rah:
Made (13) Jeremy full ſore to cry,
And (14) Job himſelf curſe God and die.
What puniſhment all this muſt follow?
Shall Arthur uſe him like King Tollo?

(5) Hymn to the light.
(6) Satire againſt wit.
(7) Of the nature of man.
(8) Creation, a Poem, in ſeven books.
(9) Redemption, another Heroic Poem, in ſix books.
(10) Tranſlation of all the Pſalms.
(11) Canticles and Eccleſiaſtes.
(12) Paraphraſe of the Canticles of Moſes and Deborah, &c.
(13) The Lamentations.
(14) The whole Book of Job, a Poem.

Shall

Shall David as Uriah ſlay him?
Or dext'rous Deborah Siſera-him?
Or ſhall Eliza lay a plot,
To treat him like her ſiſter Scot?
Shall William dub his better end *,
Or Marlborough ſerve him like a *friend*?
No!—none of theſe!—Heaven ſpare his life!
But ſend him, honeſt Job, thy wife!

A RECEIPT FOR STEWING VEAL.

WITH NOTES BY THE AUTHOR.

TAKE a knuckle of veal;
You may buy it or ſteal.
In a few pieces cut it:
In a ſtewing-pan put it.
Salt, pepper, and mace
Muſt ſeaſon this knuckle;
Then † what's join'd to a place
With other herbs muckle;
That which killed king ‡ Will;
And what never || ſtands ſtill.
Some § ſprigs of that bed
Where children are bred,

* Kick him on the breech, not knight him on the ſhoulder.
† Vulgo, ſalary.
‡ Suppoſed ſorrel.
|| This is by Dr. Bentley thought to be time, or thyme.
§ Parſley. Vide Chamberlayne.

Which

Which much you will mend, if
Both ſpinnage and endive,
And lettuce, and beet,
With marygold meet.
Put no water at all;
For it maketh things ſmall,
Which, leſt it ſhould happen,
A cloſe cover clap on.
Put this pot of * Wood's metal
In a hot boiling kettle,
And there let it be
(Mark the doctrine I teach)
About—let me ſee—
Thrice as long as you preach †:
So ſkimming the fat off,
Say grace with your hat off.
O, then! with what rapture
Will it fill dean and chapter!

* Of this compoſition, ſee the Works of the Copper-farthing Dean.

† Which we ſuppoſe to be near four hours.

ACIS AND GALATEA,

A

SERENATA.

THE MUSIC BY MR. HANDEL.

PART THE FIRST.

A rural prospect, diversified with rocks, groves, and a river. Acis and Galatea seated by a fountain. Chorus of nymphs and shepherds, distributed about the landscape; and Polyphemus discovered sitting upon a mountain.

CHORUS.

O THE pleasure of the plains!
Happy nymphs and happy swains
(Harmless, merry, free, and gay)
Dance and sport the hours away.

For us the zephyr blows,
For us distils the dew,
For us unfolds the rose,
And flowers display their hue:

For

For us the winters rain ;
For us the ſummers ſhine ;
Spring ſwells for us the grain,
And autumn bleeds the vine.

Da Capo.

RECITATIVE.

GALATEA.

Ye verdant plains, and woody mountains,
Purling ſtreams, and bubbling fountains,
Ye painted glories of the field,
Vain are the pleaſures which you yield ;
Too thin the ſhadow of the grove,
Too faint the gales, to cool my love.

AIR.

Huſh, you pretty warbling choir,
Your thrilling ſtrains
Awake my pains,
And kindle fierce deſire :
Ceaſe your ſong, and take your flight ;
Bring back my Acis to my ſight.

Da Capo.

AIR.

ACIS.

Where ſhall I ſeek the charming Fair ?
Direct the way, kind genius of the mountains :
O tell me if you ſaw my dear ;
Seeks ſhe the groves, or bathes in cryſtal fountains ?

Da Capo.

RECITATIVE.

DAMON.

Stay, ſhepherd, ſtay!
See how thy flocks in yonder valley ſtray.
What means this melancholy air?
No more thy tuneful pipe we hear.

AIR.

Shepherd, what art thou purſuing,
Heedleſs running to thy ruin?
Share our joy, our pleaſure ſhare:
Leave thy paſſion till to-morrow;
Let the day be free from ſorrow,
Free from love, and free from care.
Da Capo.

RECITATIVE.

ACIS.

Lo here, my Love!
Turn, Galatea, hither turn thine eyes;
See at thy feet the longing Acis lies.

AIR.

Love in her eyes ſits playing,
And ſheds delicious death;
Love in her lips is ſtraying,
And warbling in her breath:
Love on her breaſt ſits panting,
And ſwells with ſoft deſire:
Nor grace, nor charm, is wanting
To ſet the heart on fire.

RECI-

RECITATIVE.

GALATEA.

O! didſt thou know the pains of abſent love,
Acis would ne'er from Galatea rove.

AIR.

As when the dove
Laments his love,
All on the naked ſpray;
When he returns,
No more ſhe mourns,
But loves the live-long day.
Billing, cooing,
Panting, wooing,
Melting murmurs fill the grove;
Melting murmurs, laſting love.

DUET.

ACIS AND GALATEA.

Happy we!
What joys I feel!—What charms I ſee!
Of all youths, thou deareſt boy!
Of all nymphs, thou brighteſt fair!
Thou all my bliſs, thou all my joy!

Da Capo.

CHORUS.

Happy we, &c.

ACIS AND GALATEA,

A

SERENATA.

PART THE SECOND.

A CONCERTO ON THE ORGAN.

CHORUS.

WRETCHED lovers! Fate has pass'd
This sad decree; no joy shall last.
Wretched lovers! quit your dream;
Behold the monster Polypheme.
See what ample strides he takes;
The mountain nods, the forest shakes;
The waves run frighten'd to the shores:
Hark! how the thundering Giant roars!

RECITATIVE accompanied.

POLYPHEME.

I rage, I melt, I burn,
The feeble God has stabb'd me to the heart.
Thou trusty pine,
Prop of my godlike steps, I lay thee by.

Bring me a hundred reeds, of decent growth,
To make a pipe for my capacious mouth;
In ſoft enchanting accents let me breathe
Sweet Galatea's beauty, and my love.

AIR.

O ruddier than the cherry!
O ſweeter than the berry!
O Nymph more bright
Than moon-ſhine night,
Like kidlings blithe and merry!
Ripe as the melting cluſter!
No lily has ſuch luſtre;
Yet hard to tame
As raging flame,
And fierce as ſtorms that bluſter!
Da Capo.

RECITATIVE.

POLYPHEMUS, GALATEA.

POLY. Whither, faireſt, art thou running,
Still my warm embraces ſhunning?

GAL. The lion calls not to his prey;
Nor bids the wolf the lambkin ſtay.

POLY. Thee Polyphemus, great as Jove,
Calls to empire, and to love:
To his palace in the rock,
To his dairy, to his flock;

To the grape of purple hue,
To the plum of gloſſy blue;
Wildings which expecting ſtand,
Proud to be gather'd by thy hand.

GAL. Of infant-limbs to make my food,
And ſwill full draughts of human blood!
Go, monſter! bid ſome other gueſt:
I loath the hoſt; I loath the feaſt.

AIR.

POLYPHEMUS.

Ceaſe to beauty to be ſuing:
Ever whining love diſdaining,
Let the brave, their aims purſuing,
Still be conquering, not complaining.
Da Capo.

AIR.

DAMON.

Would you gain the tender creature?
Softly, gently, kindly treat her:
Suffering is the lover's part:
Beauty by conſtraint poſſeſſing,
You enjoy but half the bleſſing,
Lifeleſs charms without the heart.
Da Capo.

RECI-

RECITATIVE.

ACIS.

His hideous love provokes my rage;
Weak as I am, I muſt engage:
Inſpir'd with thy victorious charms,
The God of Love will lend his arms.

AIR.

Love ſounds th' alarm,
And fear is a flying:
When beauty's the prize,
What mortal fears dying?
In defence of my treaſure,
I'd bleed at each vein:
Without her no pleaſure;
For life is a pain.

Da Capo.

AIR.

DAMON.

Conſider, fond ſhepherd,
How fleeting's the pleaſure,
That flatters our hopes
In purſuit of the fair:
The joys that attend it,
By moments we meaſure;
But life is too little
To meaſure our care.

Da Capo.

RECITATIVE.

GALATEA.

Ceaſe, O ceaſe, thou gentle youth;
Truſt my conſtancy and truth;
Truſt my truth, and powers above,
The powers propitious ſtill to Love.

TRIO.

ACIS, GALATEA, AND POLYPHEME.

ACIS and GAL. The flocks ſhall leave the mountains,
The woods the turtle-dove,
The nymphs forſake the fountains,
Ere I forſake my love.

POLY. Torture! fury! rage! deſpair!
I cannot, cannot, cannot bear.

ACIS and GAL. Not ſhowers to larks ſo pleaſing,
Nor ſun-ſhine to the bee;
Not ſleep to toil ſo eaſing,
As theſe dear ſmiles to me.

POLY. Fly ſwift, thou maſſy ruin, fly:
Die, preſumptuous Acis, die.

RECITATIVE.

ACIS.

Help, Galatea! help, ye parent gods!
And take me dying to your deep abodes!

CHORUS.

CHORUS.

Mourn, all ye Muſes; weep, ye ſwains;
Tune, tune your reeds to doleful ſtrains;
Groans, cries, and howlings, fill the neighbouring ſhore,
Ah!—the gentle Acis is no more.

SONG AND CHORUS.

GALATEA.

Muſt I my Acis ſtill bemoan,
Inglorious cruſh'd beneath that ſtone?
Muſt the lovely charming youth
Die for his conſtancy and truth?
Say, what comfort can you find?
For dark deſpair o'erclouds my mind.

CHORUS.

Ceaſe, Galatea, ceaſe to grieve;
Bewail not, when thou canſt relieve:
Call forth thy power, employ thy art;
The goddeſs ſoon can heal thy ſmart:
To kindred gods the youth return,
Through verdant plains to roll his urn.

RECITATIVE.

GALATEA.

'Tis done: thus I exert my power divine;
Be thou immortal, though thou art not mine.

AIR.

AIR.

Heart, thou ſeat of ſoft delight!
Be thou now a fountain bright;
Purple be no more thy blood,
Glide thou like a cryſtal flood;
Rock, thy hollow womb diſcloſe:
The bubbling fountain, lo! it flows.
Through the plains he joys to rove,
Murmuring ſtill his gentle love.

CHORUS.

Galatea, dry thy tears:
Acis now a god appears.
See how he rears him from his bed;
See the wreath that binds his head.
Hail! thou gentle murmuring ſtream,
Shepherds' pleaſure, Muſes' theme;
Through the plain ſtill joy to rove,
Murmuring ſtill thy gentle love.

TRANS-

TRANSLATIONS.

THE

STORY

OF

ACHELOUS AND HERCULES.

From OVID'S METAMORPHOSES. BOOK IX.

ARGUMENT.

Theſeus, returning from a great hunting-match in Calydon, is ſtopped from proceeding by the overflowing of the river Acheloüs.—The god of the ſtream courteouſly invites him into his cave, where they paſs the time in diſcourſing of various metamorphoſes. At laſt, to prove the poſſibility of ſuch changes, he aſſerts that he has himſelf the power of varying his form within certain limitations, among which he mentions his having loſt one of his horns when in the ſhape of a bull; and this gives riſe to the following ſtory.

THESEUS

THESEUS requeſts the God to tell his woes,
Whence his maim'd brow, and whence his groans
aroſe;
When thus the Calydonian Stream reply'd,
With twining reeds his careleſs treſſes tied:
" Ungrateful is the tale; for who can bear,
" When conquer'd, to rehearſe the ſhameful war?
" Yet I'll the melancholy ſtory trace;
" So great a conqueror ſoftens the diſgrace:
" Nor was it ſtill ſo mean the prize to yield,
" As great and glorious to diſpute the field.
" Perhaps you've heard of Deïanira's name,
" For all the country ſpoke her beauty's fame.
" Long was the nymph by numerous ſuitors woo'd,
" Each with addreſs his envy'd hopes purſued:
" I join'd the loving band; to gain the fair,
" Reveal'd my paſſion to her father's ear.
" Their vain pretenſions all the reſt reſign;
" Alcides only ſtrove to equal mine:
" He boaſts his birth from Jove, recounts his ſpoils,
" His ſtep-dame's hate ſubdued, and finiſh'd toils.
" Can mortals then (ſaid I) with gods compare?
" Behold a god; mine is the watery care:
" Through your wide realms I take my mazy way,
" Branch into ſtreams, and o'er the region ſtray:
" No foreign gueſt your daughter's charms adores,
" But one who riſes in your native ſhores.
" Let not his puniſhment your pity move;
" Is Juno's hate an argument for love?

" Though

" Though you your life from fair Alcmena drew,
" Jove's a feign'd father, or by fraud a true.
" Chooſe then; confeſs thy mother's honour loſt,
" Or thy deſcent from Jove no longer boaſt."
While thus I ſpoke, he look'd with ſtern diſdain,
Nor could the ſallies of his wrath reſtrain,
Which thus broke forth: " This arm decides our right:
" Vanquiſh'd in words; be mine the prize in fight!"
" Bold he ruſh'd on. My honour to maintain,
" I fling my verdant garments on the plain,
" My arms ſtretch forth, my pliant limbs prepare,
" And with bent hands expect the furious war.
" O'er my ſleek ſkin now gather'd duſt he throws,
" And yellow ſand his mighty muſcles ſtrows.
" Oft' he my neck and nimble legs aſſails,
" He ſeems to graſp me, but as often fails:
" Each part he now invades with eager hand;
" Safe in my bulk, immoveable I ſtand.
" So when loud ſtorms break high, and foam and roar
" Againſt ſome mole that ſtretches from the ſhore;
" The firm foundation laſting tempeſts braves,
" Defies the warring winds, and driving waves.
" Awhile we breathe, then forward ruſh amain,
" Renew the combat, and our ground maintain;
" Foot ſtrove with foot, I prone extend my breaſt,
" Hands war with hands, and forehead forehead preſs'd.
" Thus have I ſeen two furious bulls engage,
" Inflam'd with equal love, and equal rage;
" Each claims the faireſt heifer of the grove,
" And conqueſt only can decide their love:

" The

" The trembling herds survey the fight from far,
" Till victory decides th' important war.
" Three times in vain he strove my joints to wrest;
" To force my hold, and throw me from his breast;
" The fourth he broke my gripe, that clasp'd him round,
" Then with new force he stretch'd me on the ground;
" Close to my back the mighty burden clung,
" As if a mountain o'er my limbs were flung.
" Believe my tale; nor do I, boastful, aim
" By feign'd narration to extol my fame.
" No sooner from his grasp I freedom get,
" Unlock my arms, that flow'd with trickling sweat,
" But quick he seiz'd me, and renew'd the strife,
" As my exhausted bosom pants for life:
" My neck he gripes, my knee to earth he strains;
" I fall, and bite the sand with shame and pains.
" O'er-match'd in strength, to wiles and arts I take;
" And slip his hold, in form of speckled snake:
" Who, when I wreath'd in spires my body round,
" Or shew'd my forky-tongue with hissing sound,
" Smiles at my threats. Such foes my cradle knew,
" He cries; dire snakes my infant-hand o'erthrew;
" A dragon's form might other conquests gain;
" To war with me you take that shape in vain.
" Art thou proportion'd to the Hydra's length,
" Who by his wounds receiv'd augmented strength?
" He rais'd a hundred hissing heads in air;
" When one I lopp'd, up sprung a dreadful pair.
" By his wounds fertile, and with slaughter strong,
" Singly I quell'd him, and stretch'd dead along.

" What

" What canſt thou do, a form precarious, prone,
" To rouze my rage with terrors not thy own?"
" He ſaid; and round my neck his hands he caſt,
" And with his ſtraining fingers wrung me faſt:
" My throat he tortur'd, cloſe as pincers claſp,
" In vain I ſtrove to looſe the forceful graſp.
" Thus vanquiſh'd too, a third form ſtill remains,
" Chang'd to a bull, my lowing fills the plains.
" Straight on the left his nervous arms were thrown
" Upon my brindled neck, and tugg'd it down;
" Then deep he ſtruck my horn into the ſand,
" And fell'd my bulk along the duſty land.
" Nor yet his fury cool'd; 'twixt rage and ſcorn,
" From my maim'd front he tore the ſtubborn horn;
" This, heap'd with flowers and fruits, the Naiads bear,
" Sacred to plenty, and the bounteous year."
He ſpoke; when lo! a beauteous nymph appears,
Girt, like Diana's train, with flowing hairs;
The horn ſhe brings, in which all autumn's ſtor'd,
And ruddy apples for the ſecond board.
Now morn begins to dawn, the ſun's bright fire
Gilds the high mountains, and the youths retire;
Nor ſtay'd they, till the troubled ſtream ſubſides,
And in its bounds with peaceful current glides.
But Acheloüs in his oozy bed
Deep hides his brow deform'd, and ruſtic head:
No real wound the victor's triumph ſhow'd,
But his loſt honours griev'd the watery god;
Yet ev'n that loſs the willow's leaves o'erſpread,
And verdant reeds, in garlands, bind his head.

THE

DEATH OF NESSUS,

THE CENTAUR.

THIS virgin too, thy love, O Neſſus, found,
To her alone you owe the fatal wound.
As the ſtrong ſon of Jove his bride conveys,
Where his paternal lands their bulwarks raiſe;
Where from her ſlopy urn Evenus pours
Her rapid current, ſwell'd by wintery ſhowers,
He came. The frequent eddies whirl'd the tide,
And the deep rolling waves all paſs deny'd.
As for himſelf, he ſtood unmov'd by fears,
For now his bridal charge employ'd his cares.
The ſtrong-limb'd Neſſus thus officious cry'd
(For he the ſhallows of the ſtream had try'd),
Swim thou, Alcides, all thy ſtrength prepare;
On yonder bank I'll lodge thy nuptial care.
Th' Aonian chief to Neſſus truſts his wife,
All pale, and trembling for her hero's life:
Cloth'd as he ſtood in the fierce lion's hide,
The laden quiver o'er his ſhoulder ty'd
(For croſs the ſtream his bow and club were caſt);
Swift he plung'd in; theſe billows ſhall be paſs'd.
He ſaid, nor ſought where ſmoother waters glide,
But ſtem'd the rapid dangers of the tide.

The

The bank he reach'd: again the bow he bears;
When, hark! his bride's known voice alarms his ears.
Neſſus, to thee I call (aloud he cries);
Vain is thy truſt in flight, be timely wiſe:
Thou monſter double-ſhap'd, my right ſet free:
If thou no reverence owe my fame and me,
Yet kindred ſhould thy lawleſs luſt deny.
Think not, perfidious wretch, from me to fly,
Though wing'd with horſe's ſpeed; wounds ſhall purſue:
Swift as his words the fatal arrow flew:
The Centaur's back admits the feather'd wood,
And through his breaſt the barbed weapon ſtood;
Which when, in anguiſh, through the fleſh he tore,
From both the wounds guſh'd forth the ſpumy gore,
Mix'd with Lernæan venom; this he took,
Nor dire revenge his dying breaſt forſook.
His garment, in the reeking purple dy'd,
To rouze love's paſſion, he preſents the bride.

THE

DEATH OF HERCULES.

NOW a long interval of time ſucceeds,
When the great ſon of Jove's immortal deeds,
And ſtep-dame's hate, had fill'd earth's utmoſt round;
He from Oechalia, with new laurels crown'd,
In triumph was return'd. He rites prepares,
And to the king of gods directs his prayers,
When Fame (who falſehood clothes in truth's diſguiſe,
And ſwells her little bulk with growing lies)
Thy tender ear, O Deianira, mov'd,
That Hercules the fair Iole lov'd,
Her love believes the tale; the truth ſhe fears
Of his new paſſion, and gives way to tears.
The flowing tears diffus'd her wretched grief,
Why ſeek I thus, from ſtreaming eyes, relief?
She cries; indulge not thus theſe fruitleſs cares,
The harlot will but triumph in thy tears:
Let ſomething be reſolv'd, while yet there's time;
My bed not conſcious of a rival's crime.
In ſilence ſhall I mourn, or loud complain?
Shall I ſeek Calydon, or here remain?
What though, ally'd to Meleager's fame,
I boaſt the honours of a ſiſter's name?
My wrongs, perhaps, now urge me to purſue
Some deſperate deed, by which the world ſhall view

How

How far revenge and woman's rage can riſe,
When weltering in her blood the harlot dies.
Thus various paſſions rul'd by turns her breaſt.
She now reſolves to ſend the fatal veſt,
Dy'd with Lernæan gore, whoſe power might move
His ſoul anew, and rouze declining love.
Nor knew ſhe what her ſudden rage beſtows,
When ſhe to Lichas truſts her future woes;
With ſoft endearments ſhe the boy commands
To bear the garment to her huſband's hands.
Th' unwitting hero takes the gift in haſte,
And o'er his ſhoulders Lerna's poiſon caſt.
As firſt the fire with frankincenſe he ſtrows,
And utters to the gods his holy vows;
And on the marble altar's poliſh'd frame
Pours forth the grapy ſtream; the riſing flame
Sudden diſſolves the ſubtle poiſonous juice,
Which taints his blood, and all his nerves bedews.
With wonted fortitude he bore the ſmart,
And not a groan confeſs'd his burning heart.
At length his patience was ſubdued by pain,
He rends the ſacred altar from the plain;
Oete's wide foreſts echo with his cries!
Now to rip off the deathful robe he tries.
Where'er he plucks the veſt, the ſkin he tears,
The mangled muſcles and huge bones he bares,
(A ghaſtly ſight!) or, raging with his pain,
To rend the ſticking plague he tugs in vain.
As the red iron hiſſes in the flood,
So boils the venom in his curdling blood.

Now with the greedy flame his entrails glow,
And livid ſweats down all his body flow;
The cracking nerves burnt-up are burſt in twain,
The lurking venom melts his ſwimming brain.
Then, lifting both his hands aloft, he cries,
Glut thy revenge, dread empreſs of the ſkies;
Sate with my death the rancour of thy heart,
Look down with pleaſure, and enjoy my ſmart.
Or, if e'er pity mov'd a hoſtile breaſt
(For here I ſtand thy enemy profeſt),
Take hence this hateful life, with tortures torn,
Inur'd to trouble, and to labours born.
Death is the gift moſt welcome to my woe,
And ſuch a gift a ſtep-dame may beſtow.
Was it for this Buſiris was ſubdued,
Whoſe barbarous temples reek'd with ſtrangers' blood?
Preſs'd in theſe arms, his fate Antæus found,
Nor gain'd recruited vigour from the ground.
Did I not triple-form'd Geryon fell?
Or did I fear the triple dog of hell?
Did not theſe hands the bull's arm'd forehead hold?
Are not our mighty toils in Elis told?
Did not Stymphalian lakes proclaim my fame?
And fair Parthenian woods reſound my name?
Who ſeiz'd the golden belt of Thermodon?
And who the dragon-guarded apples won?
Could the fierce Centaur's ſtrength my force withſtand,
Or the fell boar that ſpoil'd th' Arcadian land?
Did not theſe arms the Hydra's rage ſubdue,
Who from his wounds to double fury grew?

What if the Thracian horſes, fat with gore,
Who human bodies in their mangers tore,
I ſaw, and with their barbarous lord o'erthrew?
What if theſe hands Nemæa's lion ſlew?
Did not this neck the heavenly globe ſuſtain?—
The female partner of the thunderer's reign,
Fatigu'd, at length ſuſpends her harſh commands;
Yet no fatigue hath ſlack'd theſe valiant hands.
But now new plagues purſue me; neither force,
Nor arms, nor darts, can ſtop their raging courſe.
Devouring flame through my rack'd entrails ſtrays,
And on my lungs and ſhrivel'd muſcles preys;
Yet ſtill Euryſtheus breathes the vital air!
What mortal now ſhall ſeek the gods with prayer?

THE

TRANSFORMATION

OF

LYCHAS INTO A ROCK.

THE hero ſaid; and, with the torture ſtung,
Furious o'er Oete's lofty hills he ſprung:
Stuck with the ſhaft, thus ſcours the tiger round,
And ſeeks the flying author of his wound.
Now might you ſee him trembling, now he vents
His anguiſh'd ſoul in groans and loud laments;
He ſtrives to tear the clinging veſt in vain,
And with up-rooted foreſts ſtrews the plain;
Now, kindling into rage, his hands he rears,
And to his kindred gods directs his prayers.
When Lychas, lo, he ſpies; who trembling flew,
And, in a hollow rock conceal'd from view,
Had ſhunn'd his wrath. Now grief renew'd his pain,
His madneſs chaf'd, and thus he raves again:
Lychas, to thee alone my fate I owe,
Who bore the gift, the cauſe of all my woe.
The youth all pale with ſhivering fear was ſtung,
And vain excuſes faulter'd on his tongue.
Alcides ſnatch'd him, as with ſuppliant face
He ſtrove to claſp his knees, and beg for grace.

He

He toſs'd him o'er his head with airy courſe,
And hurl'd with more than with an engine's force;
Far o'er th' Eubœan main aloft he flies,
And hardens by degrees amid the ſkies.
So ſhowery drops, when chilly tempeſts blow,
Thicken at firſt, then whiten into ſnow;
In balls congeal'd the rolling fleeces bound,
In ſolid hail reſult upon the ground.
Thus, whirl'd with nervous force through diſtant air,
The purple tide forſook his veins with fear;
All moiſture left his limbs. Transform'd to ſtone,
In ancient days the craggy flint was known:
Still in th' Eubœan waves his front he rears,
Still the ſmall rock in human form appears,
And ſtill the name of hapleſs Lychas bears.

THE

APOTHEOSIS OF HERCULES.

BUT now the hero of immortal birth
Fells Oete's foreſts on the groaning earth;
A pile he builds; to Philoctetes' care
He leaves his deathful inſtruments of war;
To him commits thoſe arrows, which again
Muſt ſee the bulwarks of the Trojan reign.
The ſon of Pæan lights the lofty pyre,
High round the ſtructure climbs the greedy fire;
Plac'd on the top, thy nervous ſhoulders ſpread
With the Nemæan ſpoils thy careleſs head;
Raiſ'd on the knotty club, with look divine;
Here thou, dread hero of celeſtial line,
Waſt ſtretch'd at eaſe; as when, a cheerful gueſt,
Wine crown'd thy bowls, and flowers thy temples dreſt.
Now on all ſides the potent flames aſpire,
And crackle round thoſe limbs that mock the fire.
A ſudden tremor ſeiz'd th' immortal hoſt,
Who thought the world's profeſt defender loſt.
This when the thunderer ſaw, with ſmiles he cries,
'Tis from your fears, ye gods, my pleaſures riſe;
Joy ſwells my breaſt, that my all-ruling hand
O'er ſuch a grateful people boaſts command,
That you my ſuffering progeny would aid;
Though to his deeds this juſt reſpect be paid,
Me you've oblig'd. Be all your fears forborn,
Th' Oetean fires do thou, great hero, ſcorn.

Who

Who vanquiſh'd all things, ſhall ſubdue the flame.
That part alone of groſs maternal frame
Fire ſhall devour; while what from me he drew
Shall live immortal, and its force ſubdue;
That, when he's dead, I'll raiſe to realms above;
May all the powers the righteous act approve!
If any god diſſent, and judge too great
The ſacred honours of the heavenly ſeat,
Ev'n he ſhall own, his deeds deſerve the ſky,
Ev'n he, reluctant, ſhall at length comply.
Th' aſſembled powers aſſent. No frown till now
Had mark'd with paſſion vengeful Juno's brow.
Meanwhile whate'er was in the power of flame
Was all conſum'd, his body's nervous frame
No more was known;—of human form bereft,
Th' eternal part of Jove alone was left.
As an old ſerpent caſts his ſcaly veſt,
Wreathes in the ſun, in youthful glory dreſt;
So when Alcides mortal mould reſign'd,
His better part enlarg'd, and grew refin'd,
Auguſt his viſage ſhone; almighty Jove
Is his ſwift car his honour'd offſpring drove;
High o'er the hollow clouds the courſers fly,
And lodge the hero in the ſtarry ſky.

THE

TRANSFORMATION

OF

GALANTHIS.

ATLAS perceiv'd the load of heaven's new gueſt.
Revenge ſtill rancour'd in Euryſtheus' breaſt
Againſt Alcides' race. Alcmena goes
To Iole, to vent maternal woes;
Here ſhe pours forth her grief, recounts the ſpoils
Her ſon had bravely reap'd in glorious toils.
This Iole, by Hercules' commands,
Hyllus had lov'd, and join'd in nuptial bands.
Her ſwelling womb the teeming birth confeſs'd;—
To whom Alcmena thus her ſpeech addreſs'd:
O may the gods protect thee, in that hour,
When midſt thy throes thou call'ſt th' Ilithyan power!
May no delays prolong thy racking pain,
As when I ſued for Juno's aid in vain!
When now Alcides' mighty birth drew nigh,
And the tenth ſign roll'd forward on the ſky,
My womb extends with ſuch a mighty load,
As Jove the parent of the burden ſhow'd.
I could no more th' increaſing ſmart ſuſtain:
My horror kindles to recount the pain;
Cold chills my limbs while I the tale purſue,
And now methinks I feel my pangs anew.

Seven

Seven days and nights amidſt inceſſant throes,
Fatigued with ills I lay, nor knew repoſe;
When lifting high my hands, in ſhrieks I pray'd,
Implor'd the gods, and call'd Lucina's aid.
She came, but prejudic'd, to give my fate
A ſacrifice to vengeful Juno's hate.
She hears the groaning anguiſh of my fits,
And on the altar at my door ſhe ſits;
O'er her left knee her croſſing leg ſhe caſt,
Then knits her fingers cloſe, and wrings them faſt:
This ſtay'd the birth; in muttering verſe ſhe pray'd,
The muttering verſe th' unfiniſh'd birth delay'd.
Now with fierce ſtruggles, raging with my pain,
At Jove's ingratitude I rave in vain.
How did I wiſh for death! ſuch groans I ſent,
As might have made the flinty heart relent.
Now the Cadmeian matrons round me preſs,
Offer their vows, and ſeek to bring redreſs.
Among the Theban dames Galanthis ſtands,
Strong-limb'd, red-hair'd, and juſt to my commands:
She firſt perceiv'd that all theſe racking woes
From the perſiſting hate of Juno roſe.
As here and there ſhe paſs'd, by chance ſhe ſees
The ſeated goddeſs; on her cloſe-preſs'd knees
Her faſt-knit hands ſhe leans: with cheerful voice
Galanthis cries, Whoe'er thou art, rejoice;
Congratulate the dame, ſhe lies at reſt,
At length the gods Alcmena's womb have bleſt.
Swift from her ſeat the ſtartled goddeſs ſprings,
No more conceal'd, her hands abroad ſhe flings;

The

The charm unloos'd, the birth my pangs reliev'd;
Galanthis' laughter vex'd the power deceiv'd.
Fame fays, the goddeſs dragg'd the laughing maid
Faſt by the hair; in vain her force eſſay'd
Her groveling body from the ground to rear;
Chang'd to fore-feet her ſhrinking arms appear;
Her hairy back her former hue retains,
The form alone is loſt; her ſtrength remains;
Who, ſince the lie did from her mouth proceed,
Shall from her pregnant mouth bring forth her breed;
Nor ſhall ſhe quit her long-frequented home,
But haunt thoſe houſes where ſhe lov'd to roam.

THE

STORY OF IOLAÜS RESTORED TO YOUTH.

ARGUMENT.

Iole having related the fable of her ſiſter Dryope, who was changed into a tree for violating the bloſſoms of the plant Lotis (once a nymph); while ſhe is diſcourſing on theſe matters with Alcmena, ſhe finds new matter of wonder, in the ſudden change of Iolaüs to a youth.

WHILE Iolé the fatal change declares,
Alcmena's pitying hand oft' wip'd her tears.
Grief too ſtream'd down her cheeks; ſoon ſorrow flies,
And riſing joy the trickling moiſture dries:
Lo Iolaüs ſtands before their eyes.
A youth he ſtood; and the ſoft down began
O'er his ſmooth chin to ſpread, and promiſe man.
Hebe ſubmitted to her huſband's prayers,
Inſtil'd new vigour, and reſtor'd his years.

THE

PROPHECY OF THEMIS.

NOW from her lips a ſolemn oath had paſs'd,
That Iolaüs the gift alone ſhould taſte,
Had not juſt Themis thus maturely ſaid
(Which check'd her vow, and aw'd the blooming maid):
Thebes is embroil'd in war. Capaneus ſtands
Invincible; but by the thunderer's hands
Ambition ſhall the guilty * brothers fire,
Both ruſh to mutual wounds, and both expire.
The reeling earth ſhall ope her gloomy womb,
Where the † yet breathing bard ſhall find his tomb.—
The ‡ ſon ſhall bathe his hands in parent's blood,
And in one act be both unjuſt and good.
Of home and ſenſe depriv'd, where'er he flies,
The furies and his mother's ghoſt he ſpies.
His wife the fatal bracelet ſhall implore,
And Phegeus ſtain his ſword in kindred gore.
Callirhoe ſhall then with ſuppliant prayer
Prevail on Jupiter's relenting ear.
Jove ſhall with youth her infant ſons inſpire,
And bid their boſoms glow with manly fire.

* Eteocles and Polynices.
† Amphiaraus.
‡ Alcmæon.

THE

DEBATE OF THE GODS.

WHEN Themisthus with prescient voice had spoke
Among the gods a various murmur broke;
Dissension rose in each immortal breast,
That one should grant what was deny'd the rest.
Aurora for her aged spouse complains,
And Ceres grieves for Jason's freezing veins;
Vulcan would Erichthonius' years renew;
Her future race the care of Venus drew,
She would Anchises' blooming age restore;
A different care employ'd each heavenly power.
Thus various interests did their jars increase,
Till Jove arose;—he spoke, their tumults cease.
—Is any reverence to our presence given?
Then why this discord 'mong the powers of heaven?
Who can the settled will of Fate subdue?
'Twas by the Fates that Iolaüs knew
A second youth. The Fates' determin'd doom
Shall give Callirhoe's race a youthful bloom.
Arms nor ambition can this power obtain:
Quell your desires; even Me the Fates restrain.
Could I their will control, no rolling years
Had Æacus bent down with silver hairs;
Then Rhadamanthus still had youth possess'd,
And Minos with eternal bloom been bless'd.

Jove's words the ſynod mov'd; the powers give o'er,
And urge in vain unjuſt complaint no more.
Since Rhadamanthus' veins now ſlowly flow'd,
And Æacus and Minos bore the load;
Minos, who, in the flower of youth and fame,
Made mighty nations tremble at his name,
Infirm with age, the proud Miletus fears,
Vain of his birth, and in the ſtrength of years;
And now, regarding all his realms as loſt,
He durſt not force him from his native coaſt.
But you by choice, Miletus, fled his reign,
And your ſwift veſſel plow'd th' Ægean main;
On Aſiatic ſhores a town you frame,
Which ſtill is honour'd with the founder's name.
Here you Cyanëe knew, the beauteous maid,
As on her father's winding banks ſhe ſtray'd:
Caunus and Byblis hence their lineage trace,
The double offspring of your warm embrace.

THE

STORY OF ARACHNE,

From the beginning of the Sixth Book of OVID'S METAMORPHOSES.

ARGUMENT.

Pallas, viſiting the Muſes on their hill to ſee the fountain Hippocrene, is by them informed how the Pierides were changed into chattering pies for rivaling the nine ſiſters in ſong.—This ſtimulating the Goddeſs to take vengeance on Arachne, the daughter of Idmon, who defied her in her own art, gives riſe to the following ſtory.

PALLAS, attentive, heard the Muſes' ſong,
Pleas'd that ſo well they had reveng'd their wrong:
Reflecting thus,—A vulgar ſoul can praiſe,
My fame let glorious emulation raiſe:
Swift vengeance ſhall purſue th' audacious pride
That dares my ſacred Deity deride:
Revenge the Goddeſs in her breaſt revolves;
And ſtraight the bold Arachne's fate reſolves;
Her haughty mind to Heaven diſdain'd to bend,
And durſt with Pallas in her art contend.

No famous town ſhe boaſts, or noble name;
But to her ſkilful hand owes all her fame;
Idmon her father on his trade rely'd,
And thirſty wool in purple juices dy'd;
Her mother, whom the ſhades of death confine,
Was, like her huſband, born of vulgar line.
At ſmall Hypæpe though ſhe did reſide,
Yet induſtry proclaim'd what birth deny'd:
All Lydia to her name due honour pays,
And every city ſpeaks Arachne's praiſe.
Nymphs of Timolus quit their ſhady woods,
Nymphs of Pactolus leave their golden floods,
And oft' with pleaſure round her gazing ſtand,
Admire her work, and praiſe her artful hand:
They view'd each motion, with new wonder ſeiz'd;
More than the work her graceful manner pleas'd.
Whether raw wool in its firſt orbs ſhe wound,
Or with ſwift fingers twirl'd the ſpindle round;
Whether ſhe pick'd with care the knotty piece,
Or comb'd like ſtreaky clouds the ſtretching fleece;
Whether her needle play'd the pencil's part;
'Twas plain from Pallas ſhe deriv'd her art.
But ſhe, unable to ſuſtain her pride,
The very miſtreſs of her art defy'd.—
Pallas obſcures her bright cœleſtial grace,
And takes an old decrepit beldame's face.
Her head is ſcatter'd o'er with ſilver hairs,
Which ſeems to bend beneath a load of years.
Her trembling hand, emboſs'd with livid veins,
On truſty ſtaff her feeble limbs ſuſtains.

She thus accoſts the nymph: "Be timely wiſe,
"Do not the wholeſome words of age deſpiſe,
"For in the hoary head experience lies:
"On earth contend the greateſt name to gain;
"To Pallas yield;—with Heaven you ſtrive in vain."
Contempt contracts her brow, her paſſions riſe,
Wrath and diſdain inflame her rolling eyes:
At once the tangling thread away ſhe throws,
And ſcarce can curb her threatening hands from blows.
"Worn-out with age, and by diſeaſe declin'd,
"(She cries) thy carcaſe has ſurviv'd thy mind;
"Theſe lectures might thy ſervile daughters move,
"And wary doctrines for thy nieces prove:
"My counſel's from myſelf, my will commands,
"And my firſt reſolution always ſtands:
"Let her contend; or does her fear impart
"That conqueſt waits on my ſuperior art?"
The Goddeſs ſtraight throws off her old diſguiſe,
And heavenly beauty ſparkles in her eyes,
A youthful bloom fills up each wrinkled trace,
And Pallas ſmiles with every wonted grace.
The nymphs, ſurpris'd, the Deity adore,
And Lydian dames confeſs her matchleſs power;
The rival maid alone unmov'd remains,
Yet a ſwift bluſh her guilty feature ſtains;
In her unwilling cheek the crimſon glows,
And her check'd pride a ſhort confuſion knows.
So when Aurora firſt unveils her eyes,
A purple dawn inveſts the bluſhing ſkies;

But ſoon bright Phœbus gains th' horizon's height,
And gilds the hemiſphere with ſpreading light.
Deſire of conqueſt ſways the giddy maid,
To certain ruin by vain hopes betray'd:
The Goddeſs with her ſtubborn will comply'd,
And deign'd by trial to convince her pride.
Both take their ſtations, and the piece prepare,
And order every ſlender thread with care.
The web inwraps the beam; the reed divides,
While through the widening ſpace the ſhuttle glides,
Which their ſwift hands receive; then, pois'd with lead,
The ſwinging weight ſtrikes cloſe th' inſerted thread.
They gird their flowing garments round the waiſt,
And ply their feet and arms with dext'rous haſte.
Here each inweaves the richeſt Tyrian dye,
There fainter ſhades in ſoften'd order lie;
Such various mixtures in the texture ſhine,
Set-off the work, and brighten each deſign.
As when the ſun his piercing rays extends,
When from thin clouds ſome driſling ſhower deſcends,
We ſee the ſpacious humid arch appear,
Whoſe tranſient colours paint the ſplendid air:
By ſuch degrees the deepening ſhadows riſe
As pleaſingly deceive our dazzled eyes;
And though the ſame th' adjoining colour ſeems,
Yet hues of different natures dye th' extremes.
Here heightening gold they 'midſt the woof diſpoſe,
And in the web this antique ſtory roſe.
Pallas the lofty mount of Mars deſigns,
Cœleſtial judgment guides th' unerring lines;

Here,

Here, in juſt view, th' Athenian ſtructures ſtand,
And there the gods contend to name the land;
Twelve deities ſhe frames with ſtately mien,
And in the midſt ſuperior Jove is ſeen;
A glowing warmth the blended colours give,
The figures in the picture ſeem to live.
Heaven's thundering monarch ſits with aweful grace,
And dread omnipotence imprints his face:
There Neptune ſtood, diſdainfully he frown'd,
And with his trident ſmote the trembling ground;
The parting rocks a ſpacious chaſm diſcloſe,
From whence a fiery, prancing ſteed aroſe;
And on that uſeful gift he founds his claim,
To grace the city with his honour'd name.
See her own figure next with martial air,
A ſhining helmet decks her flowing hair;
Her thoughtful breaſt her well-pois'd ſhield defends,
And her bare arm a glittering ſpear extends,
With which ſhe wounds the plain; from thence aroſe
A ſpreading tree; green olives load the boughs.
The powers her gift behold with wondering eyes,
And to the Goddeſs give the rightful prize.
Such mercy checks her wrath, that, to diſſuade
By others fate the too preſumptuous maid,
With miniatures ſhe fills each corner ſpace,
To curb her pride, and ſave her from diſgrace.
Hæmus and Rhodopé in this ſhe wrought,
The beauteous colours ſpoke her lively thought;
With arrogance and fierce ambition fir'd,
They to the ſacred names of gods aſpir'd;

To mountains chang'd, their lofty heads ariſe,
And loſe their leſſening ſummits in the ſkies.
In that, in all the ſtrength of art was ſeen
The wretched fate of the Pygmæan queen;
Juno, enrag'd, reſents th' audacious aim,
And to a crane transforms the vanquiſh'd dame;
In that voracious ſhape ſhe ſtill appears,
And plagues her people with perpetual wars.
In this, Antigoné for beauty ſtrove
With the bright conſort of imperial Jove:
Juno, incens'd, her royal power diſplay'd,
And to a bird converts the haughty maid.
Laomedon his daughter's fate bewails,
Nor his, nor Ilion's fervent prayer prevails,
But on her lovely ſkin white feathers riſe;
Chang'd to a clamorous ſtork, ſhe mounts the ſkies.
In the remaining orb, the heavenly maid
The tale of childleſs Cynaras diſplay'd;
A ſettled anguiſh in his look appears,
And from his bloodſhot eyes flow ſtreams of tears;
On the cold ground, no more a father, thrown,
He for his daughters claſp'd the poliſh'd ſtone.
And, when he ſought to hold their wonted charms,
The temple's ſteps deceiv'd his eager arms.
Wreaths of green olive round the border twine,
And her own tree incloſes the deſign.
Arachne paints th' amours of mighty Jove,
How in a bull the God diſguis'd his love;
A real bull ſeems in the piece to roar,
And real billows breaking on the ſhore:

In

In fair Europa's face appears ſurpriſe,
To the retreating land ſhe turns her eyes,
And ſeems to call her maids, who wondering ſtood,
And with her tears increas'd the briny flood
Her trembling feet ſhe by contraction ſaves
From the rude inſult of the riſing waves.
Here amorous Jove diſſolving Læda trod,
And in the vigorous ſwan conceal'd the god.
Love lends him now an eagle's new diſguiſe,
Beneath his fluttering wings Aſteria lies,
Th' enlivening colours here with force expreſs'd
How Jove the fair Antiope careſs'd.
In a ſtrong ſatyr's muſcled form he came,
Inſtilling love tranſports the glowing dame,
And luſty twins reward his nervous flame.
Here how he ſooth'd the bright Alcmena's love,
Who for Amphitryon took th' impoſtor Jove;
And how the God in golden ſhower allur'd
The guarded nymph, in brazen walls immur'd:
How, in a ſwain, Mnemoſyne he charms;
How lambent flame the fair Ægina warms:
And how with various glittering hues inlaid
In ſerpent's form Deois he betray'd.
Here you, great Neptune, with a ſhort-liv'd flame
In a young bull enjoy th' Æolian dame.
Then in Enipeus' ſhape intrigues purſue:
'Tis thus th' Aloids boaſt deſcent from you.
Here to Biſaltis was thy love convey'd,
When a rough ram deceiv'd the yielding maid.

Ceres,

Ceres, kind mother of the bounteous year,
Whose golden locks a sheafy garland bear;
And the dread dame, with hissing serpents hung,
(From whom the Pegasæan courser sprung)
Thee in a snuffling stallion's form enjoy,
Exhaust thy strength, and every nerve employ;
Melantho as a dolphin you betray,
And sport in pleasures on the rolling sea:
Such just proportion graces every part,
Nature herself appears improv'd by art.
Here in disguise was mighty Phœbus seen,
With clowniſh aspect, and a rustic mien;
Again transform'd, he's dress'd in falcon's plumes,
And now the lion's noble shape assumes;
Now, in a shepherd's form, with treacherous smiles
He Macareian Isse's heart beguiles.
Here his plump shape enamour'd Bacchus leaves,
And in the grape Erigone deceives.
There Saturn, in a neighing horse, she wove,
And Chiron's double form rewards his love.
Festoons of flowers, inwove with ivy, shine,
Border the wondrous piece, and round the texture twine.

Not Pallas, nor ev'n spleen itself, could blame
The wondrous work of the Mæonian dame;
With grief her vast success the Goddess bore,
And of cœlestial crimes the story tore.
Her boxen shuttle now, enrag'd, she took,
And thrice the proud Idmonian artist struck:
Th' unhappy maid, to see her labours vain,
Grew resolute with pride, and shame, and pain:

Around her neck a fatal nooſe ſhe ty'd,
And ſought by ſudden death her guilt to hide.
Pallas with pity ſaw the deſperate deed,
And thus the virgin's milder fate decreed:
" Live, impious rival, mindful of thy crime,
" Suſpended thus to waſte thy future time;
" Thy puniſhment involves thy numerous race,
" Who for thy fault ſhall ſhare in thy diſgrace."
Her incantation magic juices aid,
With ſprinkling drops ſhe bath'd the pendent maid,
And thus the charm its noxious power diſplay'd.
Like leaves in autumn drop her falling hairs,
With theſe her noſe, and next her riſing ears.
Her head to the minuteſt ſubſtance ſhrunk,
The potent juice contracts her changing trunk;
Cloſe to her ſides her ſlender fingers clung,
There chang'd to nimble feet in order hung;
Her bloated belly ſwells to larger ſize,
Which now with ſmalleſt threads her work ſupplies;
The Virgin in the Spider ſtill remains;
And in that ſhape her former art retains.

CONTENTS

OF

VOLUME XXXVI.

RURAL Sports. A Georgic. To Mr. Pope.
Canto I. Page 3
Canto II. 13

The FAN. Book I. - - - - 21
Book II. - - - - 30
Book III. - - - - 37

The SHEPHERD'S WEEK, in Six Paſtorals.
The Proeme - - - - - 47
Prologue. To Lord Bolingbroke - - 53
Monday: or, The Squabble - - - 57
Tueſday: or, The Ditty - - - 64
Wedneſday: or, The Dumps - - - 68
Thurſday: or, The Spell - - - 75
Friday: or, The Dirge - - - - 81
Saturday: or, The Flights - - - 88
Index to the Shepherd's Week - - 94

TRIVIA. Book I. - - - - - 103
Book II. - - - - 113
Book III. - - - - 134
Index to Trivia - - - - 149

EPISTLES.

EPISTLES.

I. To a Lady. Occaſioned by the Arrival of her Royal Highneſs the Princeſs of Wales - 161

II. To the Right Honourable the Earl of Burlington. A Journey to Exeter. 1716 - 167

III. To the Right Honourable William Pulteney, Eſq. 1717 - - - - - - 173

IV. To the Right Honourable Paul Methuen, Eſq. - - - - - - - 182

V. To her Grace Henrietta, Dutcheſs of Marlborough. 1722 - - - - 186

VI. To Mr. Pope, on his having finiſhed his Tranſlation of Homer's Iliad. A Welcome from Greece - - - - 189

VII. To Mr. Thomas Snow, Goldſmith, near Temple Bar. A Panegyrick, occaſioned by his buying and ſelling of the Third South-ſea Subſcriptions, taken in by the Directors at a thouſand per cent. - - - 197

VIII. Mary Gulliver to Captain Lemuel Gulliver - - - - - - 200

IX. Bounce to Fop. From a dog at Twickenham to a dog at court - - - 205

X. To Mr. Coward - - - - 209

XI. To my ingenious and worthy friend William Lownds, Eſq. Author of that celebrated Treatiſe in Folio, called The Land-tax-bill - - - - - 211

XII. To a young Lady, with ſome Lampreys 214

XIII. To a Lady on her paſſion for old China 216

EPISTLES.
XIV. On a Miscellany of Poems. To Bernard Lintott - - - - - - - 219
XV. To the most Honourable the Earl of Oxford, the Lord High Treasurer. The Epigrammatical Petition of John Gay - - 223

ECLOGUES.
The Birth of the Squire, in imitation of the Pollio of Virgil - - - - - 225
The Toilette. A town eclogue. Lydia - 230
The Tea-Table. A town eclogue. Doris and Melanthe - - - - - 234
The Funeral. A town eclogue. Sabina. Lucy 239
The Espousal. A sober eclogue between two of the people called Quakers. Caleb. Tabitha - - - - - 244

ELEGIES.
Panthea - - - - - - - 249
Araminta - - - - - 253
On a Lap-Dog - - - - . 257

SONGS AND BALLADS.
Sweet William's Farewell to Black-eyed Susan 259
Ballad from the What-d'ye-call-it - - 261
The Lady's Lamentation - - - 262
Damon and Cupid - - - 264
Daphnis and Chloe - - - - - 265
The Coquette Mother and Daughter - - 267
Molly Mog; or, the Fair Maid of the Inn - 269

SONGS AND BALLADS.

Ballad - - - - - 271
Ballad on Quadrille - - - - 273
A New Song of New Similies - - 276
Newgate's Garland; being a new Ballad, ſhewing how Mr. Jonathan Wild's throat was cut from ear to ear with a penknife, by Mr. Blake, alias Blue-ſkin, the bold highwayman, as he ſtood at his trial in the Old Bailey, 1725 - - - - - 279

MISCELLANIES.

Prologue deſigned for the paſtoral tragedy of Dione - - - - - 281
A Contemplation on Night - - - 283
A Thought on Eternity - - - - 285
Epigrammatical Expoſtulation - - 182
Epitaph of Bye-words - - - 287
My own Epitaph - - - - - ibid.
A Motto for the Opera of Mutius Scævola - ibid.
Wine: a poem - - - - - 288
The Lamentation of Glumdalclitch for the loſs of Grildrig. A paſtoral - - 298
To Quinbus Fleſtrin, the Man-Mountain. A Lilliputian ode - - - - 301
Verſes to be placed under the picture of Sir Richard Blackmore, England's Arch-poet, containing a complete catalogue of his works - - - - - 302
A Receipt for ſtewing Veal. With notes by the author - - - - - 304

Acis and Galatea. A Serenata. Part I. - 306
Part II. - 310

Translations.
The Story of Achelous and Hercules - - 317
The Death of Neſſus, the Centaur - - 322
The Death of Hercules - - - 324
The Transformation of Lychas into a Rock - 328
The Apotheoſis of Hercules - - - 330
The Transformation of Galanthis - - 332
The Story of Iolaüs reſtor'd to Youth - 335
The Prophecy of Themis - - - 336
The Debate of the Gods - - - 337
The Story of Arachne, from the beginning of the ſixth book of Ovid's Metamorphoſes - 339

END OF VOLUME XXXVI.

UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA AT LOS ANGELES
THE UNIVERSITY LIBRARY
This book is DUE on the last date stamped below

APR 8 1963
NOV 27 1940
DEC 11 1942
APR 29 1963
REC'D URL-LD
NOV 12 1966
LD-URL NOV 1966
JAN 17 1941
RENEWAL NOV 21 1966
APR 27 1942
JUN 8 1945
NOV 25 1947
MAY 13 1954
SEP 8 1954
APR 8 1955
APR 17 1959

3 1158 00988 5939
UC SOUTHERN REGIONAL LIBRARY FACILITY
B 000 001 784 8